REAL WEST ANNUAL 1974

Selection of the BEST from 20 Years of **REAL WEST**

'5¢ FALL '74 CDC 00662

The CONCORD STAGECOACH *of the Old West*

Strange Fate JIM BOWIE'S *Knife*

Travels of ALBERT RICHARDSON

BULLET SWAPOUT *in Oklahoma*

WOMEN'S LIB *Began in the West*

The Frozen Heart of FORT GRIFFIN

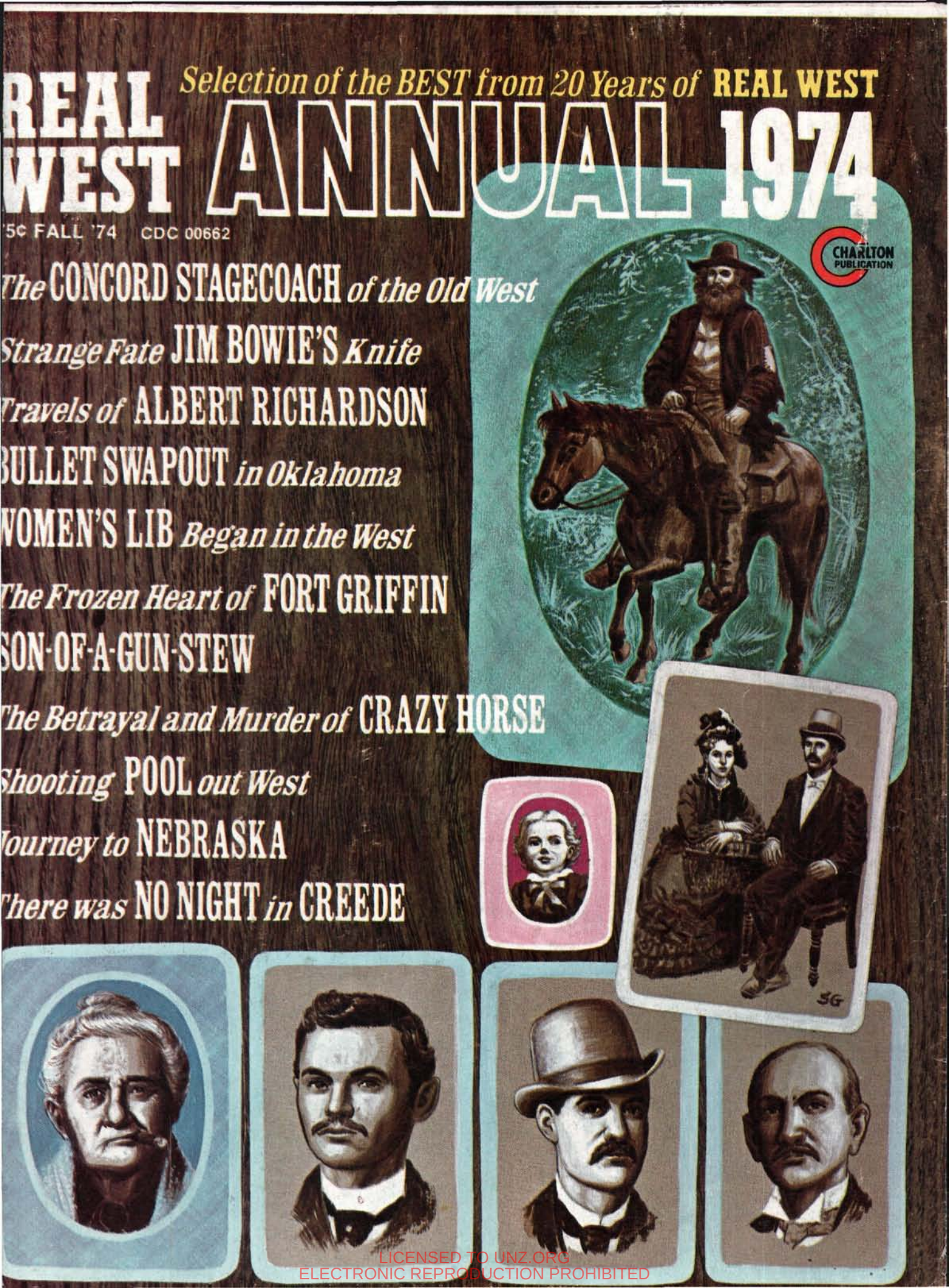
SON-OF-A-GUN-STEW

The Betrayal and Murder of CRAZY HORSE

Shooting POOL *out West*

Journey to NEBRASKA

There was NO NIGHT *in* CREEDE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2h2T29900 2h2T29900 2h2T29900 2h2T29900

Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire–whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge–you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

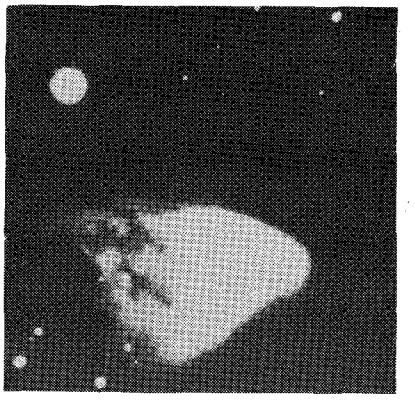
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept.E1484
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____
Please print

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

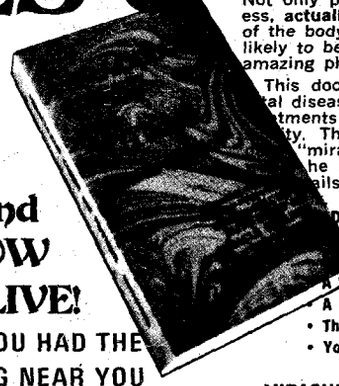
© S. A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., 1972

50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When medical science gives up, When drugs & surgery can't help-

THERE IS STILL HOPE: FAITH CURES & MIRACLE HEALINGS



HAVE ACTUALLY HAPPENED and ARE TAKING PLACE RIGHT NOW PERHAPS NEAR WHERE YOU LIVE!

YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES MIGHT BENEFIT IF YOU HAD THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF FAITH HEALERS LIVING NEAR YOU

- WHERE HEALING WATERS ARE LOCATED (Page 95)
- A LIST OF HEALERS NEAR YOU (Page 204)
- ACTUALLY WITNESS THE HEALING PROCESS (Page 140)
- LEARN A SELF-CURE FOR CANCER (Page 32)
- YOU CAN BE A FAITH HEALER (Page 123)
- A MACHINE THAT PREDICTS A STROKE (Page 57)

Miraculous cures may be yours for the asking after reading this remarkable book. The described miracles are happening now, all around you, possibly in your own city or town. Have you wondered why miracle healings always seem to happen to strangers in distant cities or countries? MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS changes all that by telling you, in many cases, where you can personally meet both the healer and the healed.

ARE YOU LIVING NEXT TO A MIRACLE HEALER?

Many faith healers perform their miracles in their own homes or apartments. They don't advertise; they don't put out signs; you have no way of knowing where they are.

There could be a miracle healer in your very own area performing bloodless surgery or psychic healing only a short distance from where you are reading this.

No matter how desperately you wanted to contact this amazing person you could not unless you were the one-in-a-million who learned about him directly from someone who had been cured.

YOU CAN MEET A HEALER FACE TO FACE!

There may be a miracle healer in your own community, ready if you have the need, to use his curative powers on you or on someone you know.

If you, or someone dear to you, is very, very sick — so sick that the **doctors have given up all hope** — help may be as near as the postman who delivers this book reporting life-giving miracles.

MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS gives healers' actual addresses all across the country. **Don't be surprised if you see the name of your own street listed.**

This is a very detailed book, crammed with unbelievable **first-person testimony,** real names and current locations.

HEALING WATERS (Pages 78-79, 93-95)

We have all heard of Lourdes, the miracle water shrine way over in France where sick people lucky enough to afford the long trip throw away their crutches, tear off their bandages and experience a miraculous healing. There are places right here in the United States where, **eyewitnesses say,** healing waters flow freely.

Not at distant grottoes thousands of miles away, but in public streams where fortunate people declare that they were instantly healed of deadly, painful, crippling diseases — these waters are free to everyone, ready to be used by anyone who is desperately ill.

This amazing book tells you exactly where these healing waters are located (yes, there is more than one place) and how sick people testified they were miraculously cured by simply wading the healing streams.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

University trained Claude W. Galen traveled extensively in Canada, Mexico and Europe to gather material for this volume. A recognized authority, he has appeared on American and foreign television and is the author of several books on this subject. The mail response to his past writings convinced him that a truly definitive work on faith healing must be made available to the public. This book, written after months of first hand research, is the result.

WATCH AN ACTUAL MIRACLE HEALING!

Imagine, whether you are in good or bad health, going to the healing place and viewing a healing process first hand!

Up to now this has been a subject shrouded in ignorance and superstitious fear. Now the sick, the curious and the scholarly can benefit from this book. Read, for example, a fascinating first person account (Page 159) of a miraculous cure involving ordinary eggs! See documented photographs **predicting** where cancer will strike, and much, much more. MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS keeps no secrets from its readers.

Author Claude W. Galen not only describes psychic surgery, trance cures, the tongues, miracle dentistry, blood cures, hypnosis and other forms of healing but, in many cases, tells you where they happen and how you can actually become a part of these little-understood processes. He reports on the strange Etheric cult who claim responsibility not only for miracle healing but for materialization after death!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

You will see actual photographs of healers showing how they achieve miraculous cures. Pages of pictures taken inside the healing rooms will let you **watch** how healing can be done with **bloodless surgery.** These are clear, unretouched photographs showing the amazing techniques used by miracle healers. Many remarkable photos include a machine that predicts stroke and a cancer forming inside the body. These pictures cannot be adequately described... they must be seen to be believed.

FINALLY, A CURE FOR CANCER? (Page 32)

A courageous woman's incredible story of how she cured herself of inoperable, terminal cancer. In one fascinating chapter this miraculously healed woman claims anyone can cure even the worst forms of stomach, intestinal and rectal cancer — **even making exterior sores and ugly growths disappear** — WITHOUT SURGERY OR DRUGS.

By simply following her detailed directions this amazing woman tells how you can cure cancer in your own home! She explains her theory of how the body itself is forced to attack and consume cancerous cells, leaving only healthy tissue.

Find out how the **Seven Doctors of Nature** operate through magnetism and how your discovery of their existence can contribute greatly to your health.

YOU CAN BE A FAITH HEALER! (Page 123)

Learn, in this fact-filled, documented volume, how you can take courses in faith healing at home even though you have a very limited formal education. Imagine possessing the gift of healing. YOU CAN, according to the many once "ordinary" people who give testimony in this book. Medical doctors, when they can't cure a disease, admit that often there is "something" that heals the incurable. Many call that "something" faith, but just having faith is not enough.

FAITH IS NO GOOD BY ITSELF

To be healed . . . you must have faith. But faith itself is not enough. You must also find that **magic healing place** or a special power exerted through one person to help heal what has been diagnosed as uncurable. The author of MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS decided to seek out these often shy, gifted practitioners and have them tell of their healings and let him reveal to you where they can be found.

A MACHINE THAT PREDICTS CANCER (Page 57)

A medical doctor has discovered a machine that takes much of the terror out of every woman's fear of breast cancer and every man's dread of a fatal stroke. This space-age electronic breakthrough has the ability to **predict** deadly cancerous tumors before they form. Not only predict, but through a special process, **actually show photographs** of those parts of the body where cancer or a stroke is most likely to be forming. This book contains these amazing photographs.

This doctor shows you where a potentially [illegible]al disease may strike and offers a series of [illegible]tments that will head off the dread pos-[illegible]ty. The medical man is performing his "miracles" right at this moment. Learn [illegible]he is, how you can contact him, and [illegible]ails of his treatment in the pages of

[illegible]D HOW:

- **[illegible]oman challenges God and is cured.**
- **[illegible]sterious voice heals a brain cyst.**
- **A man who watched himself die is resurrected**
- **A blind woman is cured by an absentee healer.**
- **The magic power of therapeuo can heal.**
- ***You can share the mystery of these healings.***

THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME!

MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS has been rushed to completion because there is so little time for so many people. Healing through faith, whether it be caused by magic, the supernatural or man's own will, is at last removed from the dimly lit confines of back rooms in far-away countries and brought out into the open, to be studied and used by every reader, sick or well. Read it to learn about these remarkable powers and to use for the direct benefit of yourself or someone you know who is in need. **Now you can do something about terminal illness.**

A LIST OF HEALERS

You can locate a doctor or dentist in the phone book but not a faith healer. Up to now, only a very few people knew where to find a healer. This book includes the first comprehensive listing of practitioners coast-to-coast. Not only might you read of someone who has been cured of an affliction similar to yours but you may be within a short distance of the very person who caused that miracle healing. Now you can simply look him up!

If you or a friend suffer from an incurable disease . . . if you've tried everything and given up all hope . . . if you would like to learn about a self-cure for cancer... if you're curious about miracle healing... if you would like to have miraculous power . . . if you want actual names and addresses of healers you can meet . . . if you want to see pages of some of the most extraordinary photographs ever taken . . . this book bares miracle healing secrets and devices . . . owning it brings miraculous healing right into your own room to use whenever you wish.

PLEASE NOTE: Overwhelming demand is sending this book into repeated reprintings. New editions may have page reference numbers that vary slightly from those indicated here.

ORDER NOW!

THIS BOOK MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

ARKWOOD PUBLISHING INC.
Dept. U1484
50 BOND STREET
WESTBURY, N. Y. 11590

Yes, RUSH me ___copy(ies) of **MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS** by Claude W. Galen. I understand this book is mine for only $6.98 per copy postpaid. I may examine it a full 10 days at your risk. If I am not satisfied, I will return it to you for full refund.

I enclose:

☐ cash ☐ check ☐ m.o. for $_____

☐ If you wish your order sent C.O.D., check here. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. charges. Same money-back guarantee of course!

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

New York residents add 7% sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FALL 1974

REAL WEST ANNUAL

By The Editors Of Real West

REAL WEST ADVENTURES

8/The Betrayal and Murder of the Old West ..... Norman B. Wiltsey
14/There was no Night in Creede ..... Cy Martin
22/The Concord Stagecoach of the Old West ..... Mitchell Scott
27/Travels of Albert Richardson ..... Thomas A. Frazier
37/Bob Brazelton, the One-Man Holdup Gang ..... Maurice Kildare
45/Captain Joe Slade, the Big Wolf ..... Carl W. Breihan
50/Strange Fate for Jim Bowie's Knife ..... George Hart
52/Shooting Pool out West ..... W.B. Meyers
56/Son-of-a-Gun-Stew ..... Maurice Kildare
60/Women's Lib Began in the West ..... Doris Cerveri
62/Bullet Swapout in Oklahoma ..... Maurice Kildare
67/Journey to Nebraska ..... Estelle C. Laughlin
72/The Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin ..... Louise Cheney
74/Outlaw Lady: Pearl Hart ..... Carl W. Breihan

REAL WEST PICTORIAL FEATURE

42/Indians in Dime Novels

publisher
JOHN SANTANGELO, JR.

associate editor
ED DOHERTY

editor-in-chief
SALVATORE GENTILE

art director
MADELYN FISHER

managing editor
JOHN COFRANCESCO

visual graphics
ERNEST PISACANE

editorial managing editor
EDWARD T. LE BLANC

copy editor
CHARLOTTE WALLER

art
BERNICE GRANATIE/SHIRLEY TYLER
KENNETH KUMMER/MARIE DETULLIO

REAL WEST ANNUAL, Fall, 1974, issue, is the 12th edition of the monthly publication REAL WEST. Published by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418.

©Copyright 1974. Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Printed in the U.S.A. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors

Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—O. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 1484
50 BOND STREET, WESTBURY, N. Y. 11590

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10. Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCTION

Step in and meet REAL WEST, the conjurer — we call up ghosts, shades of the past. In a twinkling, the empty prairie with the buffalo grass bending to the soughing wind will again echo to the thunder of the interminable buffalo. Close behind, if you look carefully with the eyes of imagination, you'll see the bronze braves closing in for the kill. Slowly the scene fades and a new one appears — a smoke-filled room with a long bar, inadequately lighted by kerosene lamps, filled with roughly dressed men, their waists encircled by gunbelts, long-barreled Colts suspended at their hips, their faces reddened by the fiery liquor, their voices hoarse with the effort to make themselves heard over the din.

There are painted ladies at some of the tables, their buxom charms all too visible, performing their assigned tasks of separating the tipsy men from their money to the accompaniment of false-promising smiles — heady medicine for the drover and cattleman just in after months on the dusty, drinkless, womanless trail. Over in the corner, with half-lidded eyes that are cold and calculating, well-dressed by comparison with the prospective suckers he contemplates, is the ever present gambler. At least one or two of the customers will be asleep, their heads resting on their arms which sprawl on the table, aloof in their sodden slumber from the incipient danger which hovers over the place.

For these were hard-drinking days; the grade of liquor was explosive, and the match was the touchy temperament of the drinker, bad enough when sober, quicksilver when drunk. Before the night is over, we'll see the flushed face, the eyes burning with sudden hatred, the bodies poised in challenge, the roar of sixguns, and a body prone with half-open eyes and dark red blood staining the soiled shirt, another resident for the local Boot Hill. Watch carefully! The scene is changing again.

There it is now - a sod house some miles from town. The sod-buster is sleeping — his day is too long and too hard to allow much time for the saloon in town. Up at four, milking, ploughing, sowing, building, repairing, threshing, reaping — endless chores, small rewards except the realization that this is his place — his very own; reward enough, he thinks. There's his wife, lines of care on her face, for she has children to care for and worry about through sickness and health — mostly sickness, for they fade and die early here, and if they get well, no thanks to a doctor, for they are few and far between.

Even if there is one, he's usually a half-educated faker. Nature's selection process: the survival of the fittest. You finish this issue, and you close the book. But the scenes refuse to leave your mind. For this was life; this really happened many years ago. These people lived and laughed and drank and stole, they sinned and cheated, they were kind and cruel, they killed and sometimes they were merciful.

They smelled, for daily bathing was a chore, they weren't as dainty as we are, they talked and yelled and screamed and broke the silence of the time with gunshots, but these sounds have all faded, for they are gone. Oh, they're still there but in a different form — dust and bones; and dust and bones make no noise. But open these pages, and they'll live again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gunfighters . . .
GUYS and GALS

WILY WOMEN OF THE WEST
by Grace E. Ray

The bad man of the West has his counterpart in women who have also become legendary characters. Their weapons, bullwhips and riding crops as well as rifles; their tempers, violent and explosive. Some had charm and beauty; some had talent and luck in gambling; all, from the Belle Starrs to the Molly Browns, were gifted with a special mystique which shines through in every page of this factual and carefully documented book. Footnotes. Index. $6.95

BAD MAN OF THE WEST, THE
by George Hendricks, Ph.D.

What were the bad men of the Old West really like? J. Frank Dobie, authority on Southwestern literature said: "The Western bad man was different from ordinary criminals . . . George Hendricks knows what he was, and whosoever reads his book will know too." Illus. endsheets. Frtpc. Fwd. by Capt. John R. Hughes, Texas Ranger. 18 pages of photos. Appendix. Bibliography. Index. $7.95

YOUNGERS' FATAL BLUNDER
Northfield, Minnesota
by Dallas Cantrell

The most famous outlaws of the Civil War period were not always successful. This is the story of their attempt to rob a Northfield, Minnesota bank, the chase and capture which followed, their imprisonment and final release. Many new facts revealed by diligent research. Photos. Footnotes. Bibliography. $7.95

GREAT GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WEST
by Carl W. Breihan

Gripping, ruthlessly real biographies of the great gunfighters of the West by one of the foremost authorities of Western Lore. Complete picture section, including rare photographs of gunfighters. $6.95

GUNMAN'S TERRITORY
by Elmer Leroy Baker

Keeping the peace in pioneer Oklahoma is the dramatic theme of this chronicle centering around the life and deeds of famed Deputy U.S. Marshal James Robert (Bob) Hutchins and his fast-draw adversaries. Rare old photos. $7.95

LAW WEST OF THE PECOS
by Everett Lloyd

As saloon-keeper, Justice of the Peace, and Oracle of some of the most humorous decisions known to the law, Judge Roy Bean's posthumous fame has become worldwide. Frontispiece. Prolog. Photos. Illustrations. $3.95

Mail orders and checks to:

VICTOR SPECIALTIES
Dept RWA74 Charlton Building
Derby, CT 06418

Please send me these books:

_____
_____
_____
_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Check ( ) Money Order ( )

Please add 50¢ per book for postage and handling.

Clues for Treasure Hunters

LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE
by Leland Lovelace

A fascinating account of some of the most famous lost mines, by an author who knows the facts and legends. Packed with interest for treasure seekers of all ages. 260 pages. $5.95

DIG HERE!
by Thomas Penfield

Revised and enlarged edition of this revealing guide to lost treasure and abandoned mines in Arizona, California, New Mexico and Texas. Mapped endsheets. Illustrations. Reading sources. $5.95

GHOST GOLD
by Oren Arnold

Many treasure seekers have been drawn to Superstition Mountain and the fabulous Lost Dutchman Mine for more than a hundred years — here is the thrilling story for armchair prospectors. Revised and enlarged edition. Illus. endsheets. Preface. Photos. $3.95

JIM BOWIE'S LOST MINE
by M. E. Francis, Ph.D.

The secret of the location of Bowie's fabulous silver mine "somewhere in Texas" died with him in the Alamo. The search still goes on. Line drawings. $4.95

BLAZE OF GOLD
by Dee Woods

Within a hundred miles of Corpus Christi, Texas are a half-a-hundred buried treasures. Read of the wreck of Cortes' treasure-laden galleons; of Lafitte's legendary treasure hoard, and many others. This book is guaranteed to give anyone gold or silver fever! Mapped endsheets. Illustrations. $4.95

The Naylor Company
Book Publishers of the Southwest
San Antonio, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BETRAYAL AND MURDER OF CRAZY HORSE

By Norman B. Wiltsey

Kicking Bear, a friend of Crazy Horse, accompanied him to the Brule Agency.

Eleven months after Custer's last Stand at Little Bighorn, Crazy Horse led his band of Sioux into Camp Robinson. It was May, 1877, and the Indians had lost their vast high plains territory. Crazy Horse was a prisoner and was promised protection, but his days were numbered and he knew it.

In May of 1877, eleven harried months after the Sioux had decimated Custer's Seventh Cavalry at the Little Bighorn, Crazy Horse led his band into Camp Robinson — renamed Fort Robinson in 1878 — and surrendered. With his surrender, the last vestige of Sioux resistance to the white man was ended. At about the same time in this melancholy spring, Sitting Bull and his followers crossed the line into Canada, leaving all the vast Sioux territory on the high plains to the victorious whites. The day of the nomadic tribesmen was over.

The followers of Crazy Horse, numbering nearly 900, gave up 117 firearms: ancient muzzle-loading trade-guns, caplock rifles, cap-and-ball revolvers, a few cartridge rifles, cavalry carbines taken at the Little Bighorn, and about a dozen Winchesters, including the treasured weapon of Crazy Horse himself. Seventeen hundred horses were turned over to the Indian government scouts, who received the windfall with whoops of joy. Crazy Horse watched sadly as the horses were led away; then he said to his headmen, Little Hawk, Big Road, He Dog, and Little Big Man: "It is over, my brothers. We have no guns, we cannot fight; we have no horses, we cannot run away. Now we shall see if our friends are true or false, for a friend to a helpless man is the only true friend."

Quickly, the young Oglala leader found out what he wished to know. Red Cloud was already at Camp Robinson — the nearby agency had been named in his honor — and made him welcome. But the aging chief of the Oglala band of Bad Faces was an intensely ambitious and jealous man, and he wanted, above all else, to be head chief of all the Lakotas. Already he was working toward that objective. Red Cloud Agency seethed with intrigue, and Crazy Horse could feel the tension. He smoked with Red Cloud but left him with a vague feeling of unease and impending trouble.

There was no peace to be had here, where intrigue followed intrigue and plots were hatched only to dissolve and reform. Nothing was as it used to be; brother had turned against brother to curry favor with the all-powerful whites. Every wind that blew in off the prairie seemed to bring with it rumors of treachery, and nobody knew where he stood or if his old friends were actually secret enemies. More than once, in the travail of a sleepless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night, Crazy Horse came to realize that Sitting Bull had indeed been right to flee to the land of the Red Coats and postpone ultimate destruction as long as possible.

Surely Crazy Horse's aloof, independent attitude did nothing to help his cause with the military authorities at Camp Robinson, and that perhaps was the primary reason for the persistent rumor that he would soon return to the warpath after murdering his old enemy, General Crook. The waves of gossip blew this way and that, like lodge smoke in the wind. Crazy Horse was about to break out and rejoin Sitting Bull in Canada; Crazy Horse was to be made head chief of all the Lakotas and be taken to Washington to meet the Great Father and there receive a medal. Many of Crazy Horse's own warriors, their hard, clean loyalty softened and tarnished by living "on the white man's island," became jealous of their chief and conspired against him.

Frank Grouard, the half-breed called "The Grabber" because he always grabbed for power and influence on the winning side, solemnly warned the nervous soldier-chiefs that Crazy Horse would never become a "Coffee-cooler," a "White man's Indian". Looking at his regal bearing, the whites could easily believe the fast-spreading lies that Crazy Horse would again go on the warpath that summer. The obvious fact that the Oglala ex-war-chief had no guns or horses with which to make war made no difference to the vicious gossipers and their apprehensive listeners. In fact, the Sioux had been allowed barely enough horses for essential transportation about the sprawling reservation.

The tense situation came to a head with General Crook's visit to the reservation. A council was held on the flats two miles southeast of the agency. Crook and his staff met with chiefs of the Oglalas, Brules, Miniconjous, Cheyennes, and Blue Clouds. The half-blood Sioux, Billy Garnett, interpreted. Dr. Mari Sandoz, in her unforgettable book *Crazy Horse,* gives a graphic picture of the occasion.

White man and red smoked, and then Young-Man-Afraid made the ceremonial speech of welcome to his white brothers. Young-Man was scrupulously courteous, but he carefully mentioned the fact that the promises made to the Indians at the time of their surrender had not been fulfilled. It was simply the reprise to an old, monotonous song, but Young-Man wanted the general to know how he felt about it anyhow.

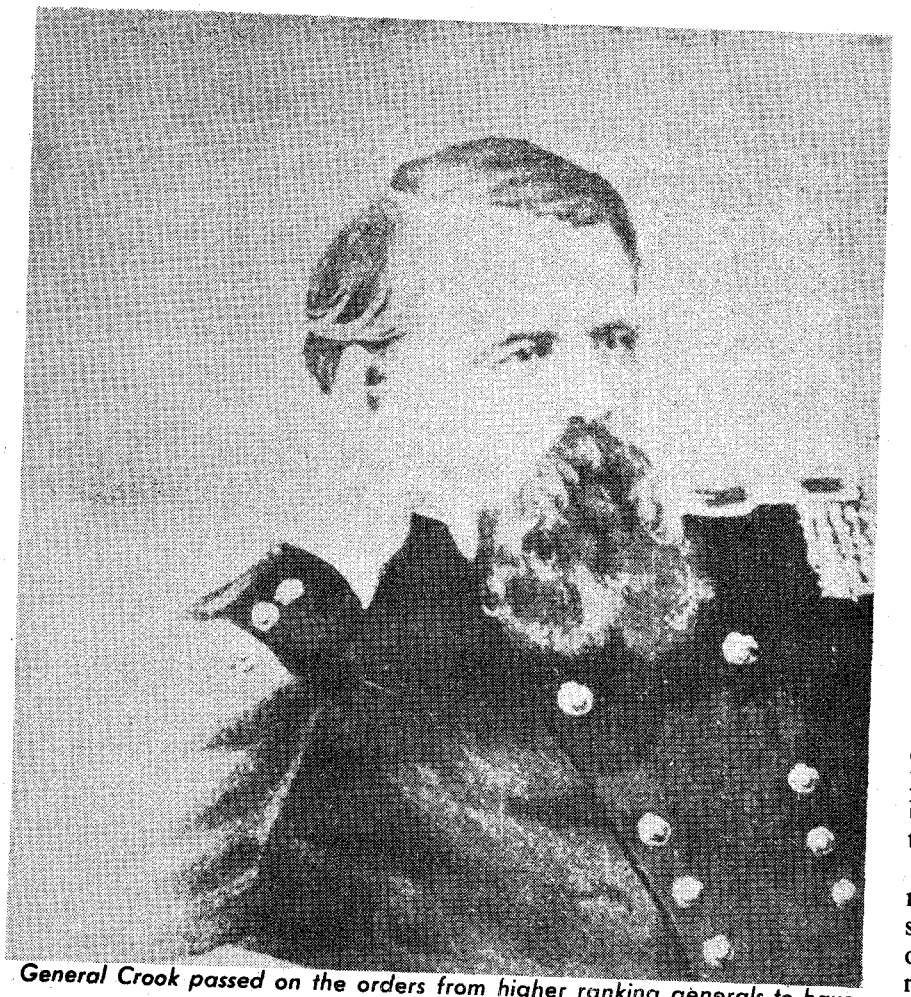
Looking straight at Crook — who was known to the Indians as Three Stars from the insignia of his rank — Young-Man said slowly and clearly: "When the scouts were with you last winter they told you what we wanted and you promised strong to help us. So we sent word to Crazy Horse that when they came in they would have an agency in our own country. We are shamed before them that this is not true, but now we are here and we remind you so you will not forget your pledged word."

That deftly put the point for the council squarely up to Crook. The general flushed, but the canny Gray Fox was not yet ready to talk. He mentioned to Crazy Horse to stand and speak, but the chief ignored the gesture. His friend, Little Hawk, rose in his place. The Oglala was angry, and his deep voice rang out in an imperious manner that riveted Crook's attention.

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Red Cloud. "Crazy Horse smoked with Red Cloud but left him with a vague feeling of unease and impending trouble." Red Cloud wanted above all else to be head chief of all the Lakotas (Sioux).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



General Crook passed on the orders from higher ranking generals to have Crazy Horse arrested and sent to Florida.

"Yes, I have been what you white men call a hostile and I am not sorry. We lived in our own country in the way our fathers and fathers' fathers lived before us, and we sought trouble with no men. But the soldiers came into our country and fired upon us and we fought back. Is it so bad to fight in defense of one's country and loved ones? Remember that it was not the Indian who made war in the white man's country, but always the whites pushing in, killing our women and children, burning our homes, taking everything from us.

"Finally, your scouts came to us, saying that if we would stop fighting and come in to Three Stars, he would help us get an agency in our own country. We were tired of fighting and running from the soldiers, so we came. And now that we are here, we understand that we are to be pushed into another place, an unknown country." (Here Little Hawk probably referred to a recent report that the Sioux were to be sent to distant Oklahoma Territory or somewhere along the Missouri.)

Standing straight and tall, Little Hawk stared at Crook and waited deliberately until he caught the general's eye. "I have only one more thing to say," he finished coldly, *"Are you the same man the scouts represented to us as being the great Three Stars, the soldier-chief who speaks to all men with a straight tongue?"*

Crook's angry flush deepened beneath his beard as Garnett translated Little Hawk's stinging words. He sat for a full minute in silence, composing himself and formulating his reply before he rose to speak. Finally, in complete control of his temper, he rose and began to talk. His gray eyes glittered like ice, but his voice was soft and silky-smooth:

"I am very glad to see you all doing well on the agencies." He smiled, ignoring Little Hawk's pointed question. "Also, you must remember that it was not me or my soldiers who wished to enter your country and fight you, but the will of the Great Father in Washington whom we must all obey. And you Indians were always quick to shoot at us when we entered your country—"

"But It was the *Indians'* country," cried out a young brave apparently unfamiliar with the time-honored Army custom of passing the buck. "Would not the white man fight back if the Indian invaded *his* country east of the great river?"

The general affected not to hear the interruption. "When the stragglers are all in from the north country," he continued blandly, "we will go to Washington and I will ask help from the President. There is a new Great Father there (President Hayes), not the one some of you saw. He is very busy, but we will go when he has more time. And in the moon of the late summer hunt I shall let you go to the north country as I promised you."

Some of the younger braves cried *Hou-hou* in approval of this fine talk. Crazy Horse said nothing; he had heard Three Stars' smooth talk in council before. "Have you ever known the Gray Fox to change his song?" he asked Little Hawk sardonically. His heart was sore within him as he left the council and rode back to his lodge, three miles from the agency.

Bad things happened rapidly now. The Cheyennes were herded south to the hot, unhealthy country of the Indian (Oklahoma) Territory. News came that the white soldiers were fighting the Nez Perces. This was a stunning shock to the Sioux, for the Nez Perces had always been friendly to the whites. "If the Nez Perces are not safe from attack in their mountains and valleys, who *can* be safe?" men asked themselves uneasily. No answer was given in words — but all knew the answer.

Another council was called by Lieutenant Clark, "White Hat" to the Indians — representing General Crook. Crazy Horse and his 7-foot cousin, the Miniconjou chief Touch-the-Clouds, were there with their headmen. Frank Grouard and Louis Bordeaux interpreted.

Lieutenant Clark started the council off by telling some startling facts on the fighting with the Nez Perces. The soldiers had chased Chief Joseph and his people from their own country into the northland of the Sioux. White Hat came quickly to his reason for calling council: Bear Coat (General Miles, recently promoted from Colonel) and The One-Armed One (General Howard) needed Crazy Horse and his braves to act as scouts in the fighting.

"No," replied Crazy Horse firmly. "We are done with fighting — we want to live quietly and at peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with all men, as you white men have promised that we could do if we surrendered. Yes, we want to go to our north country, but to hunt buffalo — not to fight the Nez Perces. We gave up our guns and horses because we were tired of fighting; now the Great Father and Three Stars and you, who we thought was our friend, want us to fight again. *NO*!"

Around Crazy Horse, as he finished in his soft voice that never became excited, the Sioux made the "*Hou-hou*!" sounds of approval. Clark's face darkened in anger as he listened to Grouard's translation.

"You can't go to the north to hunt! There is fighting to be done there — I must have scouts to help us whip the Nez Perces!" shouted White Hat.

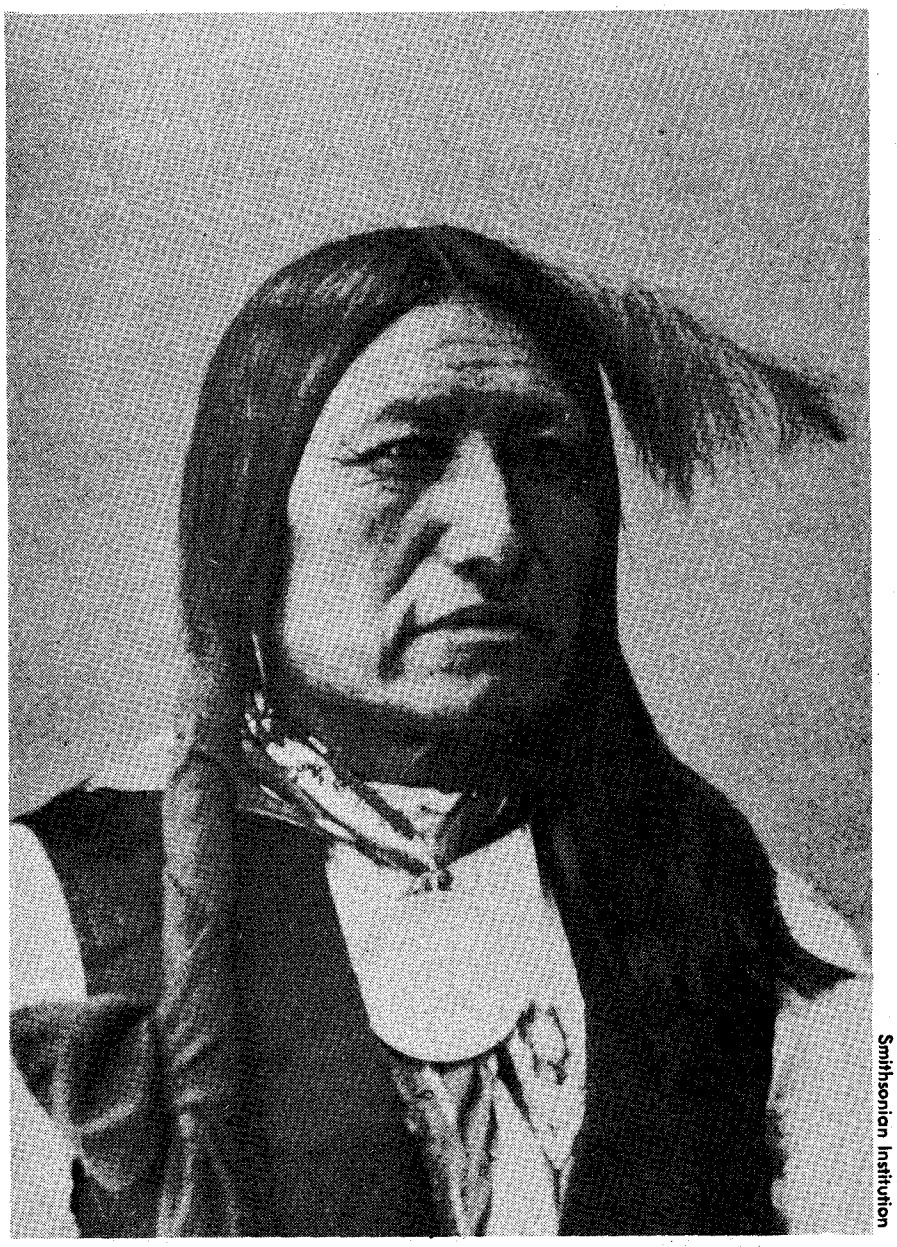
Crazy Horse bowed his head a moment in thought — then looked up at Clark and spread his hands in a gesture of assent. "We came to talk of peace, we are tired of war and of all this loud talk of war. We have been lied to and fooled by the whites, and now it is the same thing all over again. Still, we do not want to make trouble — we will do what is asked of us. If the Great Father, if Three Stars, if *you* want us to fight, we will go north and fight until not a Nez Perce is left."

Swiftly The Grabber translated Crazy Horse's statement, speaking very rapidly. Word for word, he repeated in English what Crazy Horse had said until he came to the end. "We will go north and fight until not a *white man* is left," finished Grouard.

To the utter amazement of the Indians, White Hat jumped to his feet and began to rave at them in fury. Bordeaux spoke sharply to Grouard, accusing him bitterly of twisting Crazy Horse's words. The Grabber snarled back at Bordeaux. The trader was so disgusted with Grouard's treachery that he flatly refused to interpret further. In roaring frustration Clark sent for Billy Garnett to finish up the translating job. White Hat began all over again, as to a group of recalcitrant children, vehemently urging Crazy Horse to go north and fight the Nez Perces. The chief looked at the fuming lieutenant as if he feared he'd lost his mind.

"I have *said* that we will go. We will take lodges and women and hunt after the scouting —"

"*NO*!" thundered Clark, "No lodges, no women, no hunting! We go to *fight*!"



Smithsonian Institution

Spotted Tail was another rival for leadership of the Sioux

Crazy Horse arose at once and wrapped his red blanket around him. "This white man is *witko* ('crazy')," he said to his braves, "Let us go home before he starts yelling *again*."

Quietly the Oglalas followed their young leader out of the room to an accompaniment of Clark's bawled curses.

Crazy Horse had another problem to solve, more immediate and pressing than trying to figure out the weird vagaries of the soldier-chiefs His fair, young, mixed-blood wife, Black Shawl, was desperately ill with the "coughing sickness' (tuberculosis). Differences of opinion cloud the events of these harrowing last days in Crazy Horse's life, several noted writers disagreeing as to just what happened. Stanley Vestal, in *War-path and Council Fire,* writes: "She (Black Shawl) fell ill with tuberculosis, and the restless chief asked permission to take her to the Brule Agency of his uncle, Spotted Tail, there to put her in the care of Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, whom he trusted."

Dr. McGillycuddy, in a statement written for E.V. Brininstool's book *Crazy Horse*, says: "I became a close friend of Crazy Horse after his surrender at Fort Robinson in the spring of 1877, by reason of the fact that it became part of my duty, as assistant post surgeon, to look after such Indians, friendly or hostile, as required medical attention, and his wife, who was afflicted with tuberculosis, came under my care ..."

Hence, since Dr. McGillicuddy was stationed at Robinson, it would seem that Crazy Horse took his wife

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Brule Agency simply to visit — or, perhaps, to live with her Indian relatives there until her death. It was well known that the frail, lovely girl, daughter of a half-breed named Louis Richard, was not happy at Camp Robinson. Her father, furious at her Indian-style marriage to Crazy Horse, had appealed to General Crook to have the girl returned to her home.

As she had already informed the agent that she loved her husband and was determined to remain with him, Crook's agent had no luck persuading her to go back to her father. The officer then resorted to threats. Crazy Horse promptly ordered the officer to leave his lodge, adding laconically: "Tell Gray Fox (Crook) to come and take her!"

In any case, no matter what the circumstances prompting his decision, Crazy Horse evidently believed that the best and most harmonious place for his beautiful, sick wife was with her mother's people at Spotted Tail Agency. Accordingly, adhering to regulations, he asked permission of his own agent to make the trip and carefully explained the reason for his request. Permission was refused. Stoney-faced, he left the agent's office.

On September 4, Crazy Horse carried Black Shawl in his arms out of his lodge and placed her frail form tenderly in a travois for the grueling 40-mile journey to the Brule Agency. He, with two friends, Shell Boy and Kicking Bear, was well on his way before his absence was noted. More than 50 Indian government scouts were sent to arrest him and bring him back.

They never caught him. Craftily conserving the strength of their horses by running them downhill and walking them uphill, Crazy Horse and his precious passenger and his two warrior friends reached the camp of his cousin Touch-the-Clouds well ahead of the scouts. The giant Miniconjou chief risked future punishment by the military by sending braves to harry the government Indians and hold them back until Crazy Horse had obtained a safe lead. The effect of the harried flight upon the mortally ill Black Shawl can well be imagined, but in the stoic Indian manner she made no complaint.

Captain Lee, the military agent at Spotted Tail, came out to meet Crazy Horse. The officer appeared nervous and worried, telling the young Oglala chief that he must return at once to Camp Robinson "To avoid certain trouble."

While Lee was talking to Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail came dashing up at the head of a group of mounted warriors and added his loud voice to that of Captain Lee. Spotted Tail, like Red Cloud, hoped to be appointed head chief of all the Lakotas by the Great Father in Washington and didn't want his famous nephew around to hamper his chances. He made no mention of his blood relationship to Crazy Horse in his bombastic and threatening speech and warned him that if he came to "my Agency" he must "Do everything I say!"

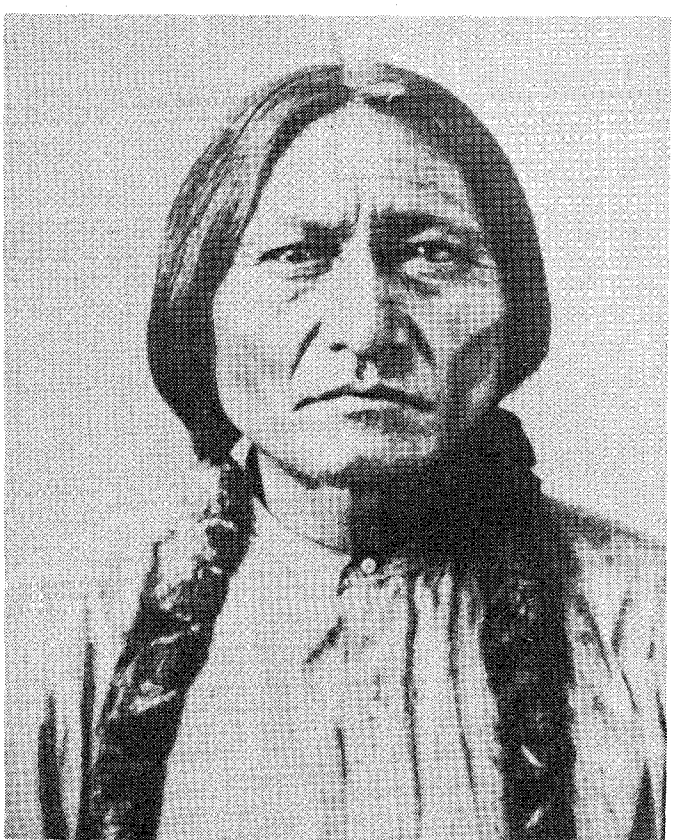
Touch-the-Cloud's Miniconjous, who had followed Crazy Horse and the government scouts to the agency roared angrily at this and got ready to fight. Crazy Horse raised his hand and said wearily: "No, my brothers, do not fight on my account, too much blood has been spilled already. I will take my wife to the lodge of my mother, and then I will talk with the soldier-chief here and settle this matter in a peaceful manner."

The talk was one-sided, with Captain Lee repeating that the chief must return at once to Camp Robinson. He could stay the night, and in the morning he must start back. Lee promised to tell the commandant at Robinson — why Crazy Horse had defied orders and come to Spotted Tail. The chief-captain also promised that Crazy Horse should be allowed to explain to the soldier-chief how his words at the council had been twisted by the treacherous Grabber.

So it was arranged in apparent good faith, as symbolized by Captain Lee's hearty handshake. Lee and the interpreter Bordeaux accompanied the party the next morning, along with Touch-the-Clouds, Black Crow, and High Bear, riding in an Army ambulance. Crazy Horse rode behind the ambulance with a group of his friends. "Do not fear, my chief," said one young brave hopefully, "The bad times are over. We have this soldier-chief's word that the truth will be told."

The Strange Man of the Oglalas smiled sadly. "No, my brother," he replied quietly, "the bad times for the Lakotas have just begun."

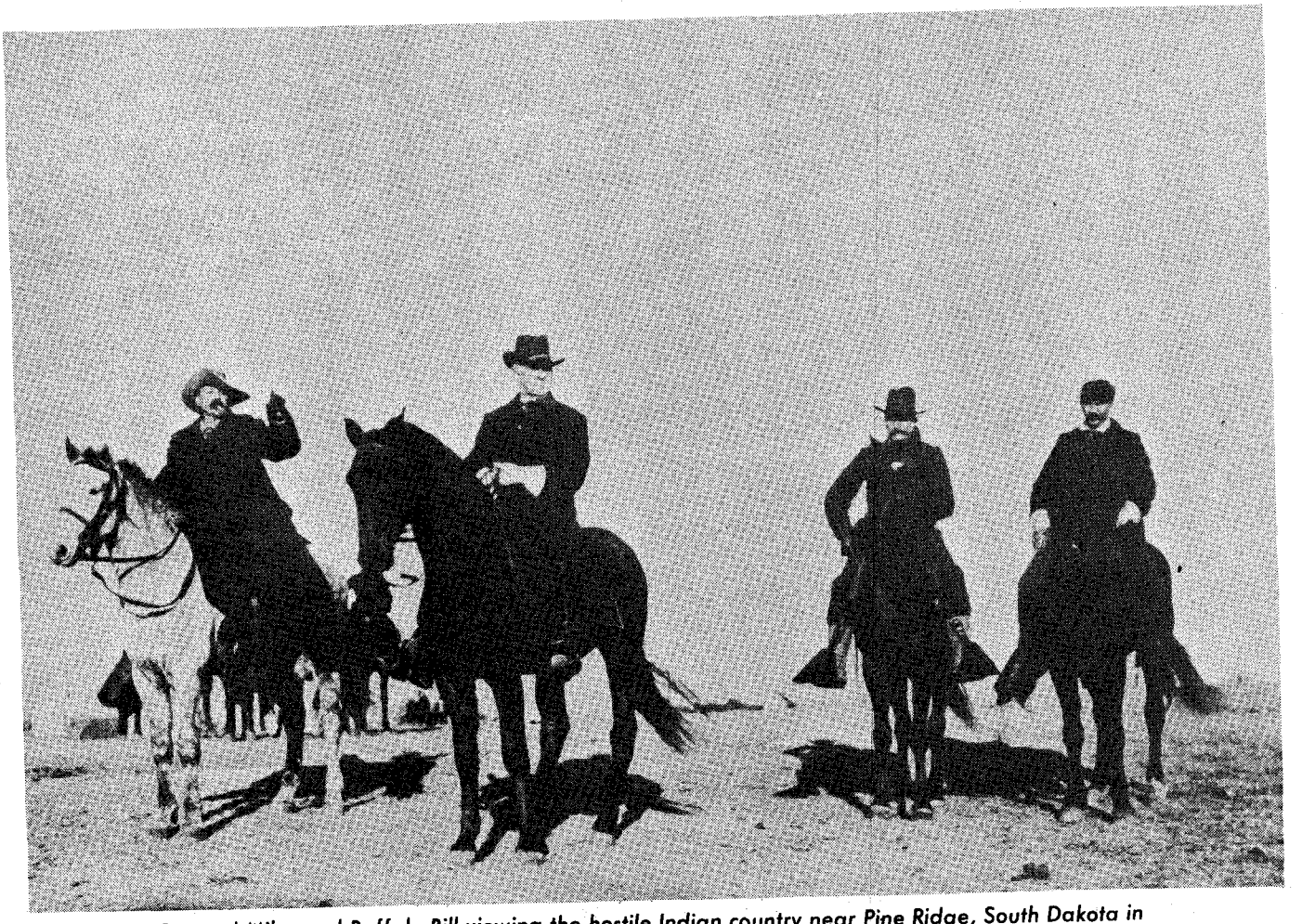
Fifteen miles out from the Brule Agency, small groups of Spotted Tail's government scouts began overtaking the party. Five miles further along, about halfway to Camp Robinson, Crazy Horse was suddenly surrounded by 40 Lakotas wearing the soldier uniform of the white men. All pretense was discarded; the famed Oglala war chief was now a prisoner. The scouts talked freely among themselves, openly gloating that the great, young fighting leader of the Sioux was in custody.



Sitting Bull. At the time Crazy Horse surrendered, Sitting Bull crossed the border into Canada to escape the clutches of the white soldiers.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



General Miles and Buffalo Bill viewing the hostile Indian country near Pine Ridge, South Dakota in 1891.

Mr. Brininstool quotes Captain Lee at this point as saying: "He (Crazy Horse) seemed nervous and bewildered, and his serious expression seemed to show he was doubtful of the outcome. I tried to reassure his friends by telling them that I would do exactly as I promised in presenting his case.

When within 15 miles of Red Cloud (Agency) I sent a note to (Lieutenant) Clark by a swift Indian courier, asking whether I should take Crazy Horse to the post or to the Agency. I stated briefly and explicitly that we had to use tack and discretion in securing Crazy Horse without serious trouble, and that *we had promised that he might state his* case."

Lieutenant Clark sent back a curt and enigmatic answer: "DEAR LEE: General Bradley wishes you to drive direct to his office with Crazy Horse. Yours, CLARK."

Captain Lee was alarmed at the unwritten implication in his brief message. The guardhouse was next to General Bradley's office, and it looked as if Crazy Horse was to be placed there immediately upon his arrival at the post.

Lee's uneasy hunch was correct. "We proceeded to the post," he wrote, "My Indians on either side of the ambulance, with guns ready for instant use, and Crazy Horse in the center. Upon arriving at the Commanding Officer's office, I was met by the Adjutant, who informed me that the General directed that Crazy Horse could say a few words to the Commanding Officer before this was done. I was referred to the General."

The worried captain had Crazy Horse dismount, go to the office and sit down with Touch-the-Clouds and four other warriors, while he went to Bradley's quarters to argue for his prisoner. The effort was useless; Bradley stated that mandatory orders from "Higher up" had superseded his authority in the case. Lee persisted in trying to get Crazy Horse a hearing. Bradley stared coldly at his subordinate officer a long moment, then declared that it was too late to talk. "Surrender him to the officer of the day," directed the General, "and have him informed that *not a hair of his head will be harmed.*" Lee saluted and returned to his prisoner.

"I told Crazy Horse, 'The night is coming on and the soldier-chief said it was too late to talk; that he said to go with the officer of the day, and that he would be taken care of, and *not a hair of his head should be harmed.*' "

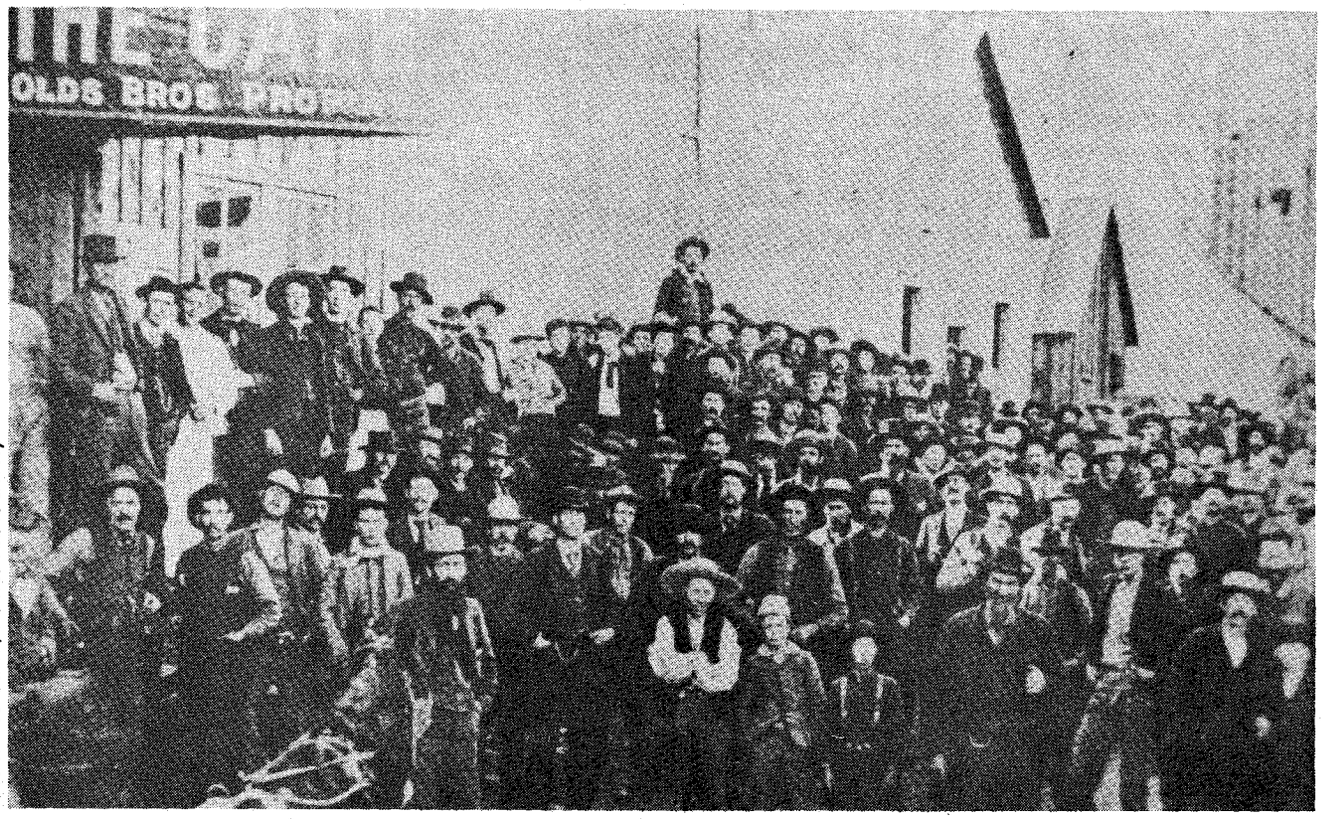
Crazy Horse arose after Lee's words were translated for him, smiled, and went to Captain Kennington, the officer of the day, and shook his hand. Willingly he walked with Kennington and two soldiers of the guard to the guardhouse. Little Big Man, a former friend and head warrior to the chief but now a man corroded with jealousy, walked behind Crazy Horse and jeered at him, "*Hai*, great war chief of the Oglalas, where is your fiery spirit *now*? You walk like one of the white man's cattle, led by the nose to your stall!" Crazy Horse ignored him.

Not until he was inside the main door of the guardhouse and saw the dungeon with their chained prisoners, did the chief appear to realize the grim fate in store for him. Then, making the fierce Wagh-h-h sound of the fighting grizzly deep in

(continued on page 82)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Creede Chronicle once said that wide-open boom town got more than it's share of flotsam. Bunco artists, pickpockets, dance-hall girls and professional gamblers were the more respectable citizens. Some of the most famous gunmen of the West practiced their deadly trade on Creede's two-mile long main drag.



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

Crowds gather after the killing of Bob Ford on June 8, 1892 in Creede.

While this world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed
It's day all day in the daytime,
And there is no night in Creede.

— Cy Warman, Editor of the *Creede Chronicle*

When Nicholas C. Creede made his big strike on Willow Creek in 1889, he started one of the last of the big silver booms. It wasn't long before the booming settlement became one of the wildest of all mining camps in Colorado. Of Creede's motley population, the *Creede Chronicle* once said: "Creede is unfortunate in getting more of the flotsam of the state than usually falls to the lot of mining camps. Some of the citizens would take the grub-stake prize at a hog show."

The wide-open settlement, which was first called Willow and later renamed for Nicholas Creede in 1890, was officially incorporated as a city on March 19,1892, with a population of 10,000 people. The false-fronted clapboard and tent town was strung out along Willow Creek Canyon for over two miles with its restaurants, saloons, and gambling halls open around the clock. Over a million dollars worth of ore was shipped out of Creede every month during 1892, with the wealth of the mines being talked about in all the financial centers of the world. These money men of the East called her "Colorado's Silver-ribbed Treasure Trove".

Still, over half the population of Creede was made up of

THERE WAS NO NIGHT IN CREEDE

By Cy Martin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western Collection, Denver Public Library

One of the main streets in upper Creede in the 1890's as it appeared before the fire that destroyed the entire business section.

bunco artists, mining sharks, saloon keepers, pickpockets, dance-hall girls, professional gamblers, and assorted riffraff. Any efforts toward bringing order into the lawless gulch were considered useless against this bad lot which populated the town. About the only order around was that imposed by the self-proclaimed "camp bosses" — Bat Masterson and Soapy Smith. Smith brought the famed gunman John Light up from Texas to become chief of police. Also, he brought in con-man Lou "The Fixer" Blonger. Shootings on Creede's streets and in the dozens of saloons were just a part of the way of life.

Masterson's Watrous Saloon and Smith's Orleans Club were the favorite watering holes for most of the wild bunch in town. Whiskey Johnny packed kegs of cheap watered-down booze up to the high remote mines on the backs of burros and sold it at scandalous prices. Poker Alice Tubbs, the cigar-smoking card player from the Black Hills, drifted into Creede along with her crony, Calamity Jane. Creede Lily was well established as the camp's leading lady gambler, but when she died penniless in her tent on the banks of Willow Creek, Creede's underworld took up the collection which buried her.

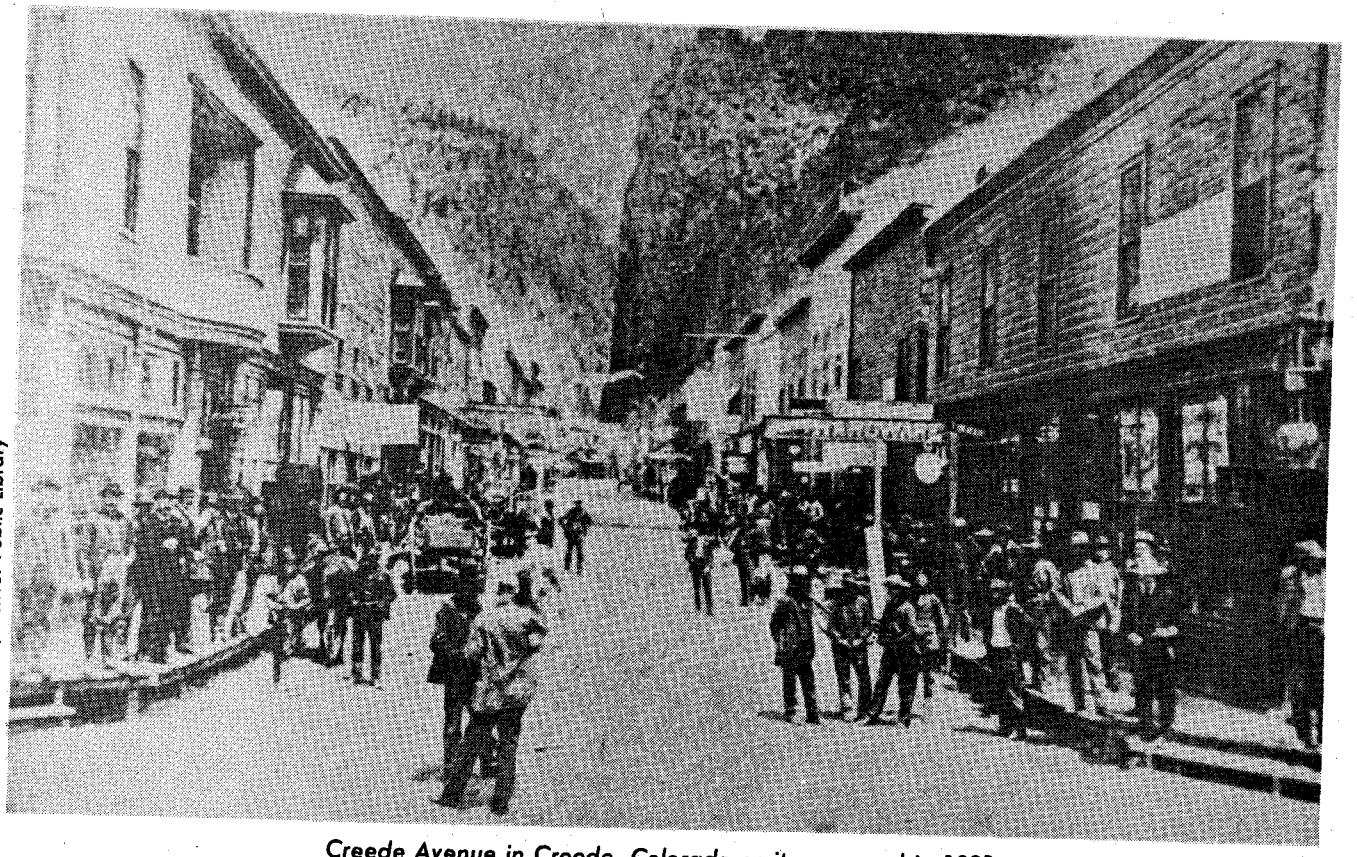
Kilarney Kate was another of the gambling women in town. Mattie Creek and Slanting Annie, who walked with a slight stoop, were the camp's most popular "soiled doves". The Mormon Queen and tall Rose "Timberline" Vastine, along with Marie Cantassot who called herself "The Queen of the French Row", were working in the parlor houses and cribs.

Until Soapy Smith came to town and built his Orleans Club, Bob Ford's Exchange Club was the largest place of its kind in Creede. The slender Ford, with his big hat and his morose disposition, lived with his wife — or mistress — Nell Watson. When in his cups he often shot up the town. He was never without a rifle on the streets or on horseback.

Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

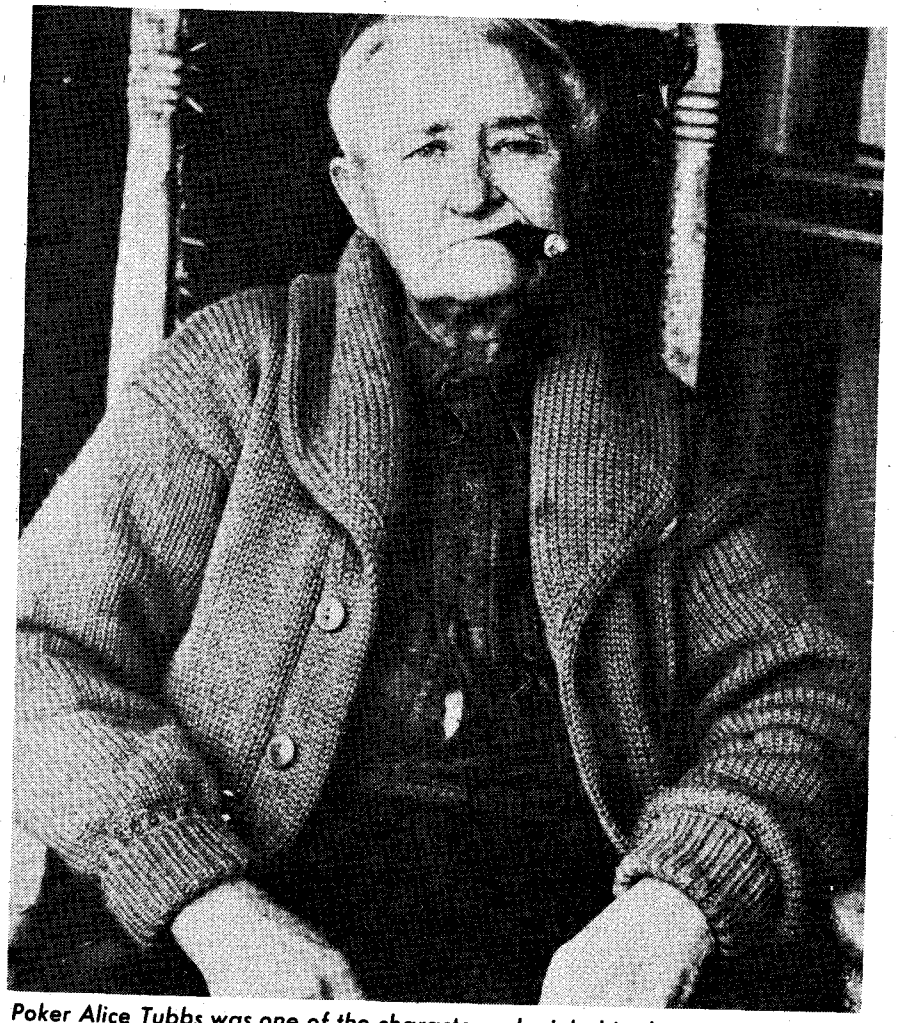
Robert Ford as he appeared during his days in Creede.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

Creede Avenue in Creede, Colorado as it appeared in 1892.



Deadwood Chamber of Commerce

Poker Alice Tubbs was one of the characters who inhabited Creede during its great days.

It was his death which made Creede famous in Western history as a murderous camp. Bob Ford, hated killer of Jesse James, was shot in the back and killed in his own exchange saloon by Ed O. Kelly. There was never any peace for Bob Ford after he killed Jesse James. Fear rode him constantly, for Frank James was still alive. Instead of being proclaimed a hero, he was cursed and threatened. The glory he sought had turned to ashes in his mouth.

After Jesse's death, Ford was put on trial for the murder of Wood Hite and was found guilty, but Governor Crittendon of Missouri kept the faith with his ace informer and pardoned him. Ford became a wanderer. For a time he stayed in Richmond with his parents, but the cold eyes, sneers and whispers of friends and neighbors turned him sour and surly. He liked to boast of how he shot Jesse down, but only contemptuous silence greeted him when he finished his tale.

Ford took to the stage in a play called "The Outlaws of Missouri", and his chore was to come out between curtain drops and tell how he shot down his outlaw chief. His act was always greeted with boos and catcalls, but in the midst of it all, a romance bloomed. A girl in the chorus, named Nellie Watson, fell for his good looks and they were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said to be married.

After two seasons with the stage show, Ford went on to bigger things, if you can call a spot in P.T. Barnum's Freak show better things. Still, he couldn't shake the shadow which hovered over his life. Frank or Jesse were always there. He began to drink heavily and to gamble. He and Dick Liddel bought a saloon in Las Vegas, New Mexico, but the customers didn't flock in as the two ex-outlaws expected. Even the rough frontier town objected to a Judas drawing their beer or pouring them shots of whiskey.

When Creede was founded, Bob Ford went along in the mad stampede, sized up the wild town, then opened a saloon and dance hall. He wore a diamond stickpin, smoked a big cigar, and especially enjoyed leaning on the bar, telling the miners how he shot Jesse James. For a time his business boomed, and one of the first things Ford did was to buy his Nellie a fancy diamond brooch.

One night on a visit to Pueblo, Ford agreed to share a room in the local hotel. The other tenant was Ed O. Kelly from Harrisonville, Missouri. Kelly was a shirttail kin of the Youngers, and when Ford walked into the room, they stared at each other, nodded, and had a drink. In the morning, Ford's diamond ring was missing and he accused Kelly of the theft. Kelly, who was a ne'er-do-well, brooded deeply over the accusation.

One story says that when Kelly heard of the accusations Ford was making in Creede, he became incensed with anger. Another story says Ford really hated Kelly because Kelly once stole a saloon girl away from him in Walsenberg. But no legend or story implies that Kelly was ever a friend of the James gang.

This time Kelly entered the saloon with a sawed-off shotgun supplied by French Du Val. On June 8, 1892 Kelly entered the board and tent saloon and walked to the back where Ford was standing.

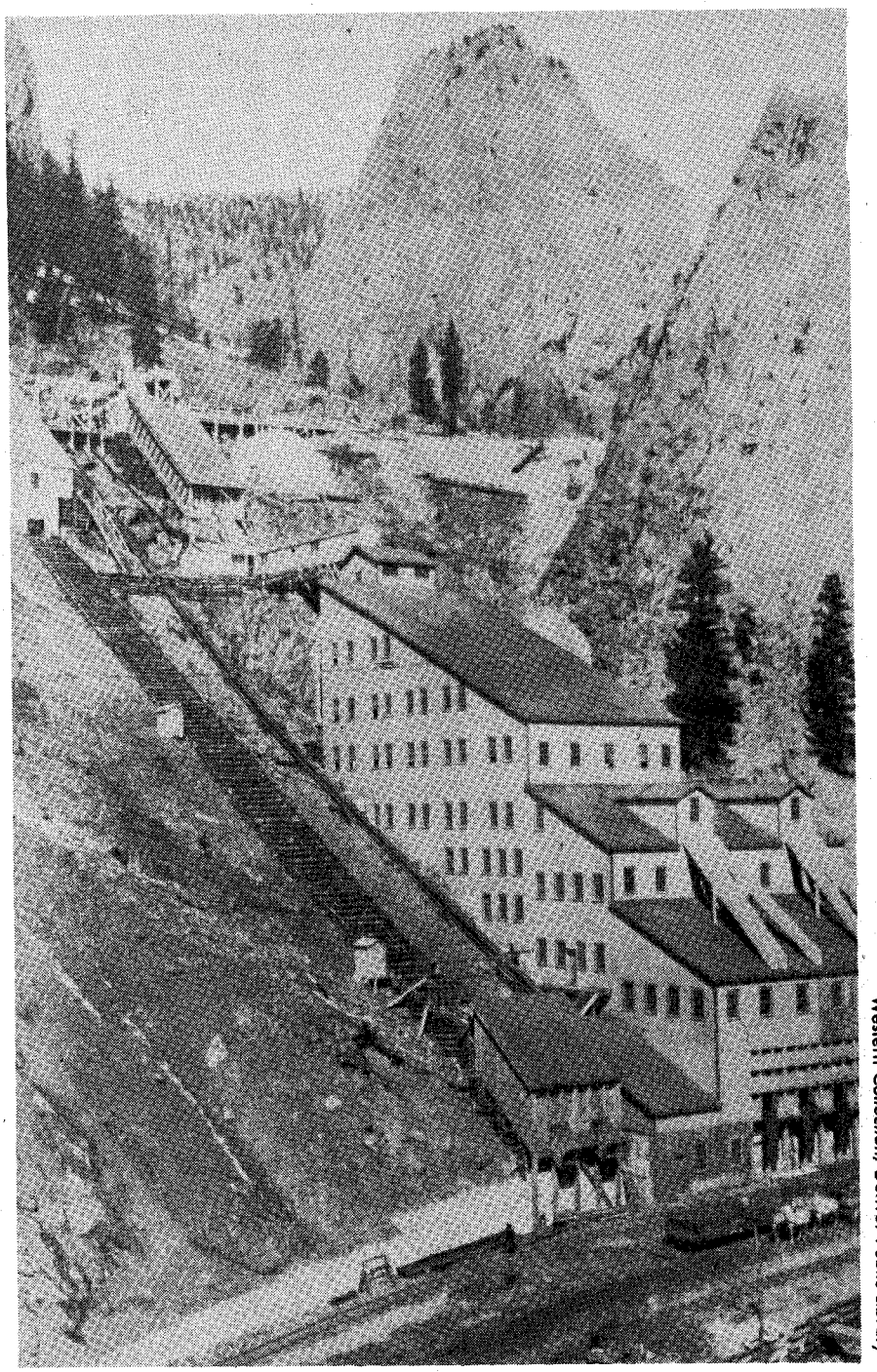
"Hello, Bob," he called. When Bob Ford turned, he raised the ugly weapon and let go with both barrels. The shot, without scattering, entered the throat of Ford, carrying his gold collar button out through the back of his neck.

The report of the shotgun startled the whole camp, and it wasn't long before a lynch mob was eager to hang Kelly. And he would have found himself dangling from the end of a rope, had not an orator with the ability to sway even an angry mob stepped forward to demand that law and order be allowed to take its course. That orator was Soapy Smith. As always, Smith was pretending to be on the side of law and order. Nellie Watson took Bob Ford's body back to Richmond, Missouri to be buried, eleven years after he killed Jesse James.

Ed O. Kelly did not hang. He was given a life sentence and finally, ten years after the crime, received a full pardon. A friendless and unrespected man, he wandered around the country for a couple of years until he was shot and killed in a fight with a peace officer in Oklahoma City.

A few days before this, at six o'clock in the morning of June 5, a fire broke out in a triangular two-story saloon which faced on Creede Avenue at the junction of Cliff Street. Beginning in the back room of Kirmeary's Saloon where the whiskey was stored, it soon got out of control and nearly burned the whole town to the ground.

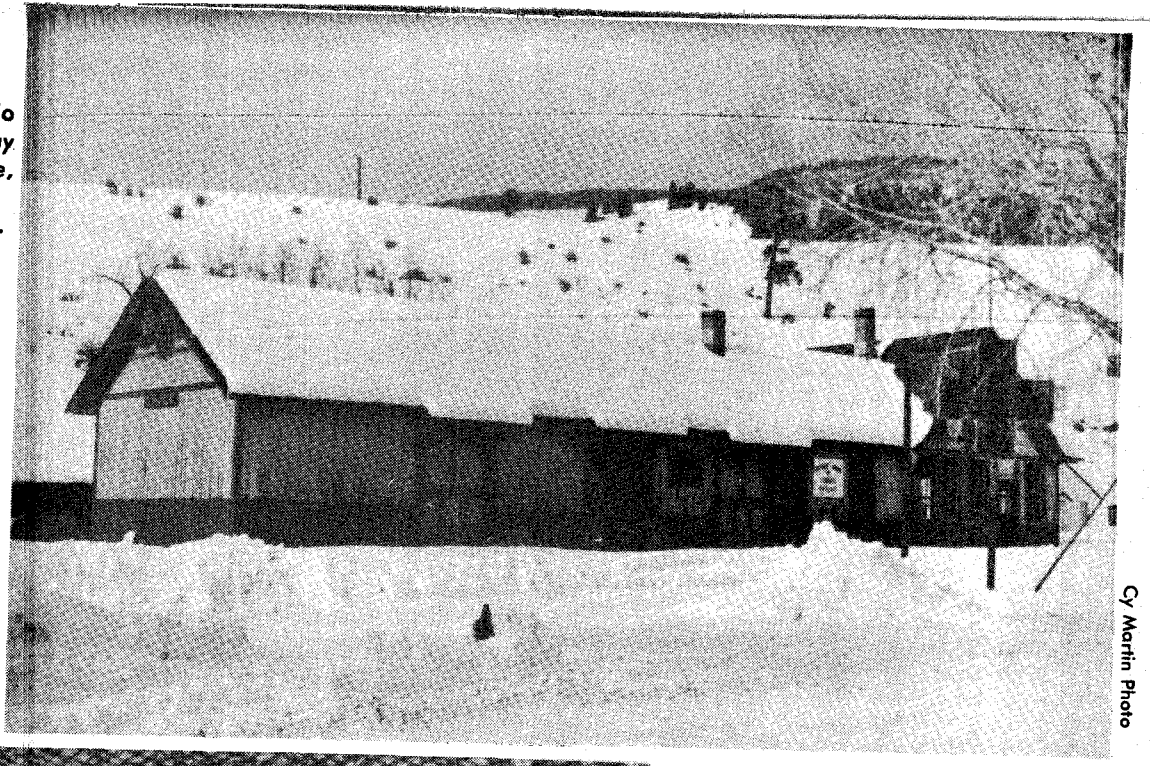
To warn the citizens of the "Red Monster," guns boomed into the morning sky, all the bells in town



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

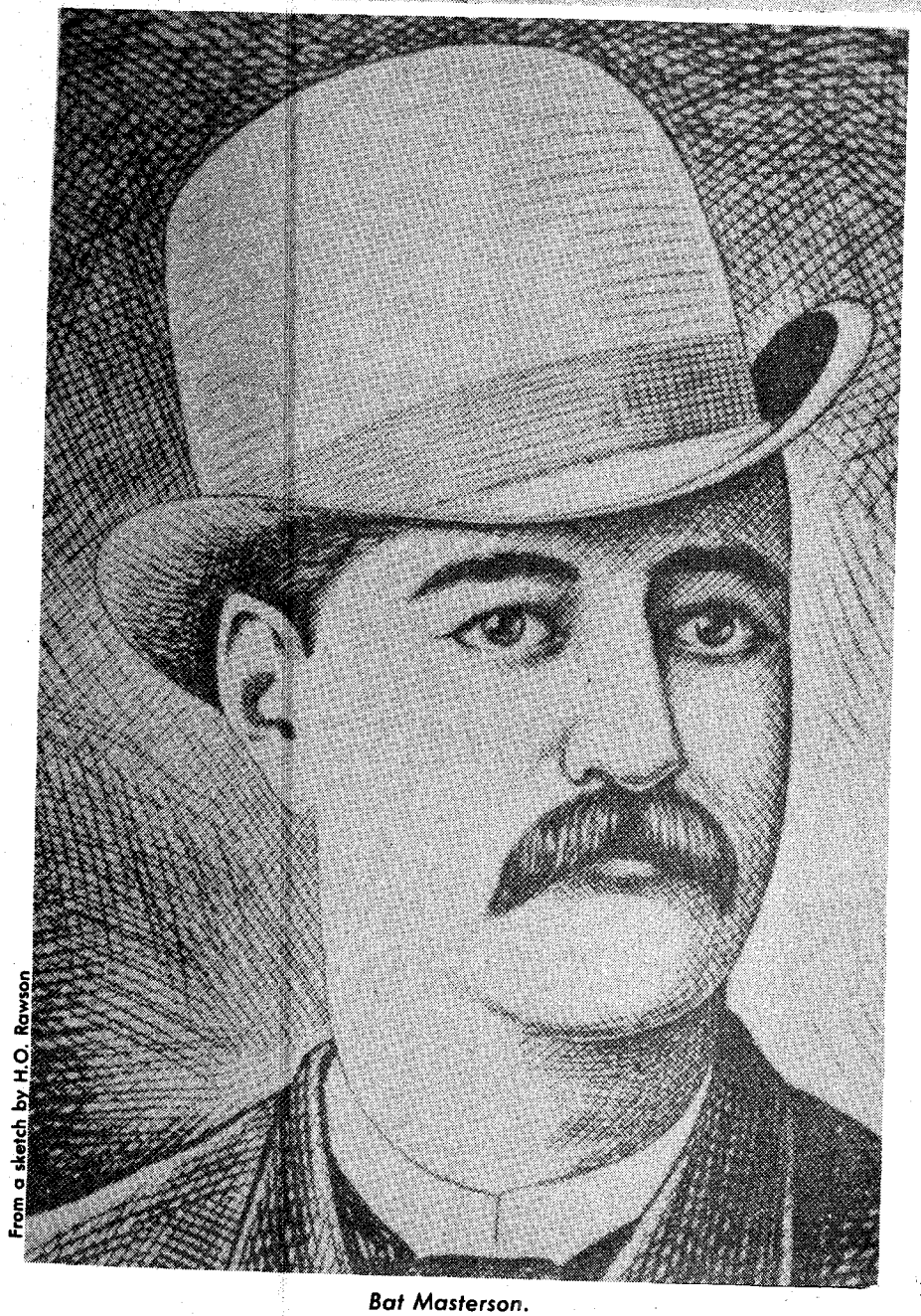
The Humphreys Mine at Creede.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Denver & Rio Grande Railway Station at Creede, Colorado, December 1965.

Cy Martin Photo



From a sketch by H.O. Rawson

Bat Masterson.

rang, and train whistles sounded. The big blaze, fanned by fresh breezes coming down Willow Canyon, danced from one pine shack or tent to another, jumped the narrow streets, and by eight o'clock it was all over. Creede's business district was a field of smoldering ashes. Hundreds were homeless. The camp would never be the same again.

Of Creede's great fire, the *Denver Republican* said:

"Following the fire, a wild debauch was entered into by all the sots and fast women of the camp. Free liquor was had for the stealing, and many cases of wine, bottles of whiskey, cigars, and such goods, and hundreds were drunk before the flames half burned down."

Inside of a week 6,000 people left Creede, but the town was rebuilt. It was destroyed again in 1895 by another fire — the smoke from it could be seen seventy miles away. Along with disaster, though, Creede had its humor. One of the old silver camp's most inventive swindles concerned the famous "Petrified Man".

Until the hoax was exposed, it was the town's most profitable attraction. Bob Fitzsimmons, Creede gambler and bunco artist, bought a man made of cement in Denver. The thing was shipped to Creede on the railroad, then hauled out to the edge of town and buried in the mud along Farmer's Creek. Some days later, J.J. Dore, a friend and associate of Fitzsimmons, "discovered" the petrified man and notified the state's newspapers about his marvelous find.

They gave the discovery front-

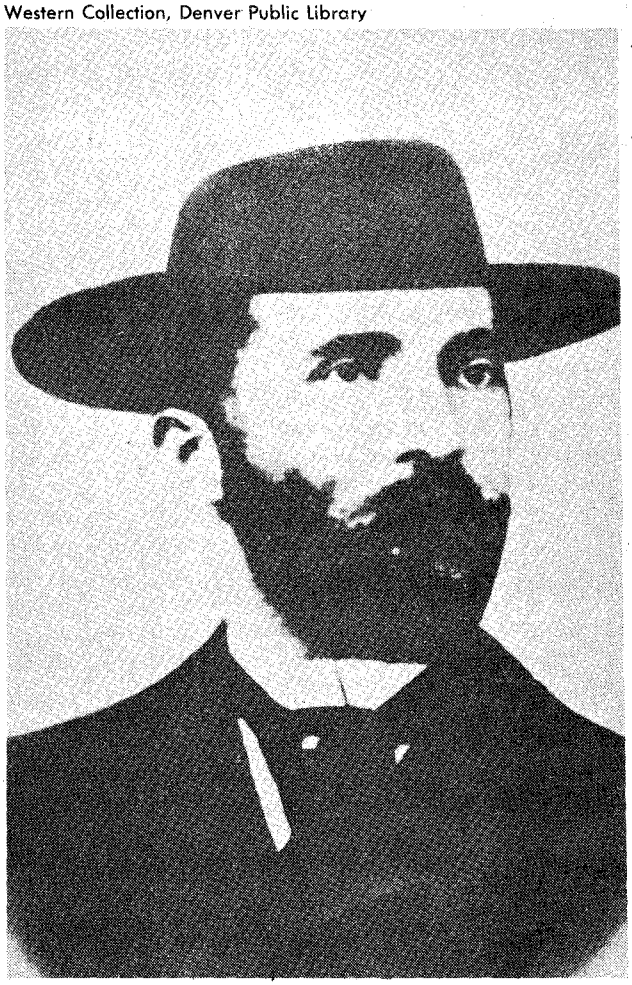
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

page space and even advanced the theory the man must have been a member of the Fremont Party which explored the Creede area in 1842. The *Creede Candle* called the monster "McGinty" after it was hauled back into Creede and put on display at the Vaughn Hotel under a couple of flickering lamps. Crowds lined up to see the sight at 25¢ a head until finally the concrete started to fleck away and the hoax was discovered.

In the meantime, as might be expected, Soapy Smith moved in for a piece of the action. Soapy himself took over as spieler and there was never a better one. He shaded the coal oil lamps to give the eerie impression of a tomb, and "Colonel Stone" promptly became a prehistoric monster rather than a deceased American pioneer. The people who paid their hoax money to look were treated to a "learned" lecture on the habits of man.

"And in those days there were giants in the land," Soapy quoted from the Bible. "Men didn't look then as they do now," explained the erudite Soapy. "Not only were they larger, but in brain capacity they were not far removed from the ape

Western Collection, Denver Public Library

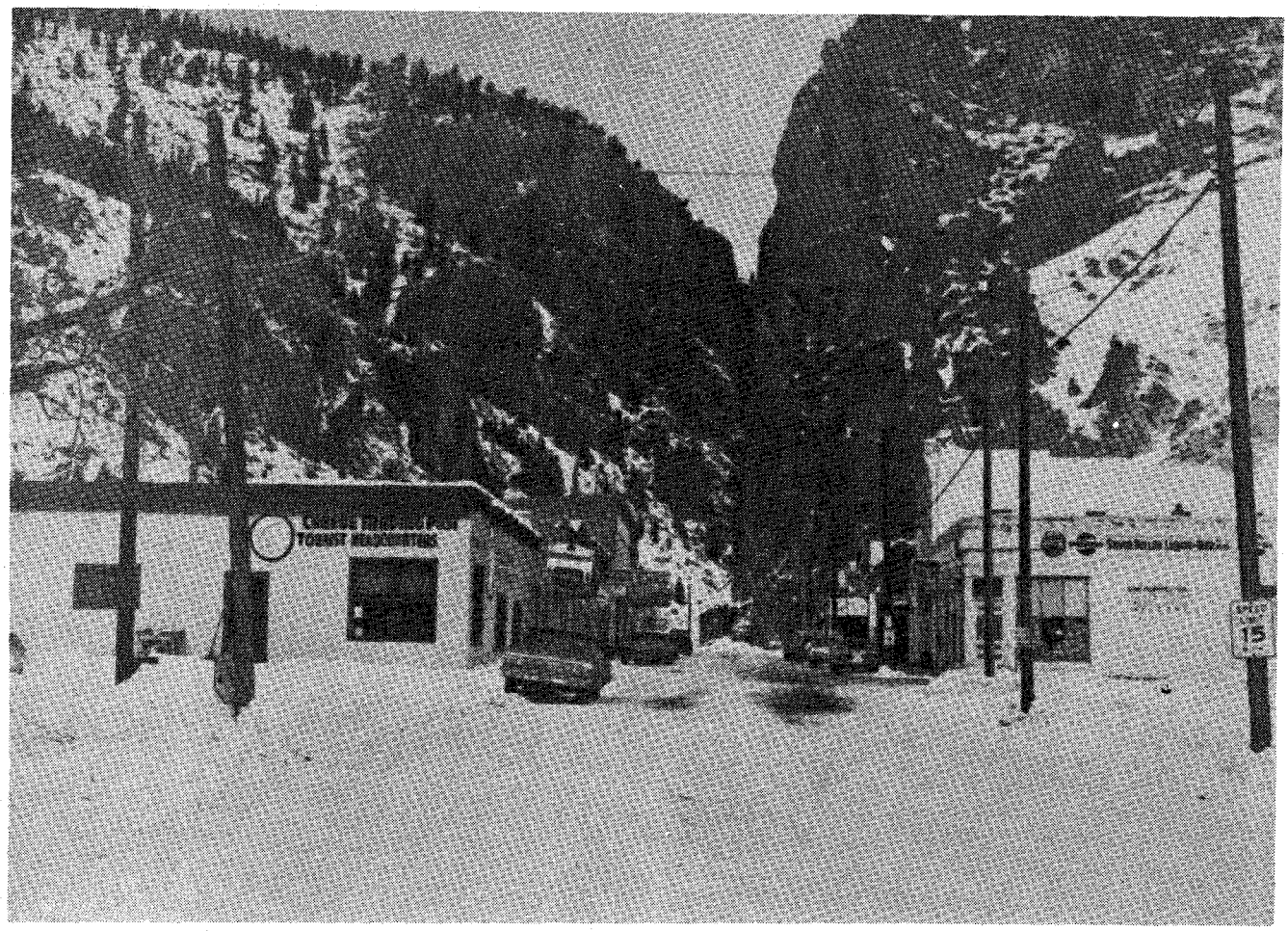


Jefferson R. Smith, better known as Soapy Smith, Soapy perpetrated the petrified-man hoax on the gullible citizens of Creede.

Western Collection, Denver Public Library

Denver & Rio Grande Railway in Upper Creede in 1890.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



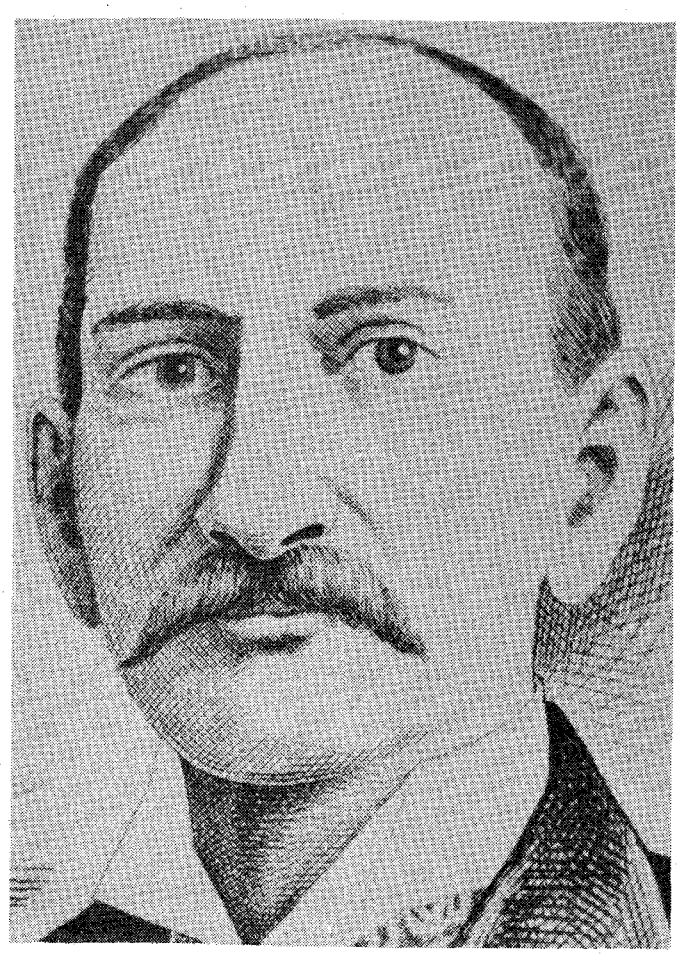
Cy Martin photo

Creede Avenue in Creede, Colorado as it appeared in December 1965.

family. There is a fellow over in England named Darwin who has just proved it. But now, right here in Creede, you people are privileged to gaze upon the only complete specimen of prehistoric man in existence today."

But the possibilities for a monster in Creede were soon exhausted, for one look was enough. "Colonel Stone" was leased out to P.T. Barnum, traveling in the side show and attracting crowds for years. He was returned to Denver only when his cement hide began to disentegrate from age.

While Creede was always one of the wildest mining camps, it did have its gentler side. One of the camp's first places of worship was an old circus tent from Denver. On Easter Sunday morning it was jammed with the God-fearing who came to hear the preaching. That very same evening it was jammed with the sporting crowd for a boxing match. Fine church buildings were later built in Creede, and the little town supported them. Schools came to Creede, the first one being established in April of 1892. By then, Creede was connected by telephone to the outside world and



Sketched by H. O. Rawson

Frank James in his later years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the streets were electrically lighted. The idea of an electric plant in Creede was conceived at noon on February 1, 1892. Five days later the light flickered on all over down town.

Soon after the boom really got under way, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway started pushing its narrow gauge rail service toward Creede from Wagon Wheel Gap. The ten-mile extension was completed in October of 1891, and within four months the line paid for itself. Long freight trains steamed in and out of Creede at all hours. Until the depot was built, a big tent pitched by the tracks made do, with the ticket office housed in a boxcar.

On the sidings, the Rio Grande parked a string of Pullman cars for their own help and to ease the impossible housing shortage. There was never dining car service into Creede, but plenty of time was allowed to patronize the depot lunch counters at Alamosa and Pueblo on the way to Denver. Variety shows, melodrama and concerts, performed both by home talent and by road companies making the circuit of the mining camps, provided other entertainment.

Yet the town really never recovered from the disastrous fire of 1892. And once the price of silver was cut in half by the Silver Act, it would not be mined profitably. Men such as Nicholas Creede and Major Wasson would not leave, but the exodus was on. The drifters who were among the first arrival were the first to smell the early decay and quit their dance with Creede.

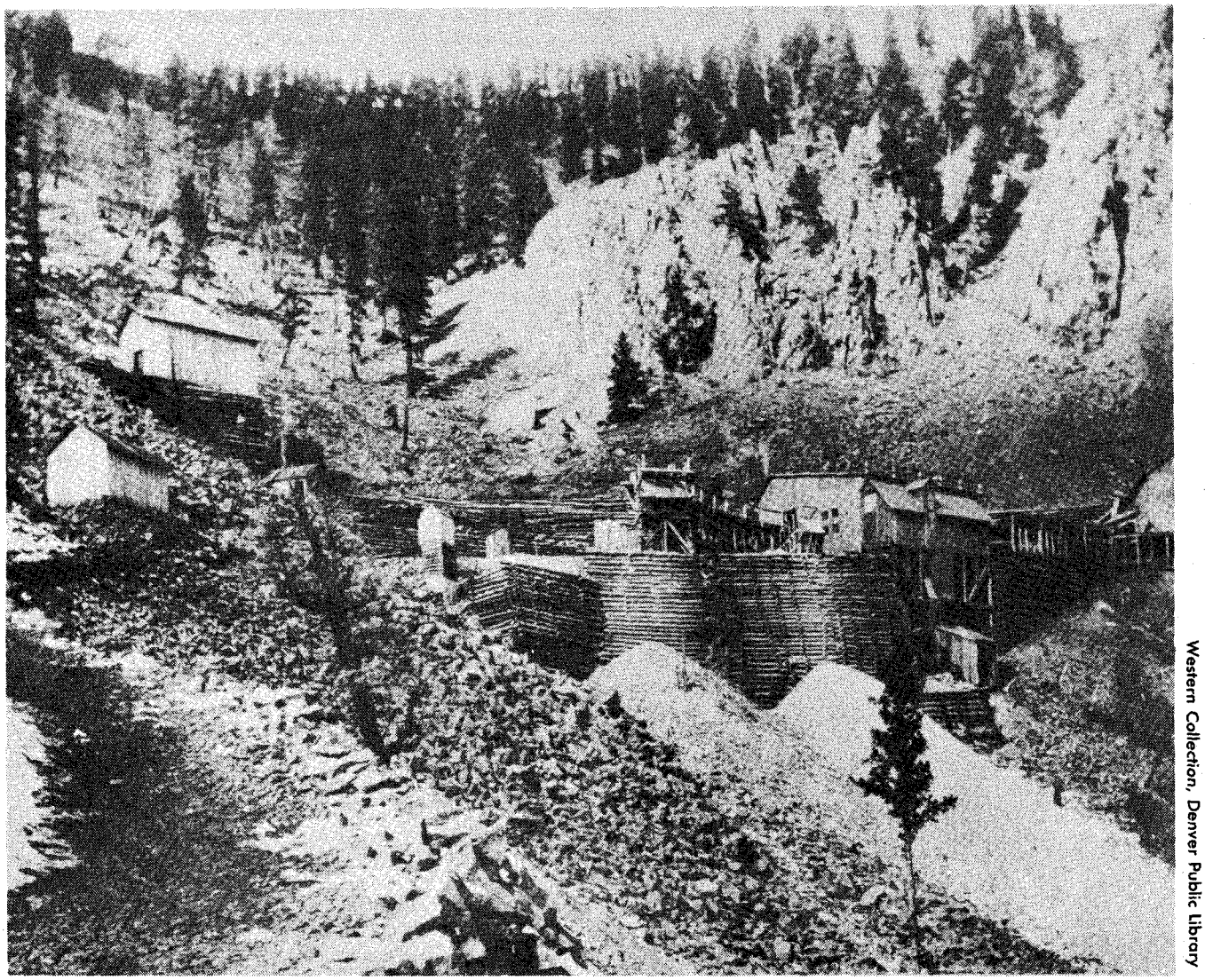
When Creede went up the spout after producing over $5 million, Soapy Smith was not the only one to board the steam cars for greener pastures. Cy Warman folded his *Creede Chronicle* and went to work for *The Rocky Mountain News.* Warman celebrated his change of employment in a poem:

"It was sometime in the p.m. in the fall of '92
I had cashed in the Creede Chronicle — had nothing else to do
—
I had seen a man of leisure who was loafing in the street
Who had every fad and fashion from his head down to his feet."

While it lasted, there was no night in Creede.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Bancroft, Caroline, *Unique Ghost Towns and Mountain Spots.* Johnson Publishing Co., 1961.
Beebe, Lucius and Charles Clegg, *Rio Grande, Mainline of the Rockies.* Howell - North, 1962.
Mumey, Nolie, *Creede.* Artcraft Press, 1949.
Newspapers:
Creede Candle, various issues.
Creede Chronicle, various issues.



Western Collection, Denver Public Library

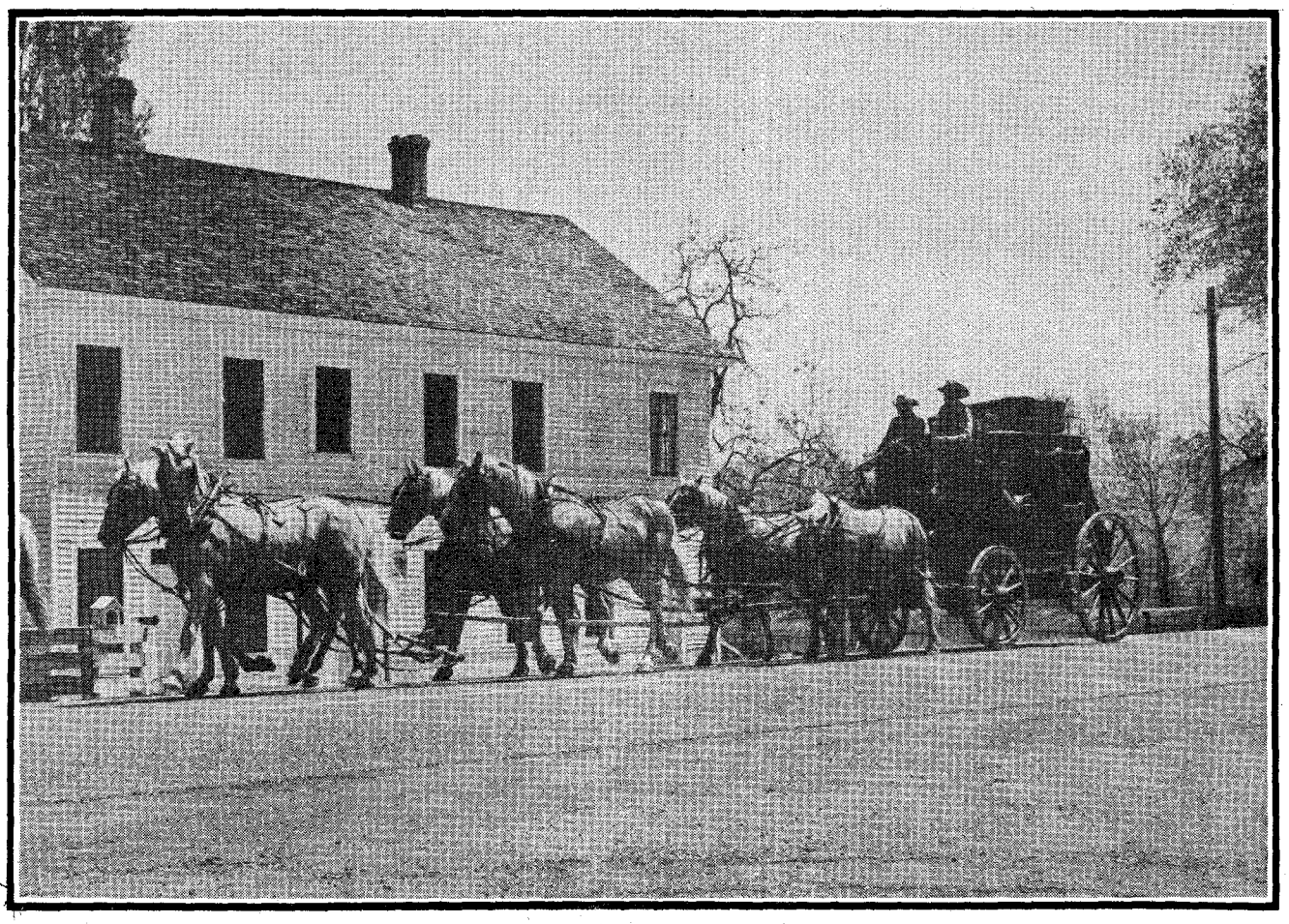
General view of No. 3 Commodore Mine at Creede in the 1890's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONCORD STAGECOACH Of The Old West

By Mitchell Scott

The famed stagecoach of the Wild West of television and movie fame is always the Concord stage used by the Overland Mail line which ran from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. It took 24 days, and to quote one passenger, it was "pure hell"!



Photos furnished by the author

At Weeks, Nevada, a highway now crosses the Carson River where a stagecoach bridge once stood. The original house was a stage station, and when the coaches arrived in the evening, the owner announced the toll bridge was closed, thus insuring paying overnight guests.

The famed stagecoach of the Wild West of television and movie fame is always the Concord Stage used by the Overland Mail line which ran from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. It took 24 days, and to quote one passenger, it was "pure hell"!

Although stagecoaches rolled along Western byways into the 20th century, the Overland Mail of movie fame continued only for the relatively short duration of 17 years — from 1852, when Wells, Fargo & Co. was formed, until 1869, when the transcontinental railheads joined at Promentory, Utah.

As the Central and Union Pacific railhead crews were driven to the limit of their endurance in the fierce competition between railroads to gain land, the stages climaxed their colorful era of cross-country transportation.

Overland travel by Concord Coach was no trip to be taken lightly. A 20-day trip across the entire line — St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California — cost $155 in the 1860's. Today, by airplane, the same trip costs about $95 (plus tax, coach class) and takes only a few hours.

Of course, airline travelers miss such stopping points as Carson City, and Julesburg, and numerous frontier forts such as Churchill, Bridger, Laramie and Kearney, and a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lengthy list of way stations.

After the rails joined, Wells, Fargo & Co. continued to run stages on branch lines to towns not served by the railroads. It was not until 1918 that the firm merged with Railway Express and went out of the stage line business.

Stagecoaches stopped at 15-mile intervals for change of horses. Way stations were built of locally available materials: logs, stone, adobe, brick and what-have-you.

Travel was dusty when dry, muddy when rainy, cold and wet when wintry.

Hard leather seats that today would give four a minimal amount of comfort were designed to hold six, with three more on a center jump seat.

Mealtime at way stations was a far cry from the fare served overhead on modern airliners today. And the cost was extra. Often, signs advised that meals were "75¢ cash. $1 currency," reflecting the Westerners' still-present preference for 'hard' money.

Mark Twain, who came west in a Concord Coach with his brother, Nevada Territorial Secretary Orion Clemens, described the food served to passengers as slumgullion which "pretended to be tea, but there was too much dishrag and sand and old bacon rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveler."

Despite its discomforts and short life, the Overland Stage played a major role in opening the West. The fastest cross-country travel available, they were stylish yet sturdy, and more than a match for the wildest of the West's wild trails.

Although Fort Churchill, some 33 miles east of Carson City, is now a state park, its adobe brick walls crumbling, one feels some of the flavor of the Old West when a Wells, Fargo stage draws up to the headquarters building.

Soldiers in the blue uniform of Civil War days ... rifles "stacked" on the huge parade ground...a few Indians lounging around ... a troupe of cavalry riding in — one needs only a small amount of imagination to conjure up the scene. Adding the stagecoach makes the imagery easier.

The step back into history begins with a visit to Weeks, on the banks of the Carson River on State Route 94 in Nevada. There stands a white wooden house, once the home of Samuel Buckland, who built a toll bridge across the Carson to accommodate (for a small fee) the transcontinental travelers.

If the stage arrived at the bridge late in the day, Buckland, who opened his station as a Pony Express way house, would advise the driver the bridge was closed for the night and collect payment from driver and passengers for a night's food and lodging, along with keep for the horses.

Near the house in the Lahontan basin, one can drive the old stage road, now a double rut across the desert, to Williams, scene of an Indian massacre in 1860.

That massacre led to the famous long ride made by "Pony Bob" Haslam of the Pony Express and caused the "Pyramid Lake Indian War" which ultimately helped form Nevada territory.

The short war, fought by irregular troops, focused national attention on the gold fields in Nevada and led Congress to pass the Nevada Territory organic act, which President Buchanan signed just two days before leaving office.

After the organization was completed, the Overland Mail altered its route to pass through Nevada instead of Arizona.

The end of an era.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twain and his brother Orion rode one of the first of the "Northern route" stages westward.

Driving from Weeks on toward Ft. Churchill, the road still follows the stage road, surmounting a hill before nearing the fort.

"From the summit, bleak with the west wind," wrote Sir Richard Burton of his approach to the fort in 1861, "we could descry, at a distance of fity miles, a snowy saddleback — the Sierra Nevada. When the deep sand had fatigued our cattle, we halted for an hour to wait in a patch of land rich with bunch-grass. Descending from the eminence, we saw a gladdening sight: the Carson River. Winding through its avenue of dark cottonwoods, and afar off the quarters and barracks of Fort Churchill. The nearer view was a hard-tamped plain, besprinkled with black and red porous stones and a sparse vegetation ..."

A Wells, Fargo & Co. Overland Mail stagecoach really did roll up smoothly to the crumbling Fort Churchill headquarters building recently, but not bounding in a cloud of dust as the 105-year-old stage must have done a century ago.

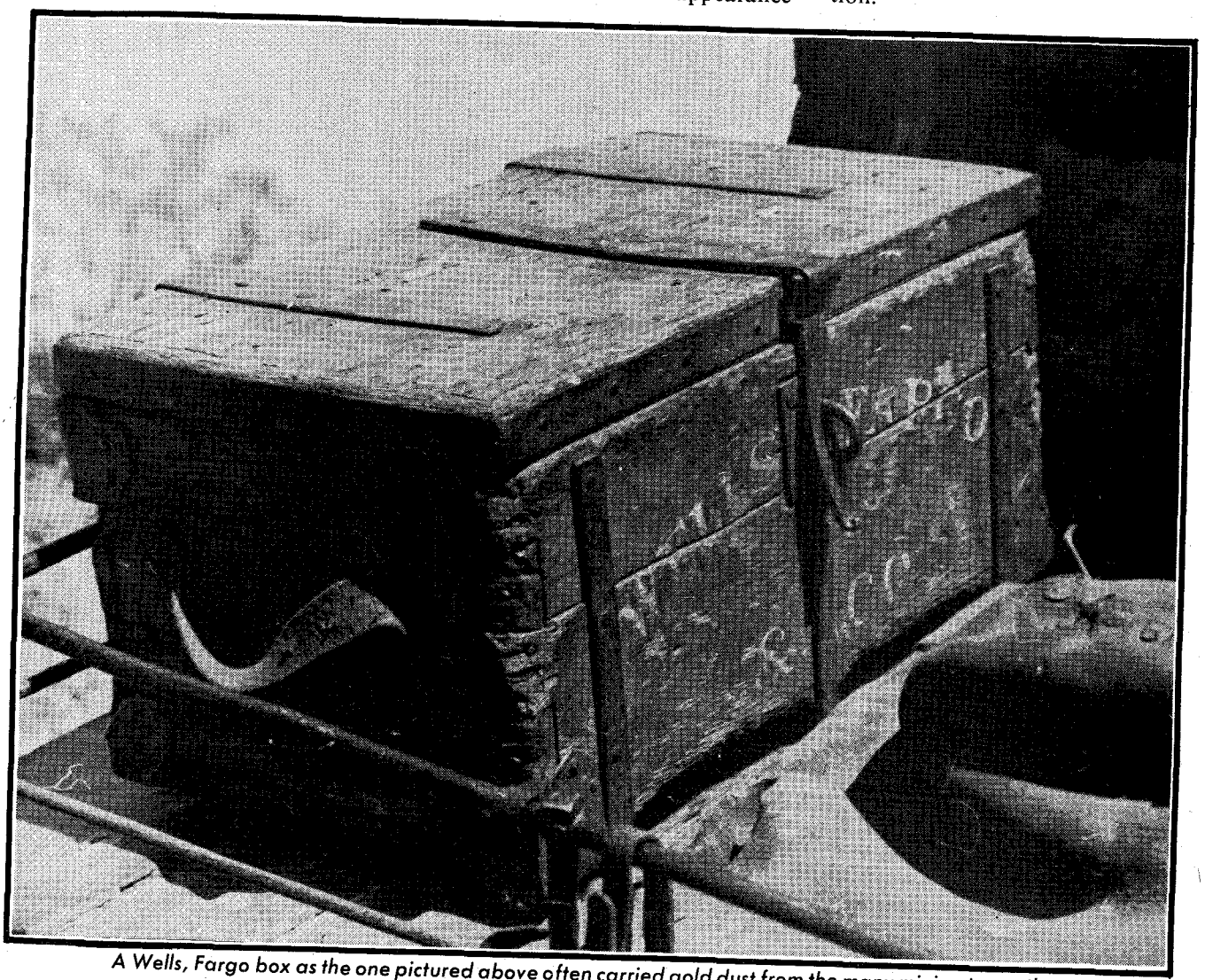
The fort's adobe-brick walls are in ruins and are no longer the home of several hundred U.S. Army Cavalry troops ready to do battle with Shoshone, Paiute or Washoe Indians. But the stagecoach is well kept and boasts the same leatherwork and gold-painted scrollwork it had when new.

The success of the railroads meant the end was in sight for stagecoaches, and the Wells, Fargo Company began to emphasize its banking endeavors. The stages themselves were used to service towns not on the railroad lines.

Some of the coaches still remain in the bank's ownership. During refinishing work, careful workmen found the original paint intact below layers of paint, linseed oil and dirt.

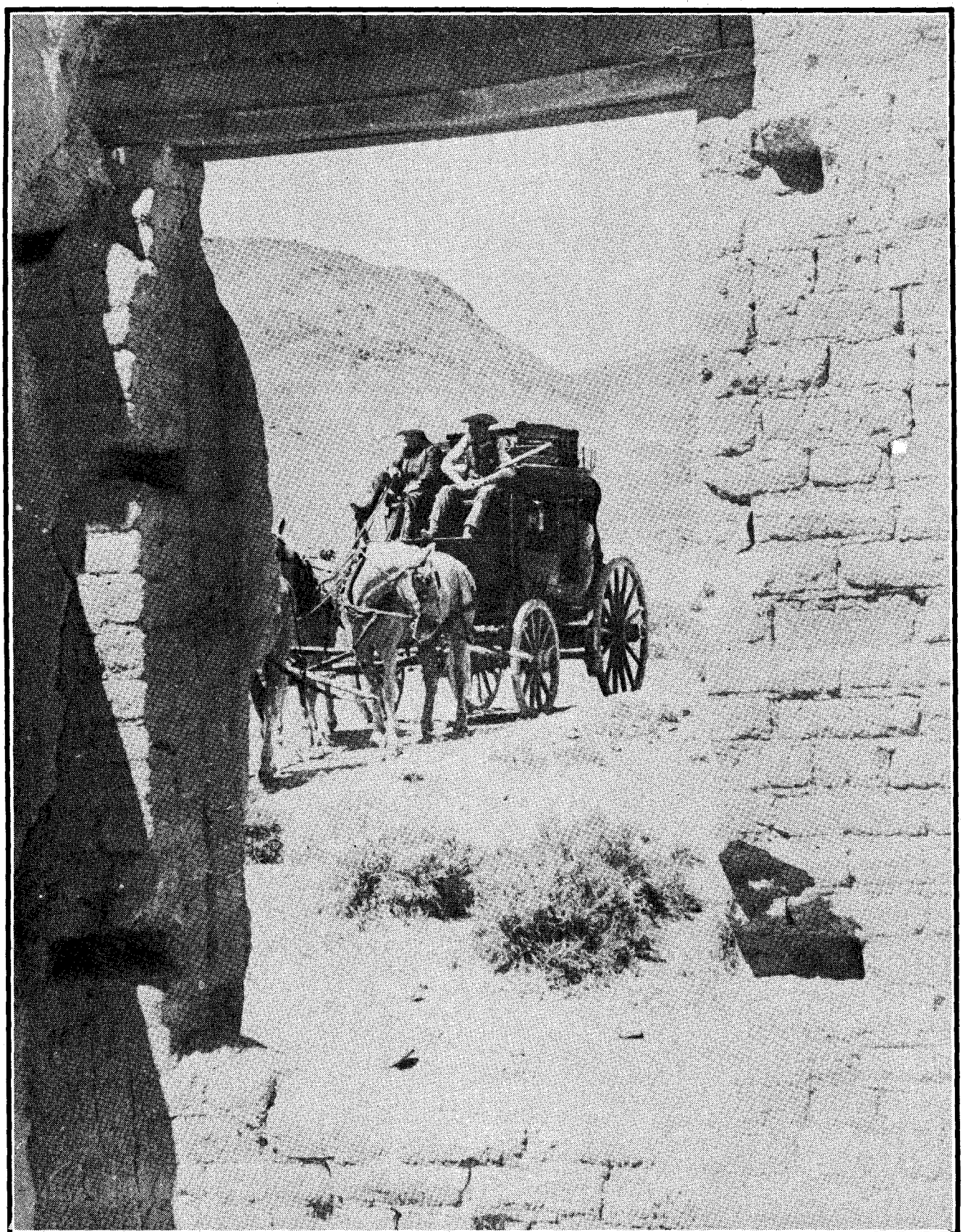
When the finished, the coaches were restored to the appearance they had a few months after being put in service. Not "mint" condition, but certainly no more than worn by honest work.

At the height of operations, Wells, Fargo & Co. operated some 150 Concord Coaches in western America. The elegant, horse-drawn carriages were built of American linden, elm, white oak and white ash. Tradition was a firm part of the construction and called for the undercarriage, or rolling stock, to be yellow; the carriage, or superstructure, to be red varnish. In dismantling coaches for that refinishing, workmen discovered that their early-day counterparts had recorded some information for posterity. Such cryptic notes as "Circus in town today" and "Independence day today" can be found under the leather or on the insides of panels, indicating days when no work was done — or perhaps bemoaning the fact that work was done on the day in question.



A Wells, Fargo box as the one pictured above often carried gold dust from the many mining towns the company served before the advent of the railroad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In earlier days, a blue-clad soldier stationed at Ft. Churchill in western Nevada might have looked out this same window at this same stagecoach, the "Ben Holliday". Now the adobe is crumbling and the glass gone, but the stagecoach is refinished in all its early splendor.

A dozen feet long, over eight feet high and weighing 2,500 pounds, the vehicles held up under extremely hard usage.

The carriage was slung on thick leather thoroughbraces from front to back on either side. The full hides of two oxen were required for the thoroughbracing on each coach, not only to absorb the shocks of rough roads but to take the strain from the horses.

Original cost to Wells, Fargo was $1,200 to $1,500 each. The Concord took its name from the capital of New Hampshire and was a product of the design and construction work of Leon Abbott and Lewis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Downing. They kept 300 men working 14 hours a day, six days a week, producing the coaches at the peak of demand.

Wells, Fargo's largest single order with Concord-makers was for 30 coaches. Loaded on flat cars on a train drawn by a smoke-puffing old steam engine, they made a circusy sight that drew all eyes as they crossed the Eastern states.

Abbott and Downing went to great length to please Wells, Vargo & Co., recognizing the value of a good customer. Damask-lined interiors and added layers of leather on the thoroughbraces made the ride more pleasant and a little softer.

But the precise design of the coach itself and the need to hold up on Western trails dictated some detail. Only straight grained ash could be used to give maximum strength for minimum thickness and weight.

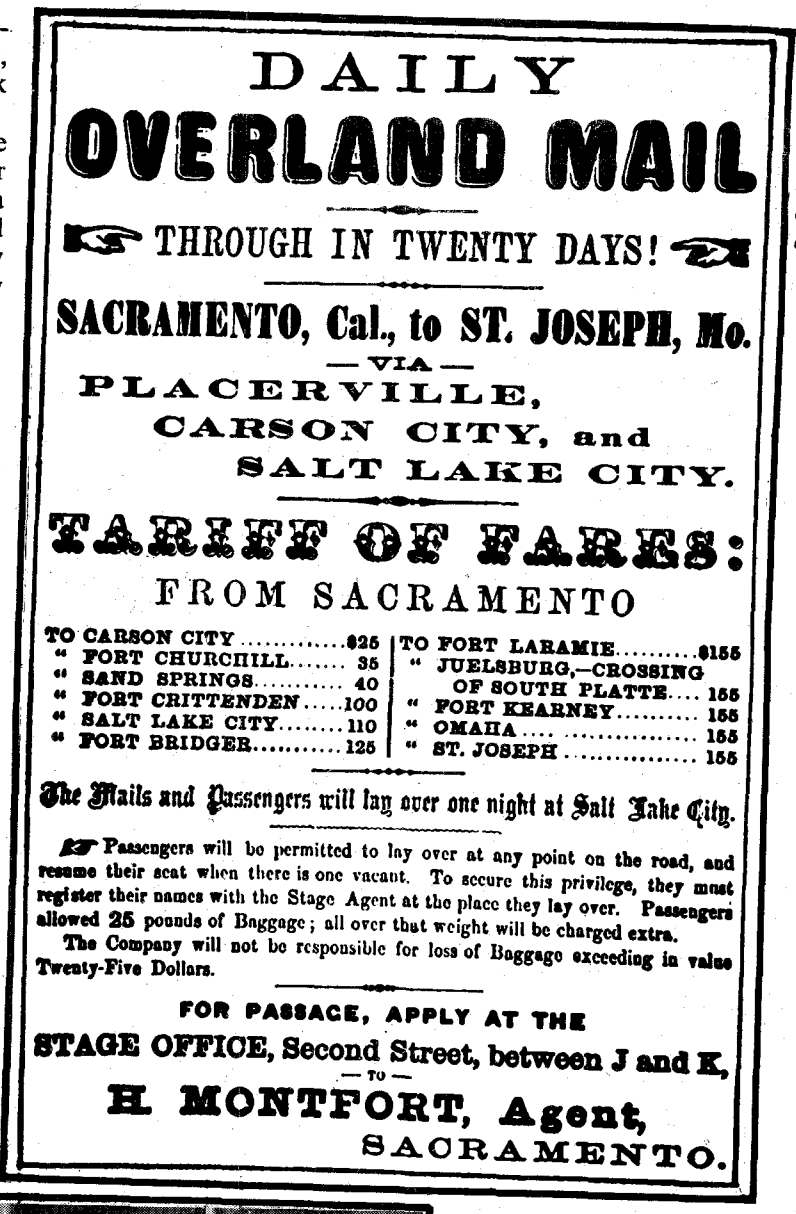
Each spoke of each wheel was balanced against the other spokes in the same wheel. Made of hand-hewn ash, the spokes were balanced with the precision used today in balancing car wheels. Tires were of Norwegian iron, expanded by heat and wound round wooden rims. A final balancing was then necessary to protect the life of the wheel.

Driving the heavy coaches required great skill. A full coach included baggage and mail, nine passengers inside the coach and seven on the roof. Adding the weight of the coach itself, the six-horse team was pulling upwards of two tons.

It took years to learn to be a fullfledged "whip". The three-year apprenticeship focused on reining and learning the subtle movements needed to control six fresh horses without damaging the coach or the animals.

Constant changes of horses meant few drivers "knew" their teams like a farmer knew his pair. The need to get the mail through meant that speed was necessary, and little time could be wasted coddling horses or passengers.

The Concord Coach opened the West and got the mail and passengers through. But for comfort, the words of one passenger tell volumes: "I know what hell is like. I've had 24 days of it."



DAILY

OVERLAND MAIL

THROUGH IN TWENTY DAYS!

SACRAMENTO, Cal., to ST. JOSEPH, Mo.

— VIA —

PLACERVILLE,
CARSON CITY, and
SALT LAKE CITY.

TARIFF OF FARES:

FROM SACRAMENTO

TO CARSON CITY	$25	TO FORT LARAMIE	$155
" FORT CHURCHILL	35	" JUELSBURG,—CROSSING OF SOUTH PLATTE	155
" SAND SPRINGS	40	" FORT KEARNEY	155
" FORT CRITTENDEN	100	" OMAHA	155
" SALT LAKE CITY	110	" ST. JOSEPH	155
" FORT BRIDGER	125		

The Mails and Passengers will lay over one night at Salt Lake City.

☞ Passengers will be permitted to lay over at any point on the road, and resume their seat when there is one vacant. To secure this privilege, they must register their names with the Stage Agent at the place they lay over. Passengers allowed 25 pounds of Baggage; all over that weight will be charged extra.

The Company will not be responsible for loss of Baggage exceeding in value Twenty-Five Dollars.

FOR PASSAGE, APPLY AT THE

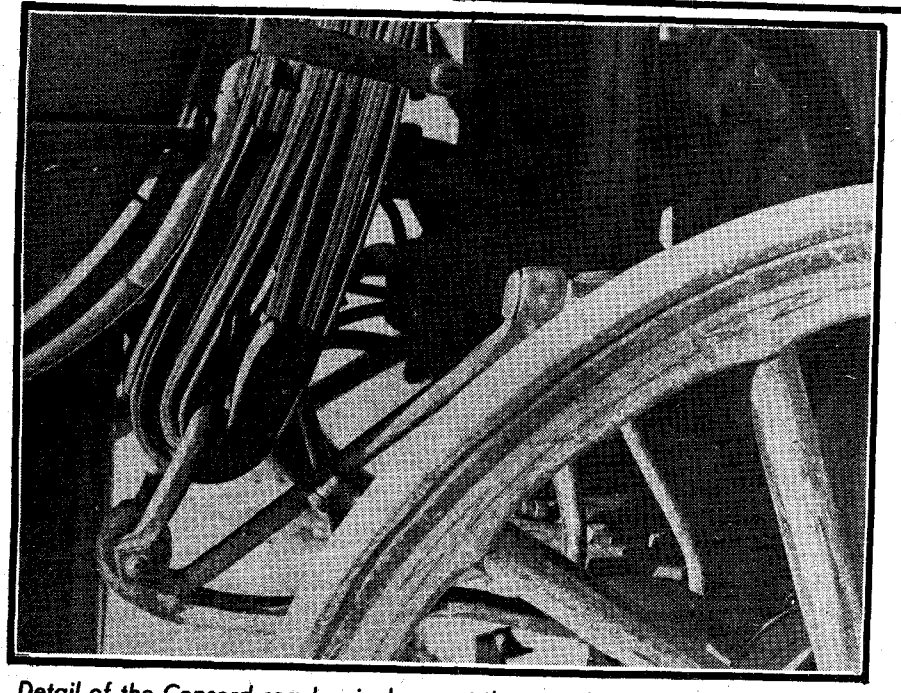
STAGE OFFICE, Second Street, between J and K,

— TO —

H. MONTFORT, Agent,

SACRAMENTO.

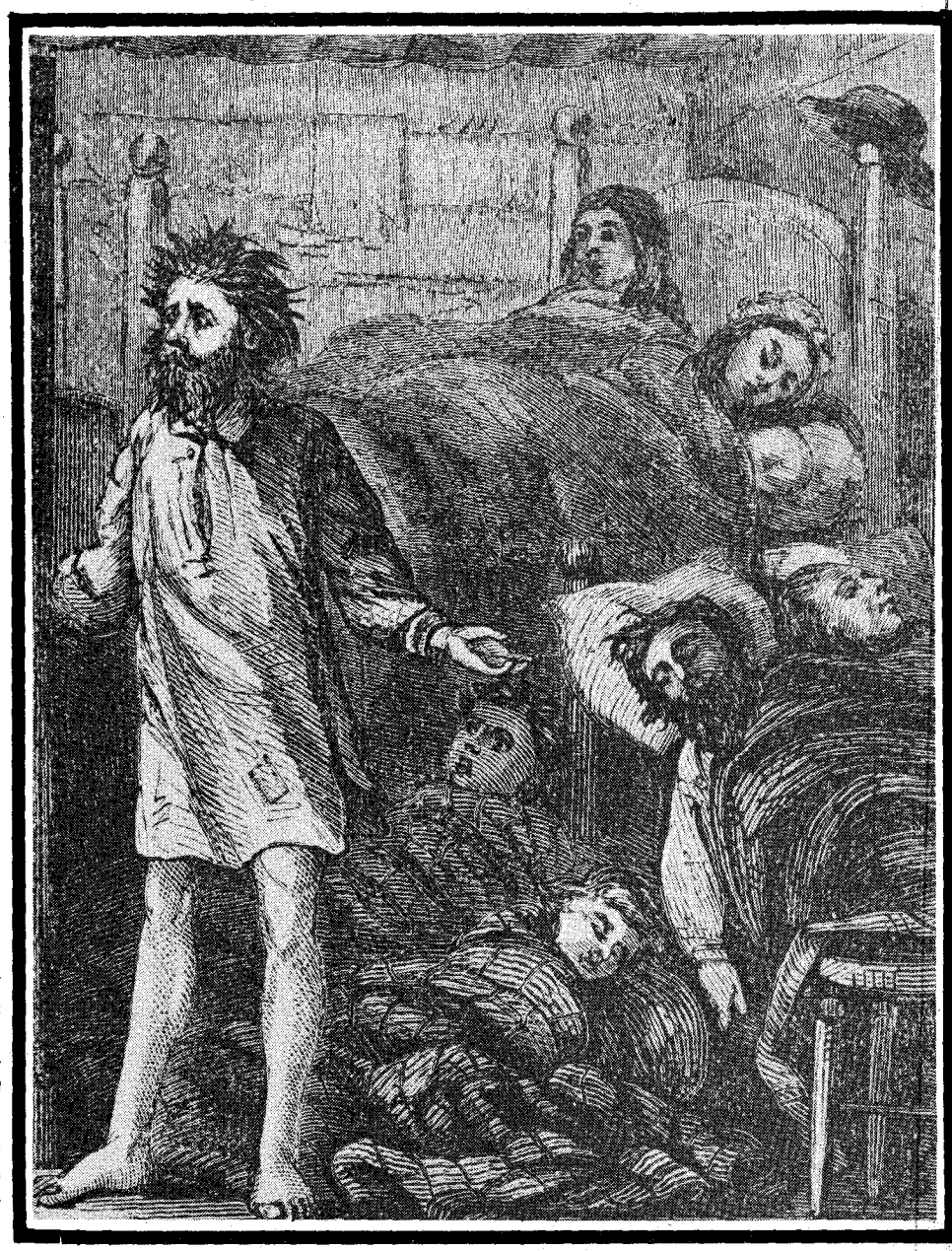
An Overland Mail advertisement from a San Francisco directory of 1861.



Detail of the Concord coaches is shown at the rear thoroughbracing junction. The hide of an entire ox went into the leather slings. Early-day artisans in the East put paint detail on every wooden item, including the wheel rim.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Richardson was a newspaperman, and his books were detailed, authentic, and became best sellers for their time. He wrote two well - accepted books before his most popular work BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI. The book was based on two trips to the West, the first in 1857, the second a few years after the end of the Civil War.



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

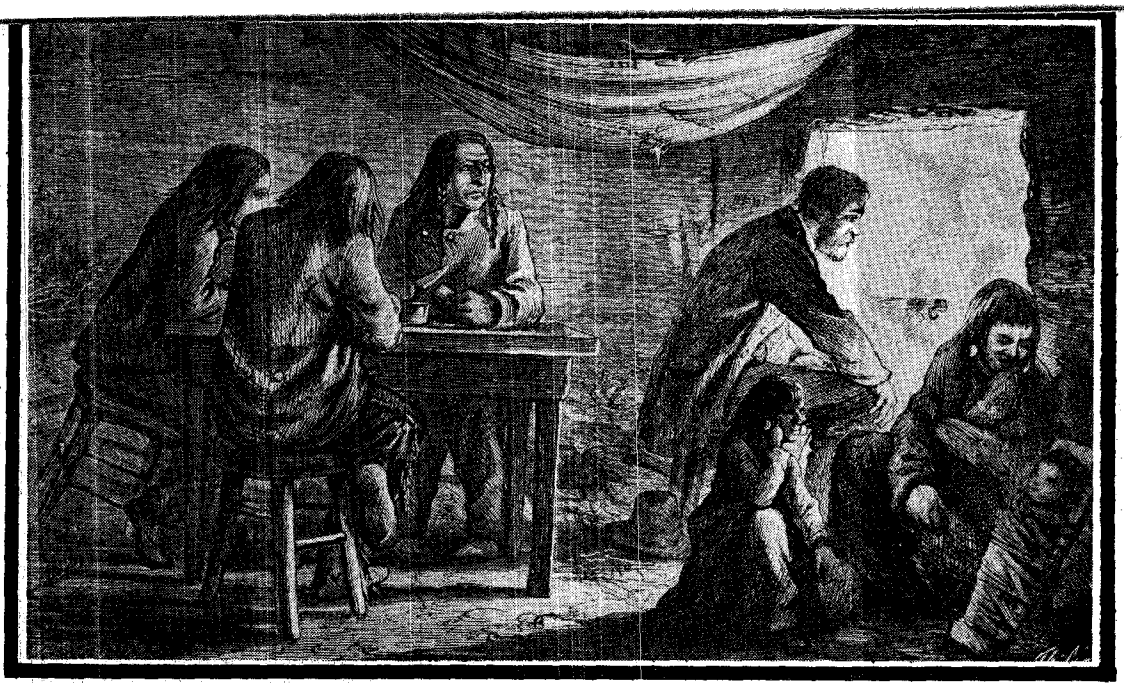
Travelers in the early West had few places to stop to sleep. Homes of settlers were often small and overcrowded with the members of the family, but they were always ready to show hospitality.

TRAVELS OF ALBERT RICHARDSON

By Thomas A. Frazier

Back in the early 1800's, books about the then largely unknown West were seized upon eagerly by the reading public. This is attested to by the fact that such a book, *Beyond the Mississippi,* by Albert D. Richardson, reached the status of what we would call a "best seller" today. This is all the more amazing when we read the legend on the title page which states: "Issued by subscription only and not for sale in the book stores. Residents of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Richardson spent a night at "Four Mile" west of Leavenworth.

any State in the Union desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an agent will call upon them."

Richardson was a newspaperman and the author of two previously well-accepted books, *Field, Dungeon and Escape,* and *Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant.*

Actually, the book relates his impressions gained on two trips to the West, the first starting in 1857 and the second a few years after the end of the Civil War. He was not a casual observer dashing from one point to another. If a place interested him, he stayed there and " soaked up the atmosphere." He remained in "Bleeding Kansas" so long that he became a member of the Territorial Legislature. He had an insatiable curiosity, reflected in a substantial part of the book by minute details of the local flora and fauna, the weather, and the politics.

He started his trip on the 28th of May, 1857, "whirling westward", as he put it, on the Pacific Railroad of Missouri. He remarks, visibly impressed, that at the time there were thirty-seven thousand miles of railway in the United States. He comments sadly that slavery had retarded Missouri, "the richest state in our Union". At Jefferson, Missouri, which he called the dreariest of State capitals, he took a steamer up the Missouri River which he categorized as "a little too thick to swim in, and not quite thick enough to walk on." He describes the Missouri at some length, saying, among other things, "the broad current is unpoetic and repulsive, a stream of liquid brick-dust or flowing mud, studded with dead tree-trunks, broken by bars and islands of dreary mud and sand, and inclosed by crumbling shores of naked soil. Its water will deposit a sediment an eighth of an inch thick upon the bottom of a tumbler in five minutes. Though at first unplalatable and medicinal, one soon finds it a pleasant healthful beverage."

As he proceeded down the river, he described the banks, finding them low, wooded miasmatic bottomlands, dotted by a very few log houses. "It is one vast wilderness with a tree blazed here and there." He mentioned the huge trees growing on the banks, undermined by the constantly surging river, eventually to tumble into the water, hiding beneath the crest with their limbs like sharp dangerous claws, waiting to snag the unwary steamer. This was the special horror of Missouri navigation, and Richardson tells with some concern of the fate of the steamer Tropic which, moving at ten miles an hour, ran upon one of these death-dealing spears. It penetrated her hull, pierced through the deck, pantry and two staterooms, and came out at the hurricane roof, breaking the main pipe, deluging the cabin with hot steam, killing an engineer and "leaving the wretched ship impaled like a fly upon a needle." No sagacity or experience is proof against these dangers, he said, and he wondered not at the wrinkled faces and prematurely gray hairs of pilots and captains. His own trip was not without anxiety, as they rubbed against sand bars, stopping abruptly a dozen times a day to the accompaniment of the soundsman at the bow, measuring with line and plummet, singing out "Four and a half", "Five feet" and "Mark Twain."

The informality observed in stopping and docking is interesting. The captain required no wharf or slip. Upon reaching a point where it was desired to stop for wood, for instance, the steamer would nose cautiously up to a bank, and the deck hands would run a couple of planks from ship to shore. Richardson observed that at numerous points along the banks, people lived and survived by the money they made selling cords of cottonwood to the passing steamers. The going price was four dollars a cord.

Although the growing railroad was to spell the end of the great steamer era, every stateroom was filled on Richardson's trip, and each night the cabin floor was covered with mattresses. He irritably reports "one cannot promenade without endangering some unfortunate slumberer and calling forth expostulations or curses . . ."

His description of his fellow passengers evokes a picture of the past. The "gambler with hang -dog face, wearing a white hat with a broad band of black crepe;" the backwoods Missouri boy in white wool hat and corduroys; the serious group holding a prayer meeting, with hymns and exhortations; young men and young married couples bound to seek their fortune in the Golden West; the youthful Missourian with slouched hat and red flannel shirt decorated with black anchors and glaring scarlet braid; the sallow, nervous merchant with his summer stock of goods; the well-to-do- planter, tall and portly, with his large brunette wife and three young female slaves; the young missionary in black with white cravat; the eager-eyed speculator bound for the land sales; the Germans headed for western farms.

They reached Kansas City, Missouri from St Louis in two days and considered it excellent time.

After spending some time in Kansas City, renewing acquaintance with an old newspaper colleague and taking in the sights of the town ("drinking saloons abounded"), Richardson crossed into the neighboring state (then territory) of Kansas by skiff over the Kansas River.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Richardson arrives in Denver after a long stay with Kit Carson in Taos.

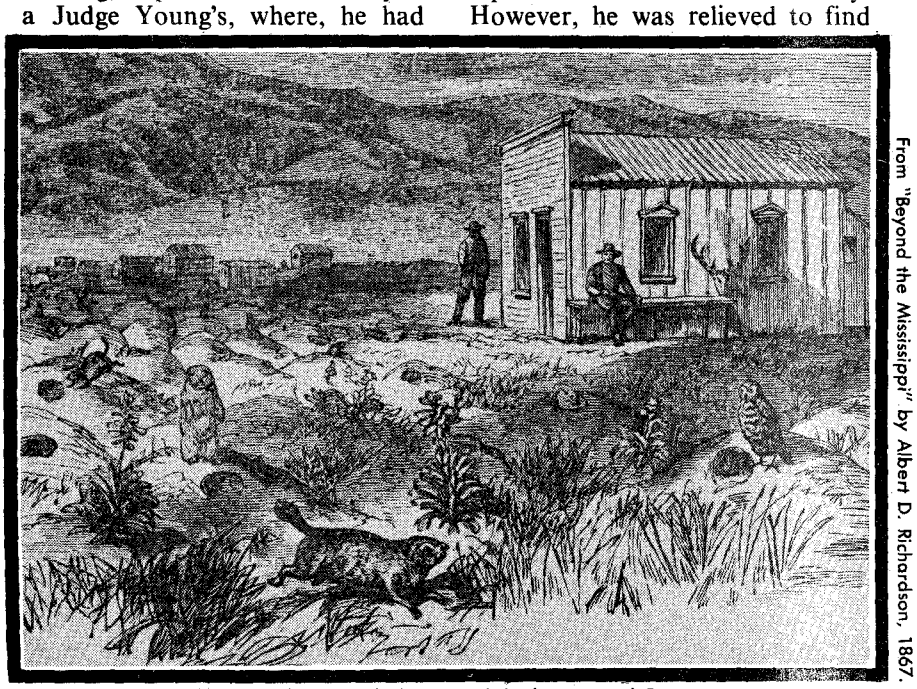
His first visit was to the tented "city" of Wyandotte, which was four months old and boasted of a population of four hundred. There were a few white warehouses and residences with some unpainted plank shanties erected. Building was proceeding at a furious pace; in the meantime, the waiting settlers dwelt either under the open sky or in tents, of which there were plenty. The site, Richardson reports, was beautiful, on a gentle, symmetric eminence, overlooking low wooded bottom-lands of Missouri on the east, Kansas City on the south, and the Missouri river for miles below.

His next visit was to Leavenworth, "then" he says "as now, the largest city in Kansas." Building lots, twenty-five feet by one hundred and twenty five feet, upon the river landing were valued at ten thousand dollars. Three or four blocks back, they sold for two thousand, and on the hills half a mile away, for twelve hundred. The population was four thousand. The hotels were crowded with strangers eager to invest.

Richardson set out on foot for the prairies. Ten miles out, he came upon the cabin of some Missouri settlers and supped there, for, as he explains, on the frontier every farmer has accommodations for man and beast, and he welcomes guests who bring him the latest news from the outside world. Leaving there about nine o'clock in the evening, he proceeded on his way to a Judge Young's, where, he had been assured, he would find lodging. On his way he met a "long, lank farmer upon a little mule" who informed him that Judge Young was away and there was sickness in the members of his family who were at home. "My place is over there about three-quarters of a mile. We're poorly fixed for strangers, but it's good enough for us all of the time; so I reckon you can stand it for a single night."

He proferred his whisky flask, and Richardson took a pull, not wanting, he said, to offend him. When they reached the farm, it turned out to be a one-story log cabin with a door which compelled them to bend low to enter. It had a single room, a huge fireplace, and was "chinked" and "daubed". (The cracks between the logs were filled with bits of wood and plastered with mud.) The settler's wife and baby occupied one bed, his long and lank father and brother the other, while a second brother, with two children, rested on a mattress on the floor. The hospitable settler removed his two children from the mattress and deposited them beside their mother, then invited Richardson to recline on the mattress between him and his brother. Richardson said he slept fine.

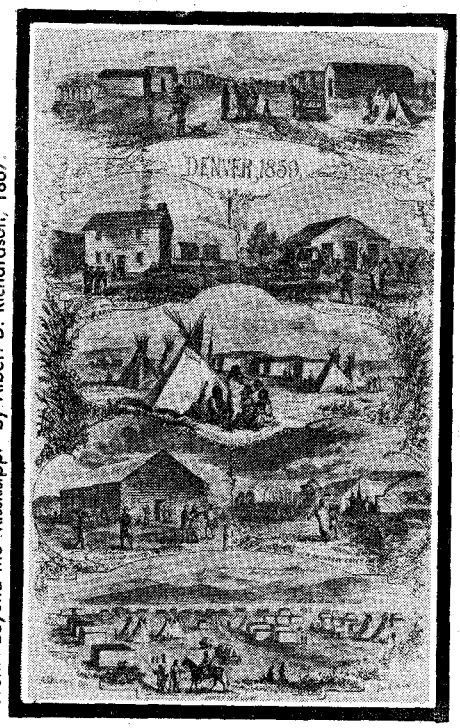
He awoke shortly after dawn to find his host and family already arisen, and he was alarmed to see the patriarch cocking his (Richardson's) revolver which he had left on the mantle the night before; for this was Bloody Kansas, from which the newspapers reported acts of violence daily. However, he was relieved to find



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Albert Richardson's home while he visited Denver during the 1860's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Denver in 1859.

that his host was merely curious about the weapon.

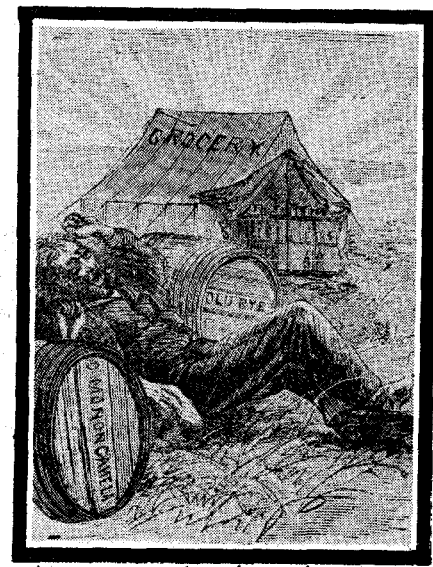
Before breakfast the inevitable whiskey flask was passed around (children excepted), and all sat down to a morning meal of strong coffee, fried bacon and corn dodgers(little oblong loaves of corn bread baked in the ashes of the fireplace). During the meal they divulged that they were from Kentucky and were pro-slavery. Richardson murmured a few generalities and refrained from mentioning that he was a Yankee Abolitionist, which was probably just as well. After profferring money, which they refused, he went on his way.

Back in Leavenworth he was a witness to the violence which was rampant. Two men had been jailed, accused of murdering and robbing another of one hundred and eight dollars. The milling mob, all armed, refused to await the outcome of a trial, broke into the jail and dragged the two men to an improvised gibbet where they hanged them. One burly ruffian, impatient that one took too long to die, caught him by the feet and hung there, speeding up the process.

He also reported that while in Leavenworth he witnessed the return from Utah of one hundred recanting Mormons. These families, all their worldly possessions loaded on ox-teams, had been sixty days on the long road from Salt Lake City. They reported the tyranny of the Mormon Church as unendurable and the workings of polygamy as repulsive and disgusting. Violent threats, they said, were made to prevent their leaving, and they averred that only their numbers saved them from violence at the hands of the remaining Saints.

Richardson, using Lawrence, Kansas as a base, traveled to Monrovia in Atchison county, arriving there in time to witness a Fourth of July celebration. The adjacent settlers streamed in on horseback, on foot, and in heavy ox-wagons, sitting on rush-bottomed chairs. One family arrived on a "stone drag", a broad plank dragged over the ground by two horses. Open-air speeches were made which the crowd seemed to enjoy tremendously, and the young people danced almost constantly from Friday night until Sunday morning. Richardson described with great relish the "local color"; he tells of an elderly matron, clad in her best decorous black, sitting and listening to the speeches while contentedly puffing a large cigar. A mother and her little girl of ten years serenely smoked pipes. The lovely wife of an emigrant from Tennessee, "blonde with liquid eyes and long drooping lashes" disillusioned him by drawing from the recesses of her dress a black pipe which she loaded and smoked with great enjoyment.

Richardson, who missed little, tells of the prevalence in the summer and fall of "fever and ague" which, he said, visited every settlement. Its coming was forewarned by sending blinding headaches and "nauseous mouths". At its peak the victim is wracked by chills, fever and shaking. Richardson solemnly informs us that the disease is due to the breaking of rich soil for the first time, which released a miasma. Fruit, vegetables and quinine are the remedies. At this distance in



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

A grocery store along the prairie trail in Kansas.

time, it was no doubt malaria he spoke of.

Richardson left Leavenworth in a Concord wagon which he praised highly. It's motion, he said, was easy and elastic, and it was drawn by four mules. Two such coaches together left Leavenworth daily for protection against the Indians. As they proceeded into the prairie, they passed hundreds of freight and emigrant wagons stalled in the mud, resulting from the driving rain. They passed St. Mary's Catholic Mission, a pleasant home-like group of log houses and a little frame church, among shade and fruit trees. In the school room were sixty Indian boys at their lessons.

The famous Horace Greeley joined the group at Manhattan, Kansas, following the injunction erroneously credited to him, "Go West, young man, go West!"

Hundreds of miles out on the prairie they dined at an encampment called Station Ten, sitting on billets of wood, carpet sacks and nail kegs, while the meal was

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Salt Lake City in 1867.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served on a box. It consisted of fresh buffalo meat which Richardson said tasted like ordinary beef, though of coarser fibre and sometimes with a strong, unpleasant flavor. Based on his gustatory experience, he recommends the meat of young buffalo cows or calves.

Buffalo were everywhere in evidence, the prairie for miles and miles being black with their presence. Hundreds of deep buffalo trails crossed their path, and the distant slopes were generously dotted with antelope.

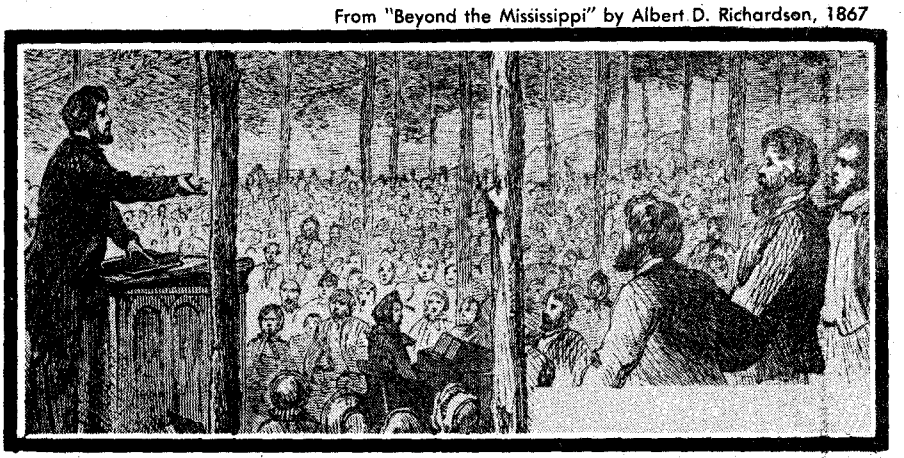
Further on in the journey through the prairie Richardson notes the presence of prairie-dog towns; those he saw were more than a mile in length, but other travelers assured him of existence of towns up to twenty miles in size.

Further along the limitless prairie they stopped and dined at Station Sixteen, manned by a Vermont boy. Nearby was an Arapaho encampment consisting of twenty conical lodges, twelve to fifteen feet high made of buffalo robes with the fur inside, stretched around a circle of poles. The base diameter was ten or twelve feet with a hole at the top for the escape of smoke. Thirty or forty Indian children ran and tumbled about the place, those under five being completely naked. The older boys wore breech clouts of buffalo skin, and the girls were wrapped in robes or blankets.

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Many Indians succumbed to the white man's whiskey.

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867



Brigham Young preaching to his congregation in Salt Lake City, 1867.

The Arapahoes were uniformly muscular and well devloped. An old trapper informed Richardson that he had never seen an idiotic or deformed Indian, and Richardson states with wonder that Indian women never halt a march for more than three or four hours to give birth to a child. If left behind, they overtake the expedition the same evening or the next day. The Indian boys at the camp were very expert with the bow and arrow, hitting a silver half dollar at seventy yards. The bows of the adults had tremendous force, Richardson was told, sometimes passing an arrow through the body of a buffalo.

Several squaws were occupied making moccasins fringed with beads and offered a pair to Richardson for a cup of sugar.

On their way again, they passed a party of Cheyenne containing three chiefs: Little Bear, Antelope and Black Wolf. Richardson, who had the current bigotry against Indians, decribed them as having "cut-throat faces" and said their features reminded one strongly of wild beasts.

Denver, Colorado was reached eventually, and the party headed for the gold mines of the Gregory Diggings, forty miles to the northwest. Along the banks of the Platte River which bounds the town on the north, Richardson tells of immigrant wagons extending for a quarter of a mile waiting to take the ferry; cost: two dollars and fifty cents a wagon. The ferry was propelled by the current, and its daily receipts were three hundred dollars.

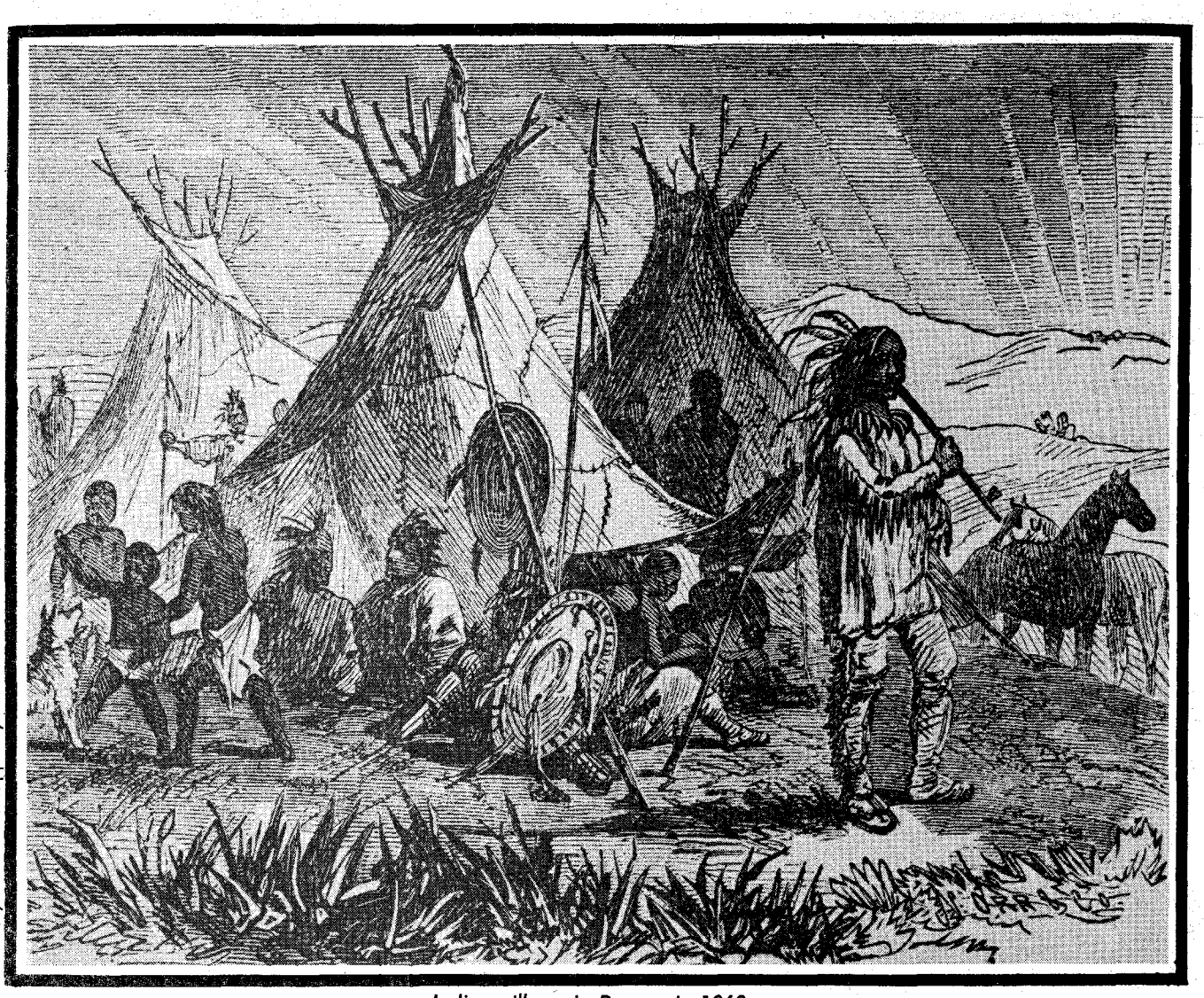
The mountain road to the gold diggings necessitated their abandoning the coach and transferring to mules. Up the path, which Richardson said was as sloped as the roof of a cottage, they met a swarm of immigrants, all bound for the gold fields and, as they hoped, wealth. Wagons struggled up the mountain path, drawn by twenty oxen. Those descending dragged behind them huge trees in full branch and leaf to act as a brake.

Reaching the Gregory Diggings next day, Richardson decribed it as presenting a confused and constantly changing picture, made up of men, tents, wagons, oxen and mules. Along the rocky gulch for about five miles were scattered log cabins, tents and camps covered with boards sawn by hand or with pine boughs. At the grocery tent meat was selling at fifty cents the pound, and beside the stream women were washing clothes at three dollars per dozen. Richardson reports that most of the miners were exultant and hopeful; a few, utterly discouraged, were about to return to the States. There were five thousand people at Gregory Diggings, and hundreds more were pouring in daily.

Horace Greeley, never one to pass up a chance to make a speech, made one that evening in the open air to an assembly of fifteen hundred. It was a motley gathering, says Richardson, men with long unkempt locks, shaggy beards, faces the color of new brick due to exposure to the sun, bowie knives and revolvers hanging from their belts. The speech was well received, due no doubt to the lack of entertainment in the mountains, and Greeley took advantage of the situation to throw in exhortations against drinking and gambling, although he offered no suggestions as to substitutes for pleasure in that wilderness.

They slept that night in a tent which had a sign nailed to the post reading "Mountain City Hotel". Six of them crowded the floor, lying so close that none of them could turn over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Indian village in Denver in 1860,

Denver, Colorado, also devoted to mining, was next reached. Salt pork, Richardson reports, was in abundance and was the chief food of the miners. As agriculture was nonexistent, vegetables, although a few imported watermelons appeared and were sold quickly at three dollars each. There was an abundance of antelope meat, selling at four cents a pound. Richardson, who by this time in his journey, had eaten almost everything, pronounced it pleasant and nutritive but not as tasty as deer meat. Denver society was a confusing mixture: Americans from every quarter of the Union, Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, trappers, speculators, gamblers, desperadoes, broken-down politicians and honest men.

Every day was enlivened by a shooting. In the large saloon, crowded with people, drunken ruffians amused themselves by the indiscriminate firing of their revolvers. Firing at the bartender was a common game. Richardson reports that he (the bartender) took it good-naturedly until one day a random shot grazed his ear. He thereupon buckled on two revolvers and announced that the next man to fire a shot in his direction would shortly thereafter be dead. He was not bothered after that.

Denver contained about one thousand people, with three hundred buildings, nearly all of hewn pine logs. One third were unfinished and roofless. Glass windows were a rarity, as were board floors. The nearest saw mill was forty miles away, and floors were native earth, hard, clean and well-swept. Chairs were nonexistent. Stools, tables and bedsteads were the usual furniture, and rough boxes served as bureaus and cupboards. Hearths and fireplaces were of adobe; chimneys were of sticks of wood piled up and plastered with mud. A few roofs were covered with hand-split shingles, but most were of logs spread with prairie grass and covered with earth. There were about a dozen Indian lodges in the area, and Richardson observed with interest the squaws dressing the skins of wild animals and cooking puppies for dinner. Hundreds of immigrants passed through daily.

The Denver House was the most popular edifice; it was of one story, one hundred and thirty feet by thirty-six, with log walls and a saloon the entire length of the building, with an earth floor well sprinkled to keep down the dust. The room was always crowded with forbidding, well-armed men in rough costumes. The bar daily sold enormous quantities of cigars and liquor, and at half a dozen tables gamblers were busy.

Richardson liked the gamblers as a class. "They were entertaining in conversation, had curious experiences to relate, evinced great knowledge of human nature, and were especially kind to each other in misfortune. They were openhanded and charitable. I never saw a place where more dollars could be obtained in less time for a helpless woman or orphan than among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those gaming tables."

Gambling was epidemic. Richardson saw a county probate judge lose thirty Denver lots in less than ten minutes at cards on a Sunday morning, and afterwards he observed the county sheriff pawn his revolver for twenty dollars so he could continue at faro.

Even at this early date, embryonic Denver had its newspaper, a weekly *Rocky Mountain News*. The editor and printers cooked, ate and slept in the one room of the log building where articles were written, type set and paper run off.

Public mails were nonexistent. The express company brought in letters from the Missouri River at the rate of one thousand a day for twenty-five cents each.

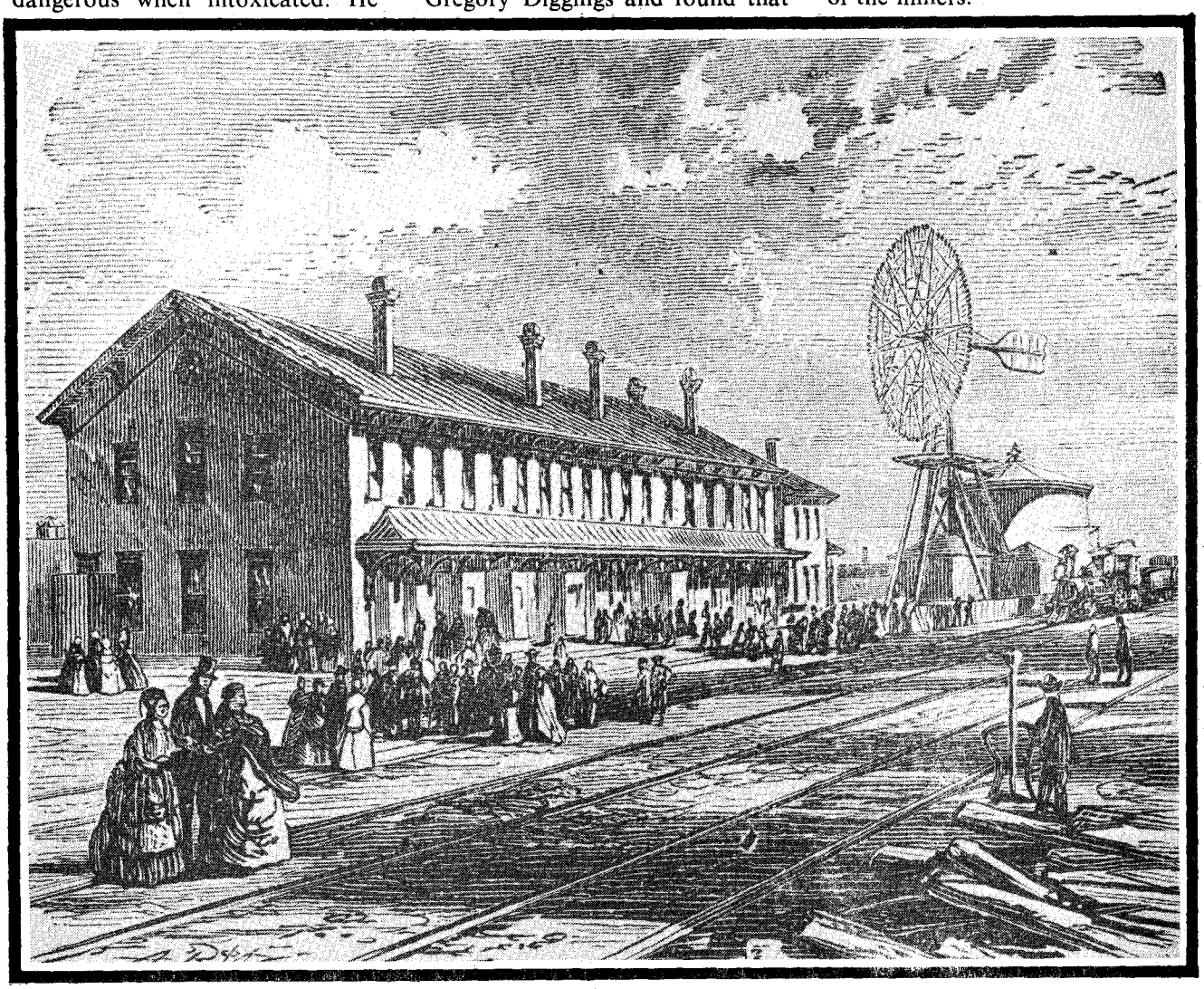
There were was no paper money, and the smallest coin in circulation was the twenty-five cent piece.

There were about a thousand Arapahoes encamped in the heart of the town. Richardson says that they were ordinarily peaceful but dangerous when intoxicated. He adds, his bigotry showing, that they were always treacherous and bloodthirsty, but now much reduced in numbers due to war and small pox. He goes on to say, in a shocked tone, that they sometimes devoured the entrails of animals, "and I have seen squaws and children pluck and eat greedily vermin from their own heads. Chastity is unknown among their women, and nearly all suffer from loathsome diseases. Young girls are sold by their parents to Indians or white men, usually in exchange for one horse, but special beauties sometimes commanded four or five." Richardson, consistent in his narrow-mindedness, concludes that "the savage is a coward by instinct, also treacherous, filthy and cruel."

Greeley left the party at this point, tortured by boils which covered his body and which Richardson said was a common complaint of plains travelers. Finding things dull without him, Richardson again returned to the Gregory Diggings and found that the population had increased, including the women and the prices. He found in one camp a party of Kansans who dined happily on ham and eggs. Eggs were a rare luxury, costing two dollars and fifty cents a dozen, but these far-sighted travelers had purchased two barrels full at Leavenworth, pouring liquid lard around them which kept them intact and unbroken on the journey. Flour was selling at twenty dollars per hundred pounds and milk at fifty cents a quart. No bread is available, flapjacks being the substitute.

In addition to women in their conventional roles of wife and mother, Richardson reports in shocked tones the presence of women masquerading as men. "Some were adventurers," he says but "all were of the wretched class against which society shuts its iron doors, bidding them hasten uncared for to destruction."

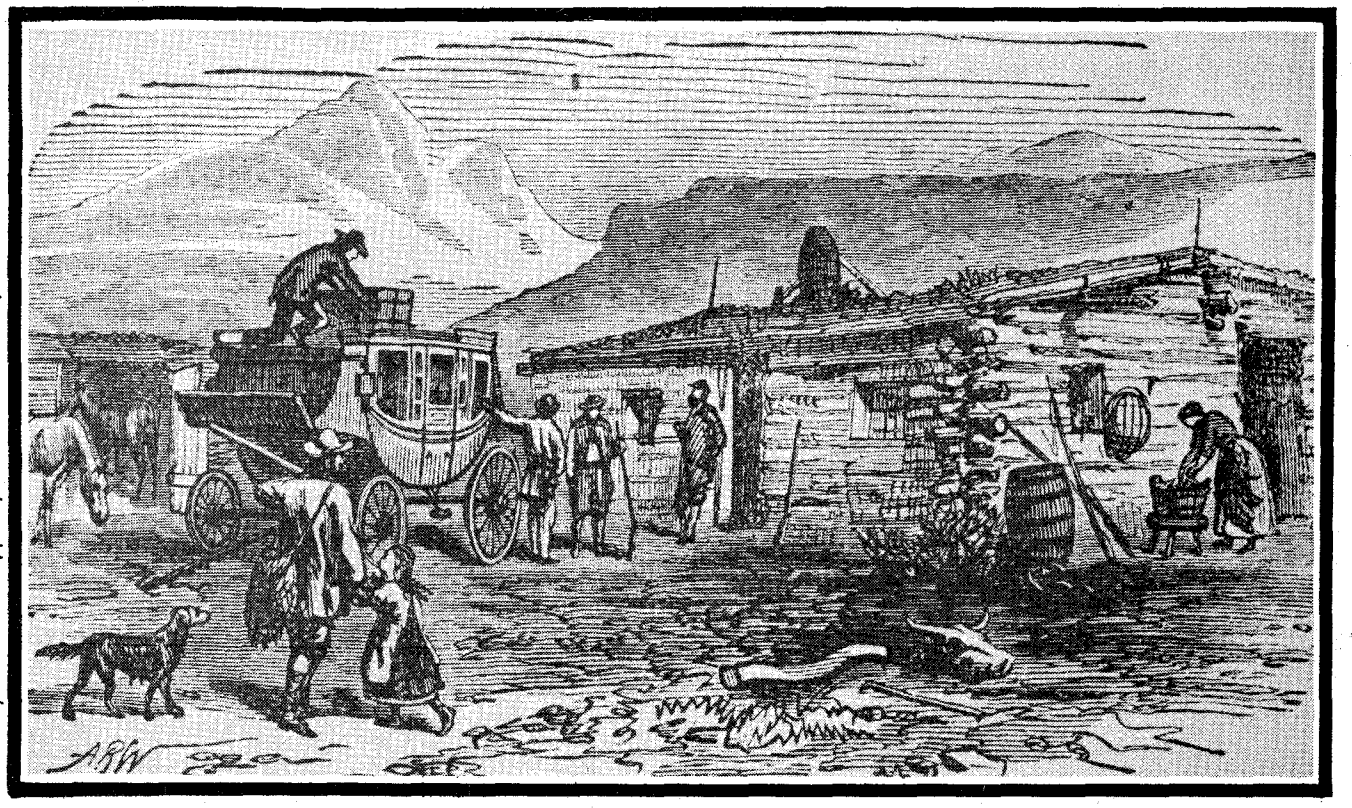
The Utes were a constant danger, having killed and scalped a number of the miners.



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

A first-class hotel on the plains in 1869.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

A first-class hotel on the plains in 1867.

Tiring of Denver, Richardson descended the mountain and again boarded a stage heading West. Along the route of the Platte River, he reports that the mosquitoes were fearsome; they "covered our mules with blood, and lacerated me through the thick sleeves of two woolen shirts."

This particular part of Richardson's journey is interesting, covered by several chapters, but unfortunately concerned with philosophical ruminating and long, detailed descriptions of the weather, desert and general countryside, which is not actually pertinent to our purpose. Due to Indians cutting off the regular stage route and by various twists and turns and changes of mode of travel, Richardson found himself in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He intended to return to Kansas City by the weekly mail, but the Kiowas, after blockading the route for a month, had captured the last two eastward coaches, stolen the stock and left thirteen passengers, including two women, killed and scalped by the roadside.

While pondering his dilemma and fretting his time away in Santa Fe, Richardson met a wandering New York printer and journalist who, having a borrowed horse he wished returned to Taos (New Mexico,) offered to let Richardson ride him. Since Taos was a substantial leg on his journey to Kansas City, Richardson gladly accepted, though apprehensive of such a lonely ride. As luck again would have it, the journalist introduced him to the famous Kit Carson, then in Santa Fe and heading for his home in Taos. At ten the next morning they galloped away together.

Richardson, the constant reporter, is rather informative about Carson. He said that he was the most daring and reckless of riders, his especial delight being to dash downhill at full gallop. On foot he looked stout and ungraceful, but he sat a horse splendidly and rode with rare grace and skill. He told Richardson that the happiest years of his life were spent as a mountain trapper, although the rifles and arrows of the Indians made them a constant race with death. Richardson quotes him as saying, "Our ordinary fare consisted of fresh buffalo and beaver meat, without any salt, bread or vegetables. Once or twice a year, when supplies arrived from the States, we had flour and coffee for one or two meals, though they cost one dollar a pint. During the winter, visiting our traps twice a day, we were often compelled to break the ice and wade in water up to our waists. Notwithstanding these hardships, sickness was absolutely unknown among us. I lived ten years in the mountains, with from one to three hundred trappers, and I cannot remember that a single one of them died from disease." In addition to the love of the great outdoors, the price for beaver skins in the golden age of trapping was another inducement; they sold them for eight dollars a pound.

Carson had definite food opinions. The flesh of a wild horse he deemed better than any other meat. A young mule furnished excellent steaks, but meat from an old one was tough, strong-flavored and unpalatable. The most sorrowful meal he ever ate was when necessity compelled him to kill and dine on Fremont, his faithful horse which had borne him many hundred miles.

After a back-breaking journey they finally arrived at the Carson ranch in Taos. Here at the age of fifty, Carson had more or less retired. His wife was an intelligent Spanish lady, and four or five children were about the place. Carson, according to Richardson, had accumulated a sizable sum of money through the years, supplemented at the time by his salary of one thousand dollars a year as Government agent for the Utes. The farm was large, with many horses and mules.

Carson was a Kentuckian by birth, with little education. He read with difficulty, wrote little beyond his name, but spoke fluent English, French, Spanish, and several Indian tongues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After some time enjoying the hospitality of Carson, Richardson started out again. His intended itinerary was three hundred miles due north to Denver, a long, lonely mountain trail through the country of the Utes who, at the time, were not kindly disposed. He set out with some trepidation.

For the journey he purchased a small, thin iron-gray pony, two and a half years old. Even Carson was skeptical of the animal's capacity. Horse, saddle, bridle, spurs and lariat cost him thirty-six dollars.

When he finally arrived in Denver, he was greeted with the news of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry.

He reports that Denver had changed much since his last visit. Frame and brick edifices had replaced most mud-roofed log cabins. Two theaters were in full blast, and there was plenty of uncoined gold in circulation. Upon every counter stood little scales, and whenever one made a purchase, whether the amount was ten cents or a thousand dollars, gold dust was poured out for weighing. Gambling and dissipation were universal.

His faithful horse, which had carried him three hundred miles in seven and a half days, ended up with tender feet, galled back, and a spot on each flank as large as a man's hand, made by the spurs. Richardson sold the animal and equipment for a sum which reduced the cost of his trip to a total of thirteen dollars. The horse was placed on a ranch where he soon grew fat and healthy and was sold the next spring for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Although Denver had improved in some respects, violence was still rampant. Richardson says, "Almost every week witnessed gross outrages form desperadoes crazed by the poisonous whisky retailed at every bar. Frequently one drew his revolver upon some peaceful citizen, compelling him to fall on his knees, submit to every vile epithet and beg piteously for his life.

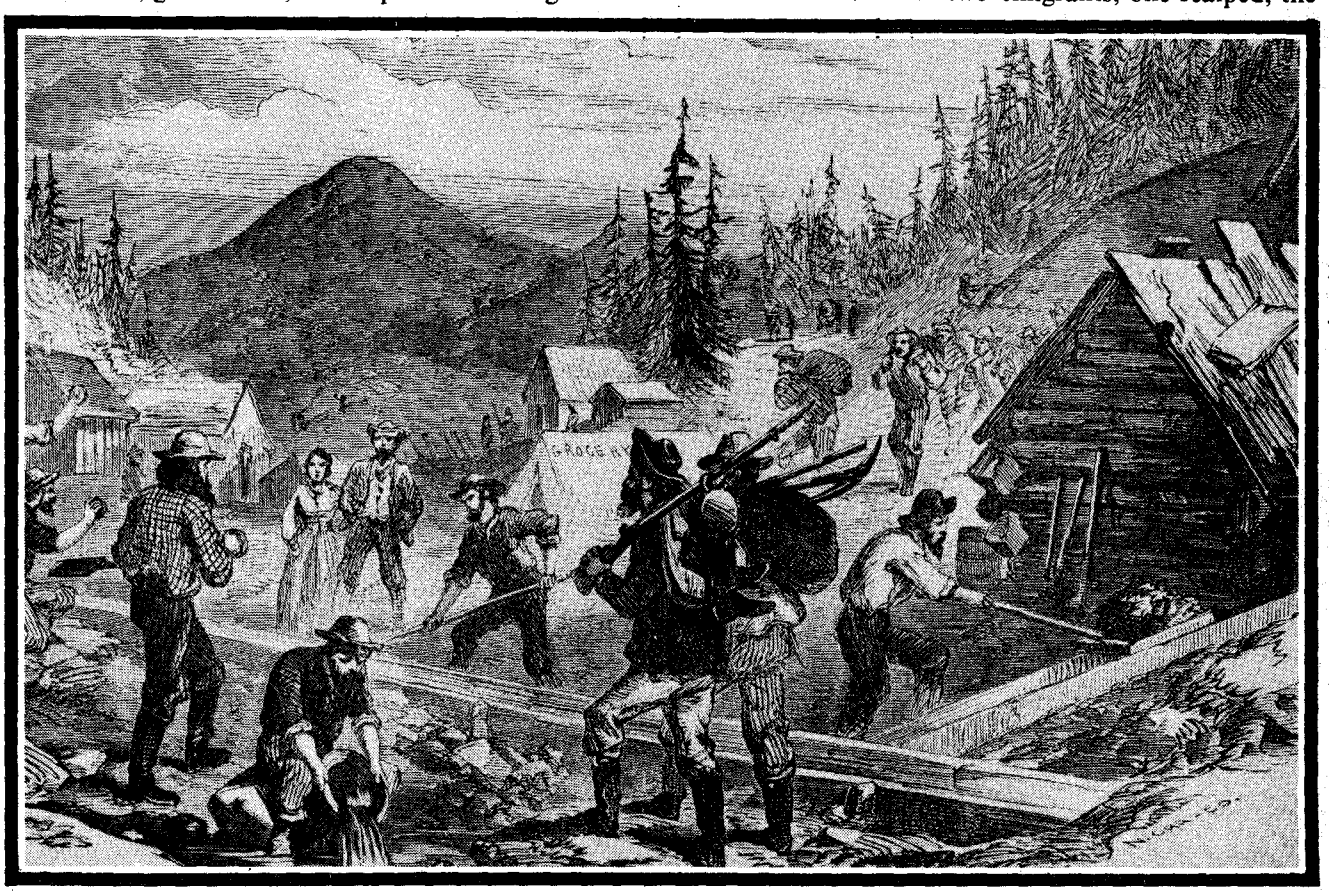
The ruffians who did this seemed for the time utterly insane. But fully half the citizens wore six-shooters, and however helpless for the moment would have resented the indignity afterward by killing its perpetrator on sight. And however crazed the desperado might be, he never thus insulted a dangerous man!"

It was a nervous country for the journalist who gave full vent to his opinions, as most of them did. An indignant aspirant for Congress, meeting the editor of the Denver *Herald* in the street, spat in his face. Another newspaper, the *News*, was a well-stocked armory after an initial assault on the establishment, and even then the office was later fired and the editor's dwelling burned to the ground.

On the side of culture, Denver boasted of the Apollo Theatre, neither ceiled nor plastered, illuminated by twelve candles, and containing rough benches for three hundred and fifty people. As it was the upper story of a saloon, clinking glasses, rattling billiard balls and uproarious songs interfered with the performances. The price of admission was one dollar, and receipts averaged three hundred dollars per night.

A trip to the nearby Gregory Diggings showed great changes from the earlier visit. Twenty thousand settlers were located in the vicinity.

After some time in Denver, the restless Richardson started on his travels again, although the road some distance beyond Denver had been practically closed for several weeks due to Indian hostilities. Three stations at which their coach stopped on the way had their stock driven off, and some distance beyond, they came upon the bodies of two emigrants, one scalped, the



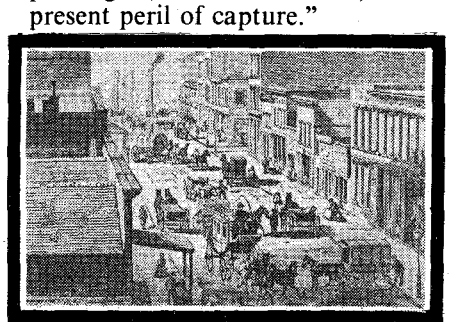
From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867.

Gregory Diggin's, Colorado during the gold rush of the late 1850's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other with throat cut from ear to ear and thirteen arrows in his body. One day they came upon a body of recusant Mormons returning from Utah when the Indians precipitated an attack; it was driven off by the soldier escort accompanying the coach with the assistance of the Mormons. No fatalities ensued.

While their mules were changed at one station, they chatted amiably with the guards and hostlers. Twelve hours later, they heard that the entire company was wiped out by Indians. Many of these stations, Richardson tells us, were substantial stone buildings, with loopholes in the walls, with shining rifles and well-polished revolvers hanging ready to be grasped at any moment. Some of the women were comely and ladylike, adapting themselves "with grace and heroism to the rude labors of cooking meals for passengers, and the horrible, ever-present peril of capture."



Delaware Street, Leavenworth, Kansas, 1867.

Their route traversed portions of Colorado, Dakota, Montana and Utah, over endless wastes, and among the Black Hills, Wind River, Unitah and Wasatch ranges and offshoots of the Rocky Mountains. They saw clear, trout-haunted brooks and little lakes; lofty peaks; terrible wastes white with alkali; dreary ashen hills of bare drab earth, the parched ground deeply gashed and gullied; the faint streams bitter and poisonous; blinding dust filling the air; and no atom of vegetable life except the sagebrush and the cactus.

Arriving in Salt Lake, Richardson becomes rhapsodic, calling it "the city of the future - the natural metropolis of all Utah and portions of Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Colorado." At the time of his visit, it contained nearly twenty thousand people; the overland telegraph connected it with the Atlantic and Pacific; mail coaches plied daily to Nebraska and Kansas on the east, California on the west, Montana on the north, Idaho and Columbia River on the northwest. The hotel was crowded; and the streets, one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide and watered by little rills on each side, were thronged with the wagons of immigrants and farmers, with women and children, Saints and sinners, miners and Indians. Richardson reports that the trading houses did an immense business, one merchant having sold more than a million dollars worth of goods per year.

There were two daily newspapers: the *Vedette*, representing the Gentiles, and the *Telegraph*, the Mormons' paper. The weekly *Deseret News* was a church organ. In the entire Territory the population was almost one hundred thousand, of which all were Mormons except for a few hundred people who resided chiefly in Salt Lake City.

Richardson mentions Camp Douglas, situated two miles from the city, and comments on the protection it afforded to Mormons who abandoned their faith, the Church at that time (he said) being very despotic. Many recanting Saints, chiefly wives dissatisfied with polygamy, sought protection there and were sent from the Territory under military escort.

Richardson met Brigham Young, originally a Vermonter, and has left us a pen portrait. Young was six feet tall, portly, weighing about two hundred, in his sixty-sixth year, and wonderfully well preserved. "His cheek is fresh and unwrinkled, his step agile and elastic, his curling, auburn hair and whiskers untinged with gray ... He has grayish-blue secretive eyes, eagle nose, and mouth that shuts like a vise, indicating tremendous firmness. He uses neither tea nor coffee, spirits nor tobacco..."

Richardson comments favorably upon his administration, saying he had moulded his community into an industrious, productive, honest and homogeneous one, and this from people of every sort. Brigham was one of the millionaires of the United States. All Mormons were required to pay one-tenth of their incomes annually to the church and, Richardson says, "so far as a Gentile can see, Brigham is the church, and the church is Brigham."

Brigham's headquarters were included in a ten-acre enclosure in the very heart of the city, surrounded by a wall of boulders eleven feet high laid in mortar. It contained two chief dwellings, the Lion House and the Bee Hive House wherein resided most of his wives and children, although a few favorite ones occupied separate dwellings outside. At the time, Brigham had buried eight sons and two daughters but still had fifty surviving children and several grandchildren. His wives numbered about thirty, and he increased their number by the addition of one or two yearly.

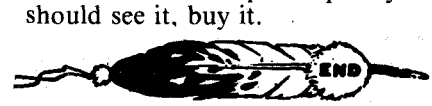
Richardson attended church one day when Brigham was preaching and labeled his sermon "inconsequential and illiterate." He goes on to say that many of the sermons from Brigham and his associates were "profane, frequently obscene, and indecent." He also notes that nearly all of the women were plain, many extremely so.

There was a fine theatre there, built by Brigham, which seated eighteen hundred people and was open three nights a week during the season. Receipts averaged eight hundred dollars a night. Richardson said that the theatre augmented Brigham's income by fifty thousand dollars a year.

Richardson busily traveled about the city gathering facts. Eight-ninths of the Mormons (he said) were of foreign birth, England, Norway and Sweden being largely represented. Not more than one man in four or five was a polygamist, in spite of the fact that Brigham exhorted them to persevere in the system, even against the United States Government.

The women, he found, regarded polygamy as a sore trial to be compensated only by the happiness of eternity. Often two or three sisters had the same husband. Some men were married to a mother and her daughter, others to their own half-sisters. The Gentile women in the city visited and recognized only the first wives. Richardson said that most first wives deemed themselves superior to the rest, in some cases refusing to associate or speak with them.

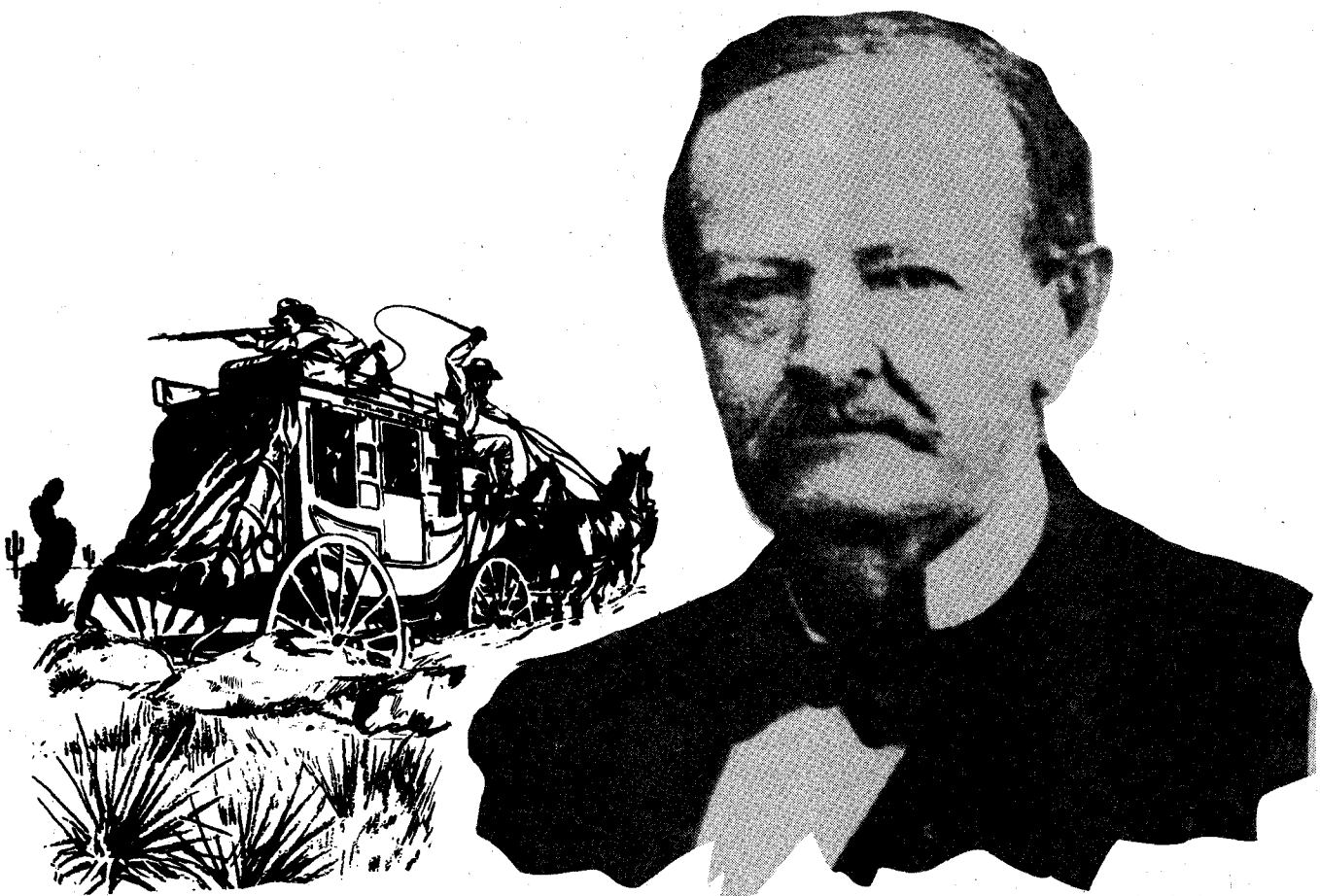
Richardson went from Utah to Nevada, Oregon and British Columbia, ever curious, ever questioning, constantly interested in mining, filling pages with descriptions of forests, mountains, rivers, Indians and settlers, which, upon reflection, are more or less alike. He was superior to the usual writer of his day, and although his book has long been out of print, some copies are still around in old book stores or antique shops. If you should see it, buy it.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOB BRAZELTON,
The One-Man Holdup Gang

By Maurice Kildare



Pete Kitchen, noted frontiersman, helped track the bandit to his hideout near Tucson, Arizona.

The stage rolling for Santa Fe clattered down out of historic Glorietta Pass one hot summer afternoon in 1876. The vehicle's momentum slackened after the descent, slowing to a crawl on level ground.

Coming around the shoulder of a slope, the driver suddenly gaped foolishly, automatically coming to a halt. Whip and shotgun guard stared in mounting disbelief at the rider beside the road. The rider made a grotesque appearance with a flour sack over his head reaching to the shoulders, so dirty that it looked dark grey. Two eye holes had been cut in the cloth but none for the nose. Where the mouth should have been was sewn a strip of bright red flannel cloth. The man looked like an apparition from the spirit world, but there was nothing ghostly about the two sixgun muzzles aimed at them.

"Toss it down," he ordered in a surprisingly mild voice. But the words contained ringing steel menace under them. "And don't ask what I mean!"

The guard, having released the shotgun to push his hands high into the air, complied. As the iron box hit the dirt beside the road, he was told to step down. The several passengers were instructed to leave the coach. The guard was then ordered to search their pockets and look for money belts. Loose coin and currency, watches, valuable rings and wallets were piled beside the express box. No money belts.

That accomplished, the passengers re-embarked, the guard with them. The driver was told to proceed on his way. Among those robbed, losing a diamond stick pin and an expensive watch in addition to several hundred dollars, was the clerk of the New Mexico Territorial First District Court.

He raised such a yell of anguish in Santa Fe that the sheriff led a posse of forty men in a run to the scene of the one-man holdup. But of course the bandit and loot were long gone. The broken-open iron box lay beside the road.

The bandit's horse tracks were soon lost in the direction of Santa Fe. That was considered clever strategy by the bandit. He would have gone anywhere else. But as law men learned later, he was right there.

All photos furnished by the author

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This robbery is the first *known* haul achieved by the lone bandit who was eventually identified as William Whitney Brazelton. There could have been previously kindred crimes. The curious mask, worn while committing robberies in three states, and modus operandi identified him, but only at the final shootout.

In the newspapers of those three short years, and in history books since, Brazelton has been given the chopped off aliases of "Bob", "Bill", and "Jim". No one ever knew where he came from or anything of his past, much less when he turned to robbery in systematic, shrewd fashion.

Very naturally he sought no publicity, moved around unobtrusively and believed fully in the virtue of never loosening his tongue. To that one rule he adhered, talking to only one man of a few things he did. But even that was very sparse information.

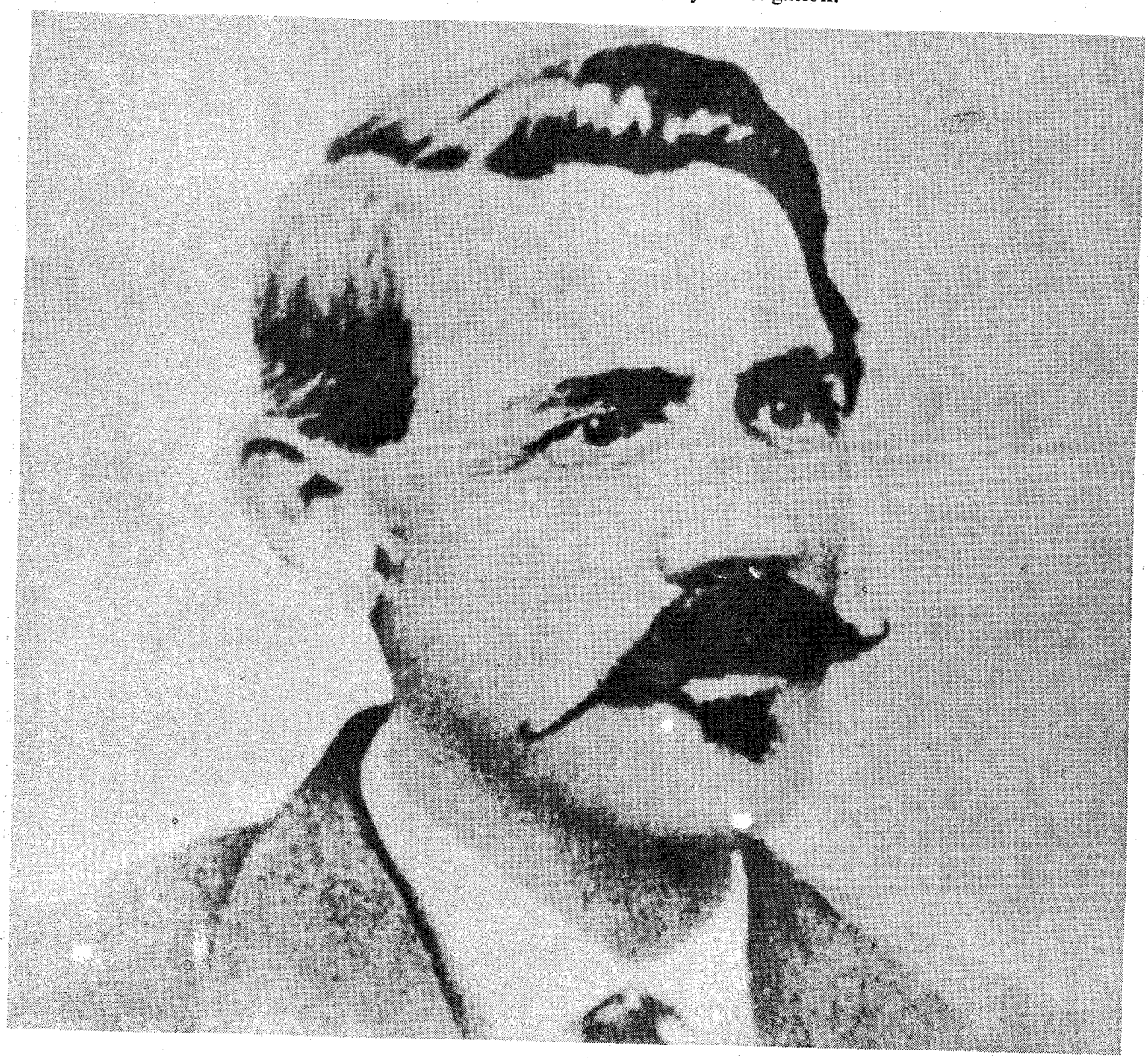
Claims have been made for one bad man or another as being the lone kingpin of western bandits. But they were pikers compared to Brazelton. When his record is searched for ability, cleverness and the total amount of loot obtained in robberies, *which he cached in secret places and did not spend,* he was the real top-notch of them all.

At the sudden end of his bandit career Brazelton stood six feet tall, weighed two hundred pounds and was twenty-six years old. His wavy, dark brown, long hair touched his shoulders. This was why he wore the flour-sack mask. Only on a couple of occasions was he known to have bundled his long hair up under a hat.

Handsome and of amiable, pleasant and friendly disposition, all who met him were impressed by his pleasant personality. By deportment and keeping out of public gatherings, he was the last man to be suspected of being a cunning bandit.

After the Glorietta Pass robbery he obtained less than $3,000 in cash. But this time he took better than $20,000 alone from two merchants enroute to purchase a supply of goods in Duke City.

A week after the second stagecoach robbery the district court clerk's watch and diamond stick pin were found in a Santa Fe jewelry store. The proprietor described the young man who sold him the items as tall, handsome and apparently with long hair of some length done up under a wide-brimmed black hat. Every young man possessing long hair became suspect. Several were held in jail until cleared by investigation.



Rancher John S. Chisum was a victim of the "One Man Holdup Gang". He was relieved of some $10,000 in a stage holdup near Tucson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While this happened, Brazelton moved east to Las Vegas. A stagecoach was held up ten miles south by the same masked bandit. Then a second fell victim two days later on the Fort Sumner road. "Old" Bill, as he was affectionately referred to by friends following his denouement and death, was still moving on.

Each shift of scenery indicated a change of front names. He used a different one in each area of operation. Moreover, in most places no one knew that his last name was Brazelton. In those times men often lived for years with only their front names known and used.

As "Jim" he showed up briefly in Prescott, Arizona Territory. However, his remarkable two days' sojourn there hardly passed unnoticed. His doings became the favorite topic for tall tales in ensuing decades.

The second afternoon, he rolled a front wagon wheel into Brows' old Palace Saloon. Casually leaning it against the bar, he had a quickie, seemingly unaware of the suddenly attracted attention. Several curious men strolled over. How come a man was bringing a wagon wheel inside a saloon? Some kind of screwball?

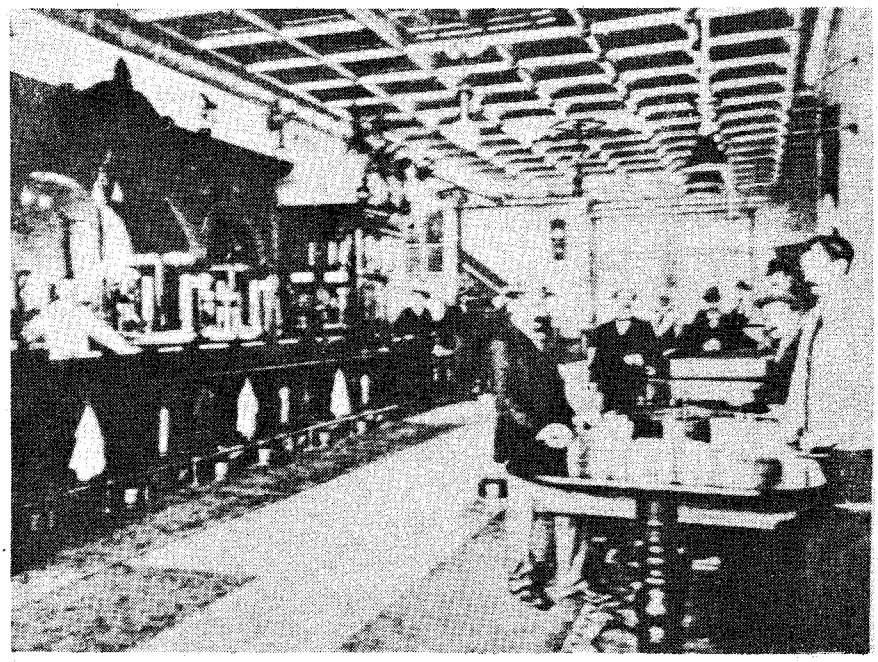
What followed was not apocryphal, although failing to receive historical substantiation. The wheel was almost brand new and obviously required no repairs whatever. When cautious inquiry was made, Brazelton promptly offered to bet $1,000 that he could swallow the wheel. Backing up the stupid boast, he placed money on the bar top.

Surely here was a nut. But he had the dough and it was good for spending. If they didn't trim him, someone else would benefit by taking the crazy man.

When the thousand was covered, Brazelton wagered $500 more that he had made a good bet. Naturally the greedy covered that, too.

Reaching over nonchalantly, Brazelton retrieved all the money from the bar, lifted one of two holstered sixguns and smilingly backed out of the Palace. On the wooden sidewalk he jumped on his saddled horse purposely left close by. Galloping into the tall pine timber surrounding the mountain town, he was never seen in those parts again.

In tracing his robbery career from this incident, a space of several months cannot be accounted for. The mystery lone bandit, wearing the long mask having a red mouthpiece, appeared next in Colorado in the spring of 1877. Two stages were robbed a day apart in the vicinity of Durango.



Brow's saloon in Prescott, Arizona. Brazelton rolled in a wagon wheel and bet he could swallow it. After the bets were covered he covered the customers with a pistol and backed out with the stakes.

Railroad surveyors and contractors' construction crews then labored through southern Colorado and headed for Trinidad and Raton Pass. Crews making the road bed ahead of track layers had to be paid. Contractors started bringing payrolls in carelessly, taking no precautions whatever.

One of their expressmen, while riding north from Trinidad, found himself facing the masked bandit. While taking the leather saddle bags crammed with money, the holdup man cracked jokes and laughed. The express rider was then sent back down the trail.

The following day ten expressmen rode up the trail accompanied by two armed guards. They were merely a precaution, for surely the bandit had left the vicinity in a hurry.

They didn't know Brazelton's cunning. While passing the site of the holdup, in the timber behind their backs a voice called amusedly, "Freeze, gents. You're covered!"

A couple of minutes later, the locked leather bags filled with mazuma had been dropped to the ground. Three disgruntled riders were galloping back to Trinidad.

On the third attempt to get the payrolls through, a veritable army escorted the expressmen. They made it without seeing any sign of the brash, bold bandit. By then he had covered considerable distance into southern New Mexico.

Brazelton worked a few days in a saloon tending bar before taking a more permanent livery job in growing Silver City. The latter type of employment was favored because it covered his odd comings and goings. Usually he accepted such work regardless of the low pay, slept in the barn for free and quite often cooked his own meals for days on end.

Mysterious and quick robberies by a lone, well-masked bandit broke out in a rash that summer. Possibly the first was that of the Fort Bayard Army paymaster. His pay wagon was escorted by a detachment of ten cavalrymen enroute to Fort Cummings.

While passing through Cooke's Canyon, a lone, mounted bandit, wearing a flour-sack mask with the usual strip of red, got a two-gun drop on the escort. No resistance and no shooting followed.

The paymaster's big iron box was dropped off the wagon. The entire detachment was then ordered to turn around and head back for Fort Bayard above Silver City. The loss was about $30,000 in currency and gold coin.

Since a good haul had been made, it wasn't expected that the audacious bandit would remain around. But Brazelton could be counted on to do the unexpected.

With new funds the paymaster returned over the route, and his escort found the broken-open iron box lying beside the road. Pulling off, the troopers dismounted to retrieve it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next thing they knew, the bandit had the drop on them again.

The loss was about the same as in the previous robbery. A second time the angry paymaster returned to Fort Bayard. It seemed incredible that a single bandit could carry off two consecutive holdups successfully on the same spot. It didn't even make sense that he had the nerve to get away with it.

On the third try to get money through to Fort Cummings to pay soldiers, a company of cavalry rode before and behind the paymaster's wagon.

In Cooke's Canyon both iron boxes were retrieved. A detachment of Indian scouts led by a lieutenant peeled off to take up the bandit's tracks. But even the Indians lost the sign on the Mimbres River.

Cooke's Canyon and Cooke's Peak were named in honor of General Phillip St. George Cooke. He led the Mormon Battalion through the area in 1847, establishing the first main wagon road across New Mexico and southern Arizona into California. It became a stage route preyed on by white and red outlaws alike. On maps and by some historians the canyon and peak are misspelled "Cook's."

Back at the livery stable, Brazelton returned to feeding horses, hooking up teams, cleaning stalls and watering stock. But he was hardly through with good pickings on the stage and freight road named for the famous general.

The fast express stage bound from the Mimbres to Silver City gunned down off the mountain slopes. It was slowing off high ground when the lone rider, then locally called the red-mouthed bandit, came in on the side of the road from cover.

Driver and shotgun guard surrendered promptly. The passengers were ordered to the ground, the guard collecting their valuables in a pile by the express box.

One prominent man lost an expensive watch, an engraved trinket with his name on it. The watch, months later, would definitely identify Brazelton as the lone bandit of southern New Mexico.

Indeed, all the passengers were prominent men and well heeled. The richest was no less than cattle king John S. Chisum. Returning home after taking the "cure" in Tucson, he donated better than $10,000 to Brazelton. Newspapers reported his loss as only $1,000, which no one ever believed. Chisum was known to carry not less than $25,000 on his person at all times.

The express company denied their loss was more than a nominal small sum. However, unofficial sources placed it at $22,000. One thousand dollars reward was offered by the express company for capture of the bandit, which tends to deny their statement of losing almost nothing.

The other passengers were divested of large sums of money, the total amount never revealed. All in all, this was probably the richest single haul Brazelton ever made.

New Mexico was now too hot for him and he returned to livery stable work only briefly. The sheriff's posse that went out to pursue the stagecoach robber failed to track him to the town. This probably surprised Brazelton as much as anyone else.

Not taking further risks, he drew his measly wages and drifted over into Arizona Territory again. Near Camp Grant he held up two stages on the same day. From the first he extracted a mere $1,300, and from the second came only $800. Obviously, the pickings in that district were not going to be too good.

Riding on through the stark, burned country, he did much better holding up a stagecoach south of Globe. From it he obtained $6,000. A week later, on the same road, from a second stage came $15,000 in raw gold. It was being brought out of the mountains.

Drifting on west to Tucson, Brazelton obtained a job at Robert N. Leatherwood's livery stable. The stables and corral occupied the corner of Calle Del Arroyoa on Church Street in old town. The pay was only $30 a month, but that was not important to him. It provided cover and freedom of movement.

Not only a gathering place for information from travelers, the livery stables were only a few blocks from the Overland and Tombstone stage stations to the west. Drivers, guards and company employes were quickly cultivated for what could be learned from them. Most were gossipy, revealing confidential information when their mouths should have remained closed.

On renewing his robberies, not an iota of suspicion pointed towards him. The Arizona *Weekly Star* warned that unless the mystery bandit was caught soon there would be no passengers, and the stages would surely quit coming through Tucson. This being a dire possibility, greater effort was made to run down the bandit.

Spies were placed in the usual places where a free spender with ill-gotten gains was expected to appear. But Brazelton was a slow man with a fast buck. He did not patronize the saloons, bordellos, dance halls and gambling dens. Indeed, he always appeared to be broke, financially speaking. This, as it proved, was good cover for his activities. A bandit making rich hauls would surely attire himself in better than the worn clothing that looked like it came off the town dump.

A southerner, Leatherwood knew Brazelton as a hard and efficient worker. Because of his skill and industry he allowed him to come and go as he pleased without question. When the showdown finally came, he was more surprised than anyone else to learn of his double character.

Brazelton sometimes went prospecting for a few days or rode into the desert looking around. He also practiced shooting with rifle and six-gun to improve his marksmanship. For this purpose he set up his own target range in the desert a few miles from town.

His practice was observed on numerous occasions. Hundreds of cartridges were fired from various positions and while riding past the target on a dead run. To him trick shots were not difficult, and he seldom missed his targets.

He was an expert marksman with either firearm. His skill amazed those who saw him in action. Later, when his true character was revealed, many men were astonished that he had killed no one. Not in a single robbery had he fired a bullet at any victim.

After the lone bandit began holding up stages in rapid succession and long distances apart, Pima County Sheriff Charles Shibbell became frantic. He and his deputies ran themselves ragged trying to overhaul or get a line on the bandit wearing the red-mouthed mask.

Brazelton's first robberies were not pulled off in Pima County. They occurred north in Maricopa County on a desert stretch of road between Gila Bend and Maricopa. The crimes were always typical of those in New Mexico with but one exception. He now used a double barreled, sawed-off shotgun to intimidate victims into non-resistance.

Most of the stages were halted on moonlit nights, the mail sacks and strong boxes thrown to the ground after which the passengers were robbed. The rifled sacks and iron boxes would be found on the roadside afterwards.

By the time Maricopa County officers and Wells Fargo special agents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were constantly in the area, the robberies to the north stopped.

Early in July, the lone bandit robbed a stagecoach west of Tucson. He simply appeared out of nowhere in the night, halted the stage and quickly went through the usual, efficient procedure. The next morning the mail sacks and express box were found beside the road. This was the mark of all Brazelton's holdups. Only gold and currency had been taken. The other contents were unmolested.

Only twice did Brazelton depart from his customary lone holdups. The first instance occurred five miles west of Maricopa. He sat his horse beside the road while directing four masked Mexicans robbing the stage and passengers. At least they were supposedly Mexicans, talking Spanish among themselves.

The strong box and mail sacks were thrown off and the stagecoach pulled on. This time valuables in the form of jewelry and watches were taken from the express shipment. Because of the other four bandits' participation, the robbery was for a long time considered the crime of a new gang coming lately into the desert country.

When Brazelton was eventually connected with the robbery, just where the Mexicans came from was never learned ... certainly not from around Tucson, for Sheriff Shibbell had undercover spies everywhere.

The second instance happened when a special stagecoach approached Tucson from Mexico. The passengers were wealthy Mexicans bringing a never disclosed amount of gold bullion to the old pueblo. Without a doubt the bandits obtained secret information that the coach from the south carried gold.

No guard rode on the box with the driver when the stage was halted three miles south of San Xavier del Bac. As the vehicle slowed to a stop, the Mexicans inside spotted two masked riders closing in. Armed, they promptly opened fire, which spooked the teams, and despite the brakes, they ran away.

No shots came from the bandits. A voice was heard plainly calling to the other, "I've never killed a man yet and I'm not going to now. Let's get the hell out of here!" Forthwith, the pair took off into the desert night.

One of the passengers robbed in the five-man holdup was Wells Fargo Detective Joseph (Little Joe) Evans. Traveling along the stage line, he investigated the several one-bandit robberies. After becoming a victim, he centered future efforts on roiling, bawdy Tucson. He declared that the bandit undoubtedly hid somewhere in the town. Even after he was told by Sheriff Shibbell that it wouldn't work out, he concentrated on finding some man in the entertainment joints, throwing away too much money which could not be accounted for.

On the next robbery, one late afternoon, the stagecoach was halted next to a mesquite thicket, again west of Tucson. Sticking out of the brush, plainly visible, was the length of a rifle barrel. All during the robbery the masked bandit maintained an unanswered conversation with the imaginary accomplice.

The next day, investigating officers discovered the pure hokum trick. There had been no second bandit ready to cut loose should the shotgun guard or passengers open fire on the bandit.

On August 14, near midnight, and not far out of Tucson the incoming Florence stage was stopped. Among the passengers rode the fiery editor and former Apache Indian agent John P. Clum. There was also the publisher of the *Arizona Citizen,* a man named Wheatley. Most of the $7,000 realized from this robbery came from those two.

Sheriff Shibbell and the famous early - day frontiersman, Pete Kitchen, were on the scene at daylight with a posse and Indian trackers. The usual was found: rifled mail sacks and strong box by the roadside. This time a package of watches and finger rings had been taken from the U.S. mails.

The bandit's horse tracks were followed south and then to the very eastern edge of town. At that point a sudden shower of rain erased ground signs.

During all Arizona holdups the bandit had ridden the same horse. It was described by victims as a blue-black roan. No such animal had ever been found in Tucson, or elsewhere by investigating officers. Obviously the animal was being hidden and used only on robberies. The horse most likely was a racer, hence a quick getaway in case of close pursuit.

This time, while tracking the bandit's mount, Sheriff Shibbell studied the iron shoe marks carefully. Measurements were made, and if he ever encountered them again, he would be able to identify the animal.

Otherwise, Sheriff Shibbell suspected it possible that the horse was painted to disguise it from easy recognition. Therefore when the unexpected happened, he could hardly believe his eyes. Two days after the stagecoach robbery he was astonished to see a blue-black horse that could be called a roan tied on the street before a general store. A quick measurement of the tracks embedded in soft ground convinced him.

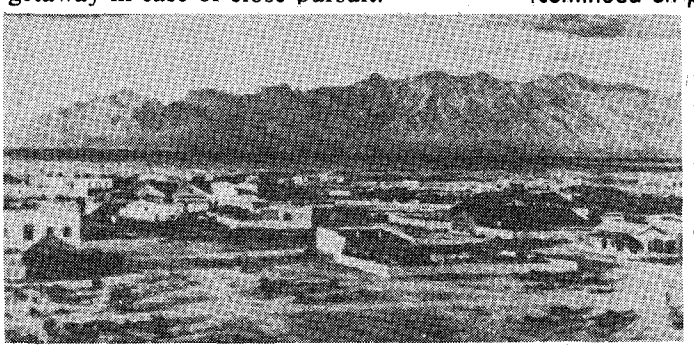
Staking himself close by with City Marshal Lon Buttner, the two officers watched the horse. In about half an hour, not a man but a Papago Indian squaw emerged from the store. She carried a long sack filled with groceries. Tying it behind the cantle, she mounted and rode out of town into the Santa Cruz Valley.

At a discreet distance they followed her to a farmhouse near Silver Lake. It was occupied by David Nemitz, and the squaw was his. He worked for James Lee who operated the Eagle Steam Flour Mill on South Main Street in Tucson.

Nemitz was a beady, shifty-eyed individual who acted suspiciously. He was called out of the house to the corral to view the horse and was questioned. In minutes he had crossed himself up with one lie after another. According to his main story, a perfect stranger had come by. The horse was completely worn out and left there. Next, he said that he had traded another horse for the blue-black roan, receiving cash money to boot.

Nemitz was taken to Tucson on the suspected horse and charged with stage robbery. Sheriff Shibbell was certain, for awhile at least, that he had caught the lone bandit when an old timer known as "California Joe" contacted him. The oldster identified Nemitz positively as a bad outlaw wanted in other states and territories. California Joe asserted that he had

(continued on page 81)

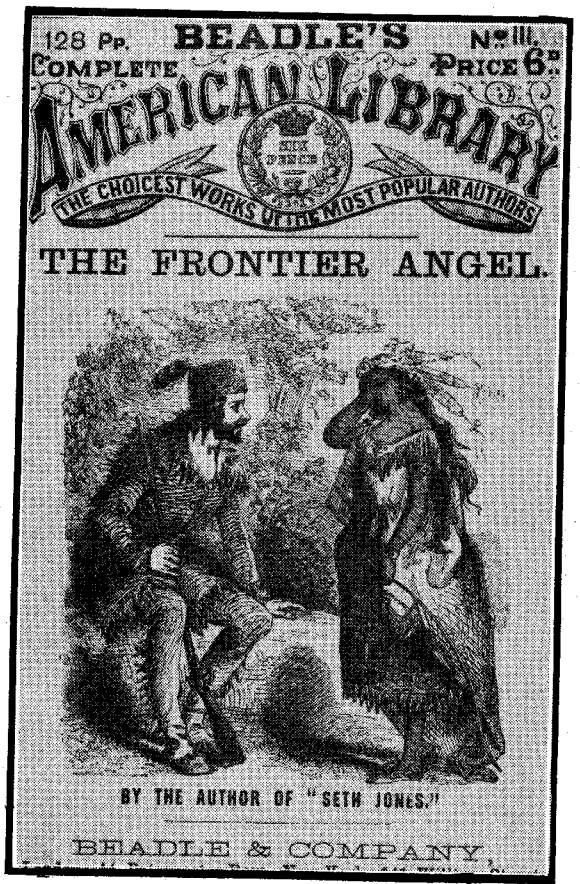


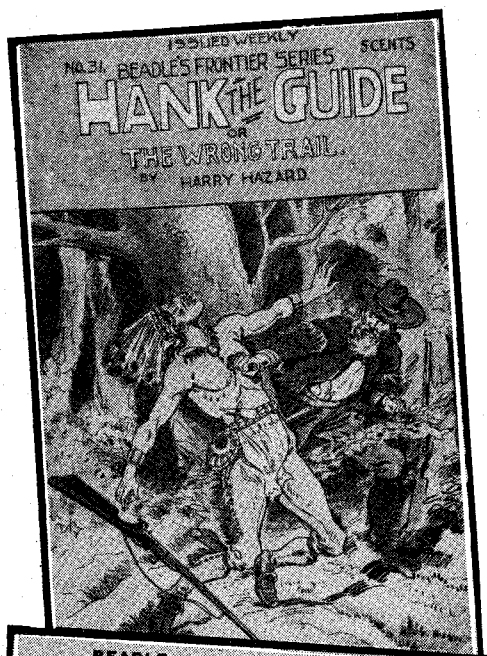
Tucson, Arizona in the late 1870's during the time that Brazelton operated as a stagecoach robber in the area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST ANNUAL

The dime novels pictured here flourished during the 1860's and 70's. Most of these early publications featured a lot of violence and in most cases the Indian getting the worst of it, though not in all cases as shown by some of the illustrations. In many instances romance overtook violence as in "The Frontier Angel", "The Indian Queen", "Laughing Eyes" and "The White Squaw".


128 Pp. BEADLE'S No. III.
COMPLETE PRICE 6P.
AMERICAN LIBRARY
THE CHOICEST WORKS OF THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS
THE FRONTIER ANGEL.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "SETH JONES."
BEADLE & COMPANY,



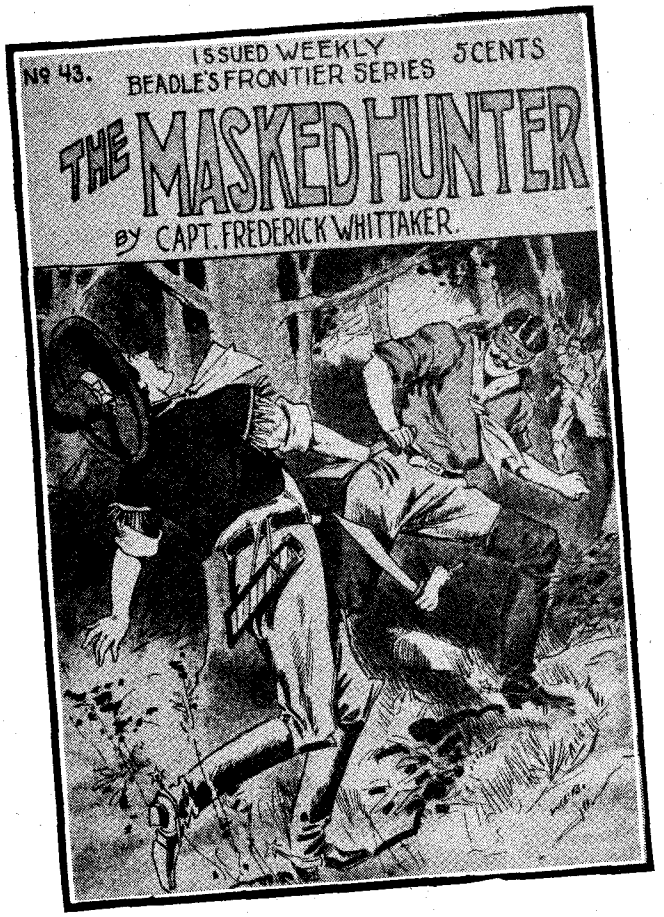
BEADLE & ADAMS' 20 CENT NOVELS.
Vol. I. Published Monthly. [No. 12
The White Squaw.
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.
BEADLE AND ADAMS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, N.

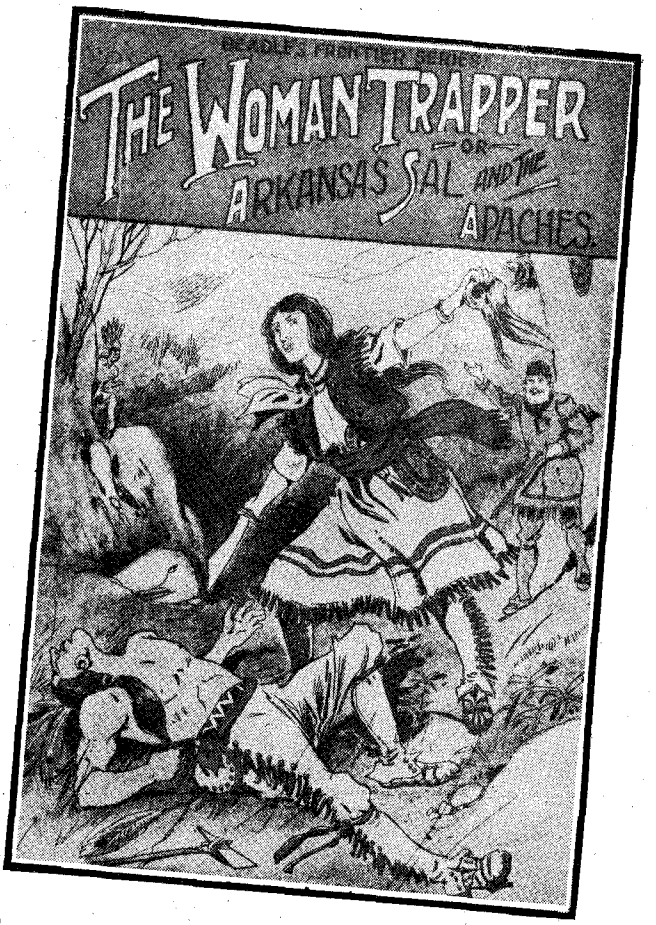
COMPLETE. BEADLE'S NUMBER CL.
DIME NOVELS
ONE DIME
THE CHOICEST WORKS OF THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS
LAUGHING EYES.
NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, 118 WILLIAM ST.
A. Winch, 320 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

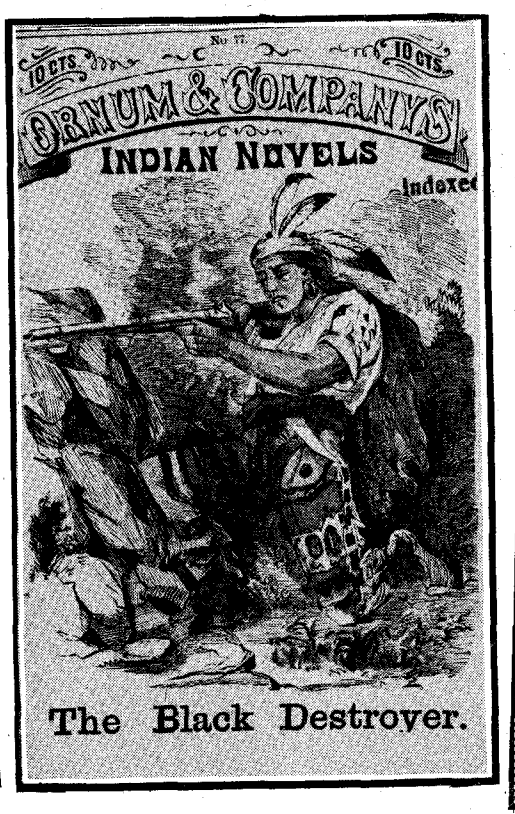
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTORIAL

Indians In Dime Novels



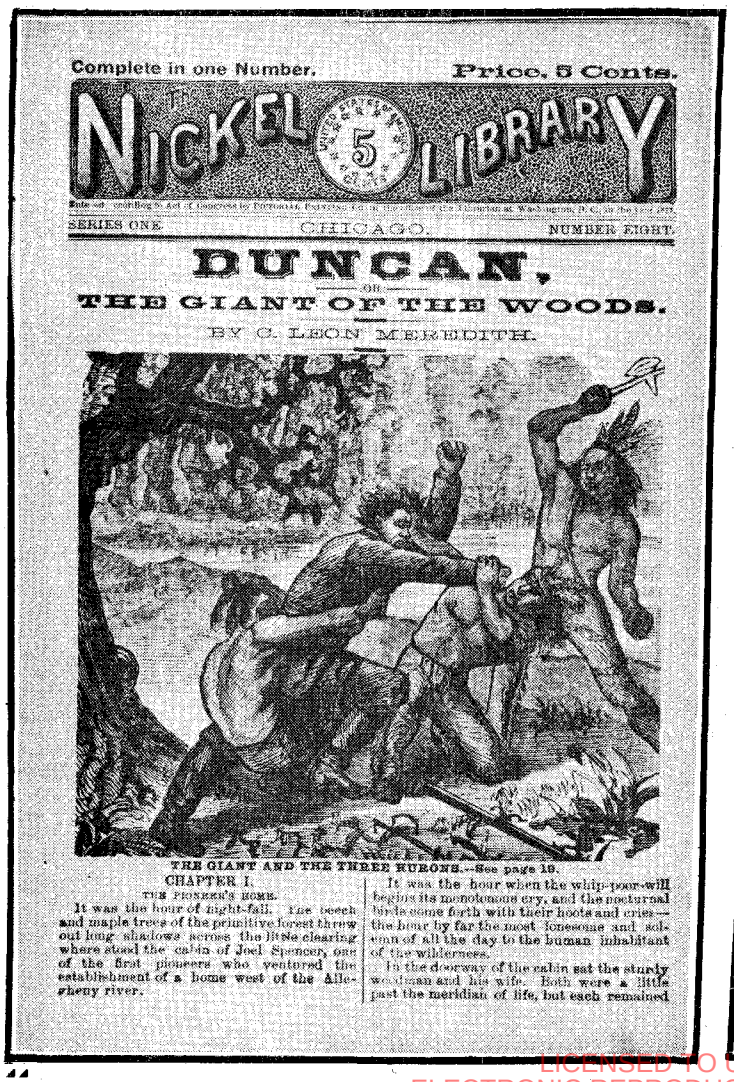




Photos from the collection of Edward T. LeBlanc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Munro's Ten Cent Novels
The King of the Plains.
GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher 56 Beekman St. cor. N. Y.
The American News Company, New York.


Complete in one Number.
Price, 5 Cents.
NICKEL LIBRARY
5
SERIES ONE.
CHICAGO.
NUMBER EIGHT.
DUNCAN,
OR
THE GIANT OF THE WOODS.
BY C. LEON MEREDITH.
THE GIANT AND THE THREE HURONS.—See page 16.
CHAPTER I.
THE PIONEER'S HOME.
It was the hour of night-fall. The beech and maple trees of the primitive forest threw out long shadows across the little clearing where stood the cabin of Joel Spencer, one of the first pioneers who ventured the establishment of a home west of the Allegheny river.
It was the hour when the whip-poor-will begins its monotonous cry, and the nocturnal birds come forth with their hoots and cries—the hour by far the most lonesome and solemn of all the day to the human inhabitant of the wilderness.
In the doorway of the cabin sat the sturdy woodman and his wife. Both were a little past the meridian of life, but each remained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slade's wife arrived in time to see her husband cut down from the "Hanging-tree." Throwing herself upon the body she cried "You killed the man who saved you from starvation. I'll not shame his body by burying it in Montana soil."

CAPTAIN JOE SLADE, THE BIG WOLF

By Carl W. Breihan

St. Joe Pony Express office of Russell, Majors, and Waddell was in an uproar, and as Mr. Russell pounded on the desk he shouted, "That goddam station at Julesburg has got to be cleaned out and that thieving Jules gotten rid of once and for all!"

"Who's going to do the job?" Mr. Majors wanted to know.

At the very moment a short, round-faced man with mild blue eyes was passing the office door. On hearing the ruckus in the office of his employers, the man opened the door and stepped in.

"What in hell do you want?" demanded the three irritated men.

"I want the job at Julesburg. I always wanted to be a Pony Express station master."

"You!" they exclaimed in one voice. "Why, Jules would dust you off as he would a fly."

The little man grinned. "Don't know about that. I've killed several men and was just a short hop ahead of a posse from Illinois when I hit St. Joe."

"Why not give him the chance," suggested Russell. "His record with us is darned good and he can handle men and horses."

"Wait a minute," said Waddell. "What in hell's your name?"

"Joe Slade."

"We'll write out Jules' discharge papers and you can head for Colorado right away."

"Fine by me," grinned Slade as he left the room.

Later that day Slade was informed by the owners how Rene Jules, superintendent at Julesburg, was doing some freighting of his own. He was helping himself to the grain and hay purchased for the firm's horses and using company stores to suit himself. The owners were losing money at this junction station but were afraid to cross the Frenchman. Jules was a burly, arrogant man, hated by everyone and feared for his bad reputation.

"Don't mean a damned thing to me. Let's see your ticket."

"Don't need a ticket. I'm stopping and staying right here."

Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

The notorious Joe Slade came from Illinois to the border town of St. Joseph, Missouri where he became an employee of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. When the firm was sold to Ben Holliday, he moved on to Virginia City where after a hectic career he was hanged on March 10, 1884.

The next morning Slade packed his scant belongings and, with Jules' discharge papers in his pocket, headed west on the company stage.

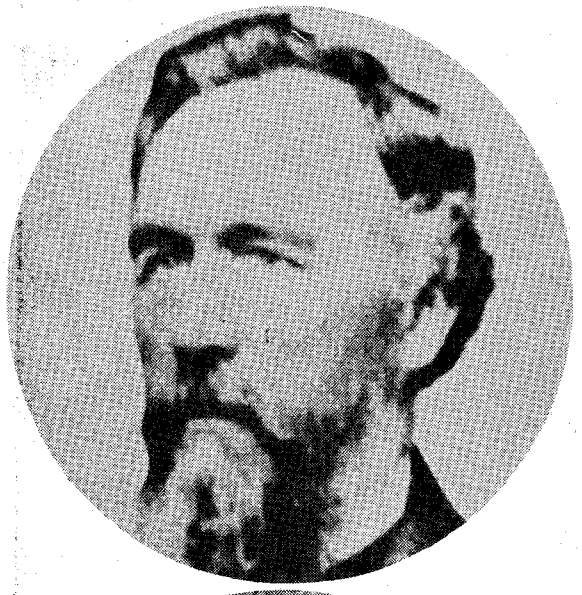
The wiry ex-captain of the Mexican War liked the climate of Colorado and took the trip easy and uneventful. At Julesburg he swung down from the stage and stretched himself. As he did so, the smirking Jules came swaggering towards the stage to look over the passengers. For some reason he singled out Slade.

"And who might you be?"

"Captain Slade."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri



(Top to bottom) William H. Russell, Alexander Majors and William B. Waddell. These three headed the famous frontier firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell who ran freight lines on the Overland Trail and held contracts to supply the army on the frontier. They employed Joe Slade to manage their Julesburg, Colorado station.

"Yeah? Where are you really going?" demanded the Frenchman.

"Nowhere, but you are," replied Slade.

Slade handed the curious Frenchman his dismissal notice, and as he read it, his eyes flashed fire.

"Hand over the company keys, Jules, and we'll check the stock. We'll start with those in the corrals."

With a swift eye Slade could easily see that Jules had altered the brand on the company stock and had placed the animals in his own corral.

"We'll get those stolen horses out of your corral first, Jules, and put them where they belong," said Slade.

"No goddam shrimp like you is going to tell me what to do," cried Jules, as he whirled about, his .44 revolver spewing lead. Slade took five slugs in the body, and it appeared as though his job as superintendent at Julesburg was over. Still on his feet, Slade staggered back towards the express station, blood spurting from his wounds with every step he took.

"Fall, damn you, fall!" yelled Jules, but Slade staggered on.

Puzzled, Jules rushed to the station office, grabbed a shotgun and fired thirteen slugs into Slade's back. The heavy buckshot brought Slade to the ground.

"That should do it," grinned Jules, not noticing that his victim still breathed.

"Put the son-of-a-bitch over there; then get a box and dump him in," Jules told his men.

Jules' mouth dropped open as Slade raised up on one elbow and said, "Don't bother, men. Jules, damn your yellow heart, I'll live to see you dead, and I'll nail one of your ears to the corral post and wear the other as a watch charm."

Jules raised his revolver to put the finishing bullet into Slade's head.

"Hell, why waste a shot, he'll be dead in a little while."

Just then, amid a cloud of dust and whoops and yells, the eastbound stage, filled with miners, pulled into Julesburg.

One of the men wanted to know what was going on, and when the hostler gave him the story of Jules' backshooting, the irate miners wanted to hang the cowardly Frenchman on the spot.

One of the miners acted as leader. "C'mon, men, into the office."

Rough hands were laid upon Jules and a noose placed around his neck. He was half-dragged, half-carried into the corral, where the rope was thrown over the top rail of the high fence. Then a dozen willing hands seized the rope and yanked the struggling Frenchman into the air.

"Hold it, men," cried a voice from the stage office. "Slade's still breathing, but I sure in hell can't see how he's still alive."

The lynching-party leader stroked his grizzled beard.

"Waal, guess we'd better wait 'til Slade dies before we hang this bastard."

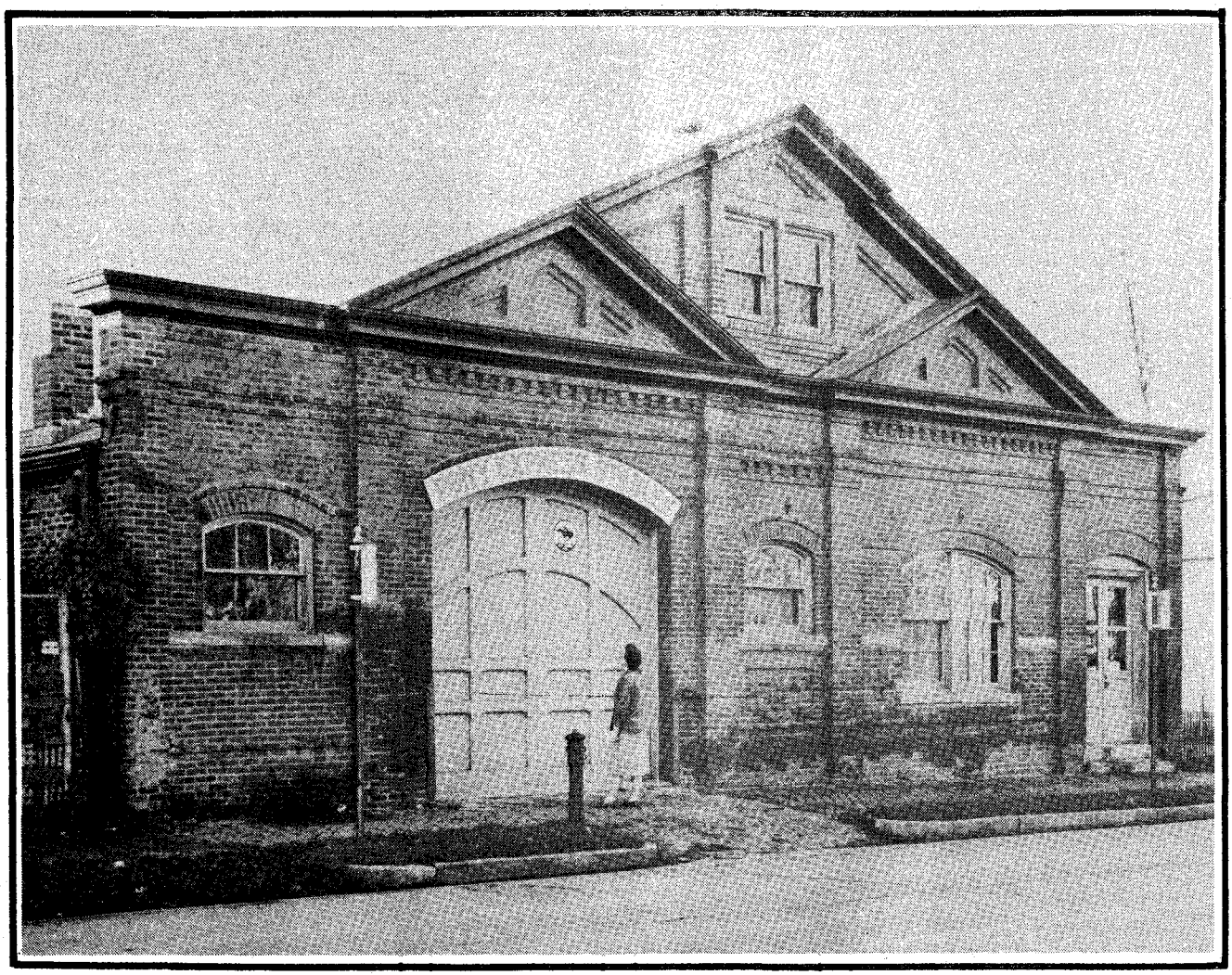
Jules was not led down easily. The men suddenly let go the rope and he buckled in the dust like a sack of meal thrown from a wagon. His bravado all gone, Jules lay gasping for air.

"Don't hang me, don't hang me!" he pleaded. "Let me go and I'll get out of Colorado."

"Seeing as how Slade's still alive, we might as well let the stinking coyote go," said one of the men.

Joe Slade was taken East by stage, where doctors removed most of the lead from his body, but some of it remained until the day he died. Slade was a tough character and survived the wounds inflicted by Rene Jules at Julesburg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

The Pony Express stables at St. Joseph, Missouri as they look today.

In a few months he returned to that station and became known as "Slade of the Overland." Most people considered him a dangerous man — a man too tough to be killed by buckshot and bullets. All along the Pony Express route from St. Joe to Sacramento, Slade was talked about as an efficient and ruthless man.

There can be little doubt that he ran the station at Julesburg on a paying basis. Stages rolled in and out on time, and the equipment was kept in order. Slade worked his men to a breaking point, but he got results. In that wild and desolate country, where fine horseflesh was an attraction for outlaws and rustlers, little loss of animals was experienced by the station which Joe Slade operated.

Late one evening Slade and several of his men ran across two men who had Pony Express horses in their possession. Here Captain Slade was the law; there was no official lawman for hundreds of miles. To bring the culprits in would have posed a great problem for Slade.

"We'll just hang 'em at the first handy tree," he commented.

His men gasped but said nothing. The two rustlers knew it would be useless to plead or to argue with the unfeeling Slade. In an hour their lifeless bodies were swaying in the night breeze, to become food for the buzzards the next day.

In 1861 when Mark Twain met Joe Slade at Julesburg, he returned with the statement that he believed Captain Slade had already slain twenty-eight men.

In the spring of 1861 Slade learned that Rene Jules was still in the territory and bragging that he was going to kill Slade the next time they met. Slade well knew that if they did meet, one of them would have to be killed. This did not suit his purpose, for he wanted to get back at the Frenchman for his treachery and for the misery he had suffered at his hands. He sent word to Jules that he still intended to cut off his ears if he ever ran across him. Captain Slade issued a reward notice that he would pay $500 for Rene Jules brought in alive, not a dime if brought in dead.

Several days later a party of Slade's men informed him that they had located the Frenchman.

"Bring the son-of-a-bitch in any way you can, but don't harm him," Slade ordered.

In a matter of hours the news arrived that Jules was a captive at the next relay station, that he had been captured without a struggle. Joe was soon riding for the relay station.

"Where is the dirty bastard?" rasped Slade, upon his arrival.

"Out in the corral."

Leaping from his horse, Slade raced for the corral, and sure enough, there stood Jules, securely tied to a post. It was the first time they had seen each other since Jules had ordered his men to bury Slade.

"I'm a man of my word, Jules. I'm going to return some of the lead you poured into me, and then I'm going to cut off your damned ears."

Slade's hands snaked to his holsters and his guns leaped into his hands. Jules gasped in anticipation of getting a slug in his belly. None

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came. Slade slowly lowered the guns and watched in unholy glee as Jules squirmed. Joe repeatedly drew his pistols and lowered them without firing a shot. Soon he tired of seeing Jules suffer in this manner, so he began using his victim for a target. Slade's bullets nicked Jules in many spots without hitting a vital one. All over his body, flesh had been gouged off enough to sting and to draw blood. Slade played with Jules like a cat with a mouse. Jules knew that to plead for mercy would be useless. He waited and perhaps even prayed that the next shot would be the last one.

"How do you like it?" asked Slade.

Jules did not replay. What would be the use?

Rene Jules now was a mass of bleeding, quivering flesh, a hideous thing awesome to look upon. All of Slade's men had by now left the corral, too sick to stomach much more of this sadistic torturing. Yet they knew better than to interfere. It soon began to tell on Slade, too, for his face began to change to a chalk white and his step became unsteady. Quickly he took aim and placed a last slug through Jules' head, and the bloody figure of the Frenchman sagged against the ropes which held him. Slade then walked up to the corpse, drew his Bowie knife and slashed off Jules' ears. One he nailed to the corral post; the other he carried as a pocket piece, as he said he would.

Joe Slade had made good his threat, but his torture of Jules must have preyed heavily upon his mind, for he took to drinking and when drunk became a vicious menace.

In 1862 the firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell sold out to Ben Holliday, who was already carrying mail to remote outposts and who had established branch lines off the main trunk. One of Holliday's first actions was to fire Slade.

"I'm sick and tired of Colorado anyhow," said Slade. "I'll start my own freighting business in Montana. I hear there's money to be made up there."

With Slade went his wife, Maria Virginia Slade, a former dance hall percentage girl, who was as nervy as she was beautiful. One time, after Slade had been captured by a band of rustlers intent on giving him a taste of his own medicine by hanging, he asked that he be allowed to see his wife for a last farewell. Slade was locked in a log cabin while a messenger went to get his wife.

Pretty Maria made herself friendly with the ringleader of the band, and he finally consented to allow her to see Slade alone.

"Don't be long, gal, we got a hanging to get done with."

"Thank you, I won't."

Maria really fooled the leader, for he even failed to have her searched. Once inside the cabin she wasted no time in getting pistols out of her clothing, like out of a hardware store. Before the startled outlaws knew what was going on, Slade and his wife leaped through the cabin doorway, their guns blazing. Virginia leaped into the saddle of her horse, with Joe climbing up behind her. They made their escape before the outlaws could muster enough sense to follow.

In 1863 the Slades arrived in Alder Gulch, Montana with their small freighting outfit. In Virginia City, one of the gulch boom towns, Slade tried to obtain lumber on credit from N. P. Langford (a member of the Vigilantes) to build a house, corral and stables.

"I don't know you, Captain Slade; why should I give you that much credit?"

"Damn you, Langford," cried Slade. "I'm Captain Slade of the Overland, that's who I am!"

Langford shrugged his shoulders, still unimpressed and still refusing to give Slade the credit he asked for.

Several hours later Slade ran across John Ely, whom he knew and who talked to Langford in his behalf. This assistance enabled Slade to start his freighting business, one which was to prove quite an asset.

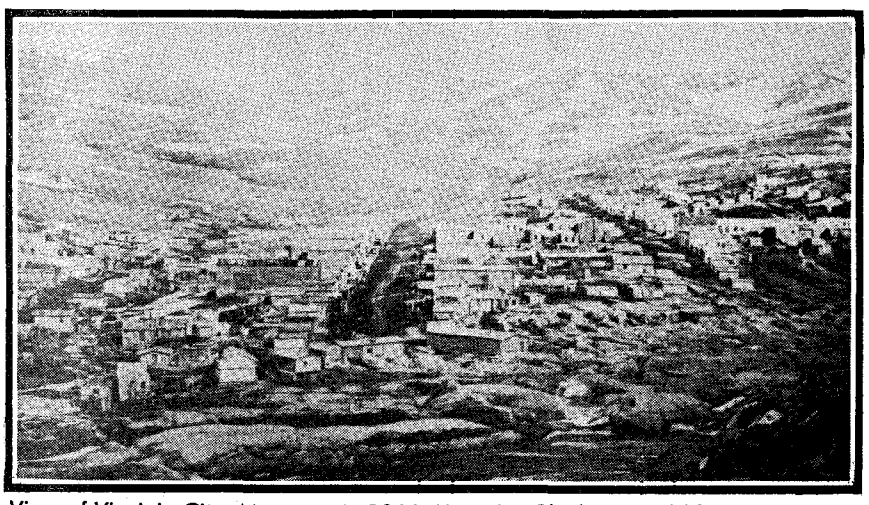
Practically all the supplies used at the camp were brought from St. Louis, Missouri by boat to Fort Benton on the Missouri River. From that point wagons transported the supplies over the old Military Road leading through Deer Lodge, Beaverhead, and into the Big Horn country. In 1863 the river fell so low that steamboats found it impossible to navigate farther up the river than to the mouth of the Milk River. This point lay several hundred miles below Fort Benton.

The steamboat captains dumped the supplies there, and all consignees were notified to pick up their own freight. No one was anxious to comply with this request since both sides of the river below Fort Benton were swarming with hostile Indians. The Sioux held control of the south and the Blackfoot tribes held the land to the north. The people of Virginia City were really in trouble. If the supplies did not arrive before the great snows fell, many of the citizens probably would starve to death. It was impossible to get to the outside world once the snows came. Men with freight wagons refused to go into the Indian-infested land. Another serious handicap was the fact that no wagon road had ever been broken between Benton and the Milk River.

"You'll never catch me going into that damned area," said one old miner. "No road is bad enough, let alone that and the Indians to fight."

Captain Slade overheard much of the conversation between the various miners and became quite disgusted with it all.

"What the hell's the matter with you white-livered cowards? Get me all the best bullwhackers you can find and all the mule skinners and I'll make the trip all right. I'll also need some guides and riflemen."



Historical Society of Montana, Helena

View of Virginia City, Montana in 1866. Here Joe Slade ran wild for a period of time until the miners tired of his depredations and he was hanged by vigilantes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before long, a line of sturdy freight wagons and a group of determined men started on the dangerous trip from Virginia City to the mouth of the Milk River. The trip to Fort Benton was made without mishap, but from that point onward a new trail had to be cut out of the raw wilderness. Willing and capable hands made a road on which the heavy wagons could travel. Mile after mile the caravan inched forward, always on the alert for hostile Indians. Strangely enough, not an Indian was sighted during the entire trip from Fort Benton to the spot where the supplies had been left by the steamboats.

Allowing the men and animals only a short rest period, Slade ordered the wagons to be loaded with all possible haste. The return trip must be made before the heavy snows fell. The return trip was not so easy. A number of times they were harassed by Indians who wanted to fight but were unwilling to attack such a strong group. Quicksands at fords, blizzards and snow caused other delays, but nothing could hold Joe Slade and his men.

"C'mon, men, give it all you've got," he would tell them. "We've not got far now."

Unbelievable as it may seem the tired caravan reached Alder Gulch on December 15, 1863, without losing a man or a pound of freight. To this day many people of the area speak of this yet unmatched feat. Slade had brought in the supplies in as thorough a manner as he had disposed of Jules.

"By golly, Slade did it," was the cry that echoed through the camps.

Captain Slade took advantage of his hour and strutted around Alder Gulch and the various camps as though he was a savior. In a way he was. Anything Slade said was accepted as truth; anything he did was not questioned. Even when he raised hell while drunk they said nothing. The citizens overlooked his faults because he had saved the camp from almost certain destruction.

With the profits realized from his daring overland venture Slade invested in a hay ranch about eight miles from town. When the heavy snows prevented his freighting business from operation, Slade became fed up with nothing to do. He visited Virginia City quite frequently and raised cain in the saloons with his old friends. He was a fiend when drunk. Joe would ride his horse into the saloons, wreck furniture, shoot up the place and make a general nuisance of himself. Most everyone was happy when he left town to return to his ranch.

"You're carrying things too far, Slade," some of his friends warned him. "Keep this up and you'll end up on the noose end of a rope."

"Hell, man, they wouldn't do that to Slade; I saved the whole pack of them."

"That, they know and that is why you've gotten away with your cussedness this long. But don't say you weren't warned."

Several months after Slade's daring trip through the wilderness, the miners formed a vigilante committee to cope with the murders and robberies being committed by an organized band. No town was spared the effects of these outlaws. Nevada City, Virginia City and other camps in Alder Gulch were victims of their organized plans. The final results of the vigilante efforts to rid the territory of this menace was the capture and hanging of the Henry Plummer gang. Plummer was the pseudo sheriff who killed and robbed by night and acted as a peace officer during the day.

The vigilantes were in no mood to dicker with Slade. They had experienced a difficult time and were getting tired of Slade calling them "The Stranglers" and ridiculing them in public. Most of the miners remembered that Slade had performed them a great service, but even their patience was wearing thin.

"We're giving you another warning, Slade," he was told, "your acts of violence cannot go unpunished forever."

But Slade refused to accept these warnings until it was too late. In March of 1864 he appeared in Virginia City and met Bill Fairweather, one of the discoverers of Alder Gulch. The two were soon highly intoxicated and, surrounded by a bunch of drunken miners, they terrorized the town. Saloons and dance halls were taken over. The customers and dance girls were run out of the buildings. Next, Joe led his drunken crew to the brothel house of Molly Featherlegs. He had been there once before and wrecked the place, after which Molly warned him that if he returned she would see that the vigilantes took care of him.

"Damn you, Joe Slade, get your drunken rabble out of my place!" she roared as the men came stomping into her place.

"I want one of your women!" cried Slade.

"You'll get the vigilantes after this stunt," she warned.

"To hell with you and the goddamned vigilantes," replied the drunken Slade. "Let's have some music."

With that he drew his revolvers and fired into the piano, wrecking it and sending the piano player diving for cover.

Molly dashed from the building and rushed to see Judge Alexander. There she swore out a warrant against Slade. The judge attempted to appease the woman, but she refused to withdraw her demand.

"What the hell good did it do to hang Plummer and his gang if you're gonna let Joe Slade shoot up the town and wreck any place he sees fit. Might as well let him rob us as to pay for the repairs. I want him arrested and made to pay for the damages."

Molly readily signed the affidavit, so the judge issued a warrant for Slade's arrest. She then returned to her establishment and informed Joe that she had filed charges against him."

"Damn you, woman, you'll regret this and so will those no-good vigilantes."

Slade then led his men on a rampage of terror which has never been equaled in Virginia City.

Acting Sheriff J. M. Fox finally located Slade and served him the warrant. Slade was ordered to appear before the People's Court. He was in a jovial mood and agreed to accompany the sheriff. However, he did not go alone, for his drunken companions followed him. Judge Alexander read the warrant charging Slade with malicious destruction of property and disturbing the peace. Slade's whiskey-hazed mind went wild at that moment, and he seized the warrant from the judge's hand and tore it to bits.

"Here's what I think of your warrant!" he cried as he threw the bits of paper into the judge's face. Slade

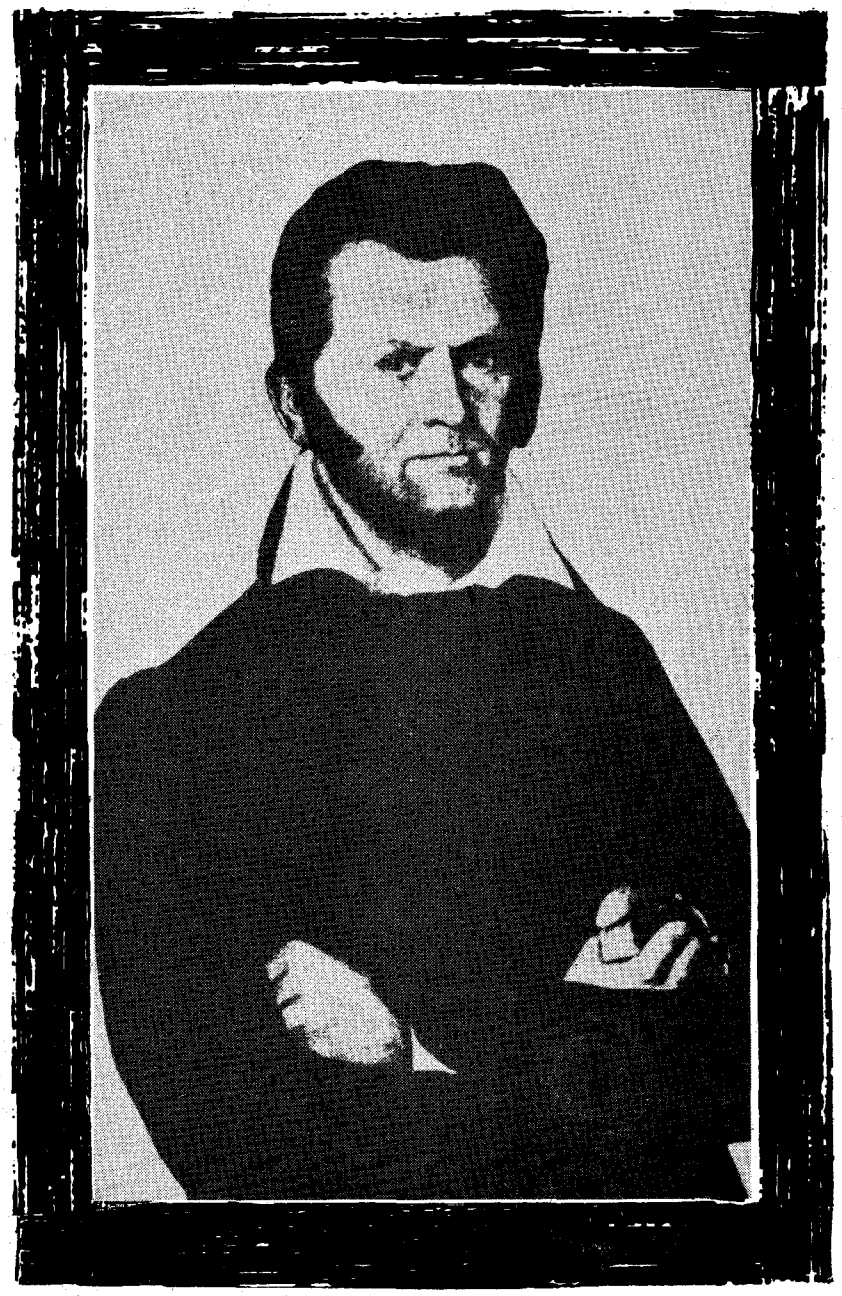
(continued on page 80)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRANGE FATE FOR JIM BOWIE'S KNIFE

By George Hart

Courtesy University of New Mexico Press



Jim Bowie, famous as the inventor of the Bowie knife, died at the Alamo and was burned along with the other defenders on a pyre. Legend has it that his original knife was burned along with him.

It was sunrise on the morning of March 6, 1836. The shrill, blood-curdling notes of the *deguello* accompanied the rising of the sun. This was a signal to the Mexican soldiers that no mercy be shown to the defenders of the Alamo. The remnants of the hardy band managed to stave off the fall of the improvised fortress for a short time. Then there was a final push and the attacking troops swarmed over its inhabitants.

In the center of one of the Alamo's rooms lay the corpse of Jim Bowie, half-in and half-off the cot to which he was confined for the last couple of weeks. Tradition has it that the injured Colonel, using both pistols and knife, dispatched close to a dozen Mexicans before breathing his last.

A less romantic theory claims that Bowie died not by the bayonets of his enemies, but already had succumbed to the fever brought on by a hip fracture incurred while building a lookout post.

Howsoever the man died, the means by which his body was disposed of *is* known. It was heaped, along with others, on a pyre. The torch was applied to the woodrick, and Jim Bowie's remains were consumed in resulting flames.

But what of the knife? The famed Bowie Knife! Legend tells us that is was destroyed by the same fire which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cremated its master.

Almost immediately after Bowie's death and the disappearance of the weapon that bore his name numerous stories were circulated in the press of the day concerning both man and knife. The fact is, they were inseparable. Mention Jim Bowie and one thinks of the knife, and vice versa.

In my collection of nineteenth-century newspapers there appears an item that I believe is being retold here for the first time in 133 years. The bulk of the article deals with the origin of the Bowie Knife and the characters of James and Rezin Bowie. This is all very interesting and will no doubt add fuel to the glowing embers of controversy that surrounds these men. However, the most intriguing part is the closing paragraph, and I request the reader give particular attention to it:

"THE BOWIE KNIFE. The papers the other day had a great deal of twaddle about the origin of the Bowie Knife; their statements were entirely wrong. The first person who had a Bowie knife made in this country was the father of Col. James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. The old man was originally from Scotland, and settled a plantation up the Red River. He used it altogether as a hunting and a cane knife.

Col. James Bowie, or as he was more familiarly called, Jem (the spelling as it appears in the original article — G.H.) Bowie, *improved* upon it, as he thought, and first used the weapon in a duel. He became notorious by his bloody duel at Iberville, on the Plaquemine Bayou, in Louisiana; he was there shot down, and as his antagonist was stooping over him to despatch him, Jem Bowie seized him by the waist, and cut him nearly in half with his knife.

"The "brother" of Jem Bowie, spoken in the *Express* as the inventor, is Rezin Bowie, who lately lived at Thibadouxville, on the Bayou La Fourcha, near Lake Chicot, in Louisiana. He is nearly blilnd; and so far from being what he is described in the *Express*, used to be a perfect rowdy, as was Jem Bowie himself. Again the *Express* says Jem Bowie used the knife at the Alamo. This is untrue; he was sick and helpless, and was butchered in bed. Col. Almonte told the writer of this article so; and Jem Bowie informed us of the history and origin of the knife as described above. This was also corroborated by Dr. Grant, of Nova Iberia, Attakapas, in whose possession he saw the original Bowie knife in 1836. *The knife found with Col. Bowie's baggage in the Alamo is now in the possession of Miss Charlotte Cushman, of the Park* Theatre(emphasis mine — G.H.)."

Just at about the time of the fall of the Alamo and Jim Bowie's death, Miss Cushman, at the age of twenty, made her initial appearance as an actress. This took place in New Orleans, and curiously enough, her role was that of Lady Macbeth, which called for her to stride about the stage brandishing two daggers!

How or why the Bowie Knife came into Charlotte Cushman's possession remains a mystery to this day.

Among the many roles essayed by her at the Park Theatre of New York City was her perennial portrayal of Lady Macbeth. A contemporary of Charlotte's, George Vandenhoff, once remarked that her forte was, "darkly shadowed, lurid tinged characters ... half human, half demon — with the savage animal reality of passion, and the weird fascination of crime, redeemed by fitful flashes of womanly feeling."

In light of this, would it not be legitimate to muse over the possibility that the robust Miss Cushman, for at least one performance of *Macbeth*, on impulse substituted Jim Bowie's knife for the stage daggers? A strange fate for the Bowie Knife, indeed!

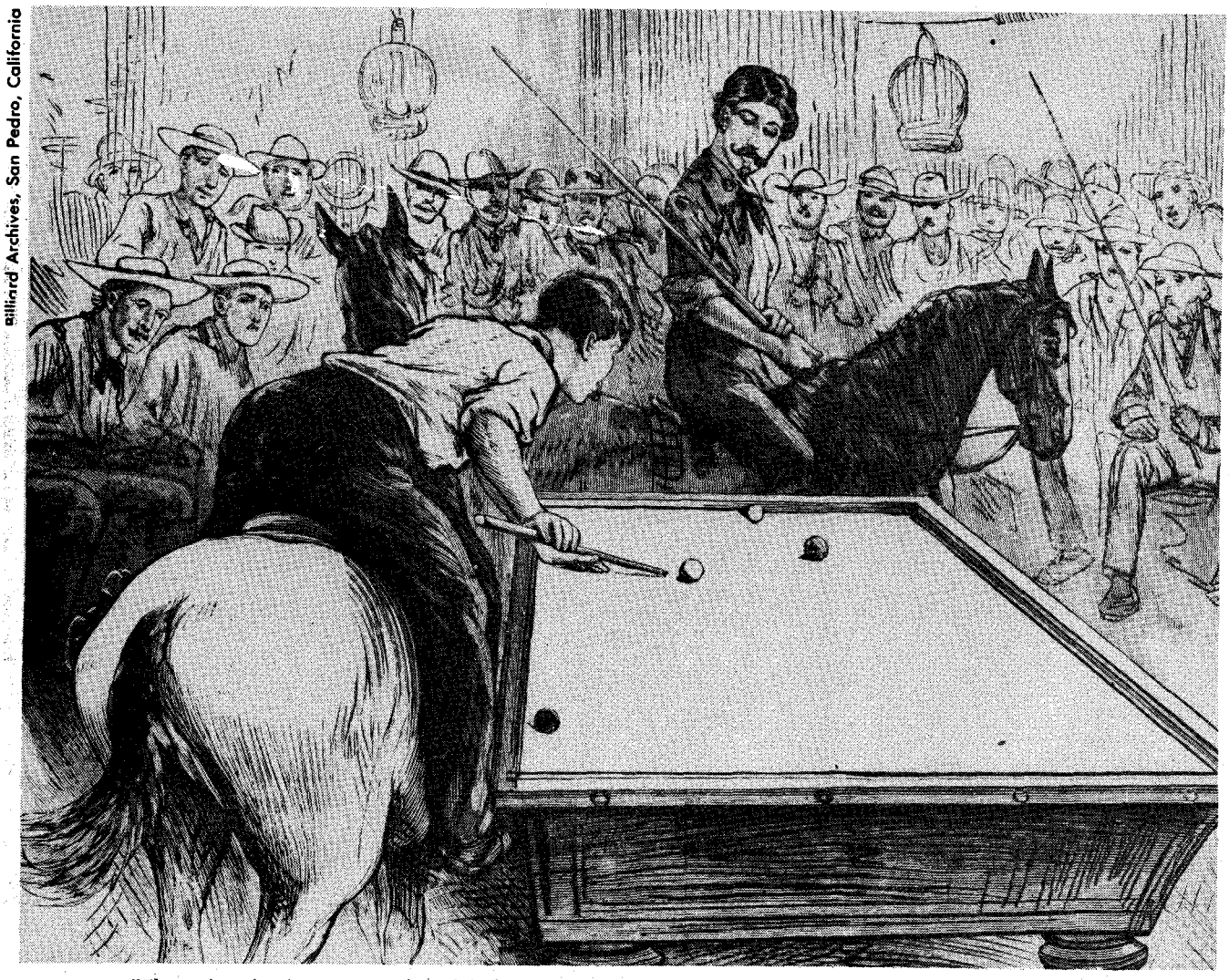
Courtesy Museum of the City of New York

Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth. It is reported in 1838 that she had possession of Jim Bowie's original knife.

Reference Source:

The Pennsylvanian for July 19, 1838.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

"Three hundred points, railroad billiards, horseback". A sporting sensation at Paso de Robles, California.

SHOOTING POOL

"Billiard tables pushed west with the pioneer trail blazers. Life on the frontier was first to free itself of puritanical restraints."

One Hundred Years of Recreation published by Brunswick-Balke-Collender, 1945

Shortly after the Civil War, the Brunswick - Balke - Collender Company shipped a few tables to the Pacific Coast both overland and via the long and arduous sea route around South America. By the late 1800's the company had established offices in San Francisco and Seattle. The first tables landed on the west coast and went to the small towns of the inland west via horse and wagon freighter.

In order to reduce the shipping problems of the heavy, slate pool tables, the earliest ones shipped west were made in many small parts designed to be assembled in the pool hall. The heavy slates were cut into four, and sometimes five, pieces to facilitate shipping.

There are no figures available about the number of pool tables shipped into the west in the 1800's, but it seems safe to assume that they were an important feature in many towns. Therefore, it was no accident that a number of dramatic and sometimes bizarre news stories occurred in pool rooms.

One such purveyor of these melodramatic and sensational news stories was the *Illustrated Police News* published in New York City. The rapid westward movement with its raw frontier charter was grist for the News' mill. Its pages were filled with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

BILLIARDS WITH HIS BOOTHEEL. Jim Bates, a teamster at Fort Griffin, Texas, makes a winning play against an army corporal.

OUT WEST

By W.B. Meyers

outlandish and the incongruous in order to excite a readership which lived mainly on the more sedate east coast.

The stories were illustrated by staff artists, as the news photograph had yet to come into common use. The artist had almost total license to illustrate a scene usually described in a few short paragraphs by a stringer writing thousands of miles away. His job was to titillate the reader, and this he did in no uncertain terms.

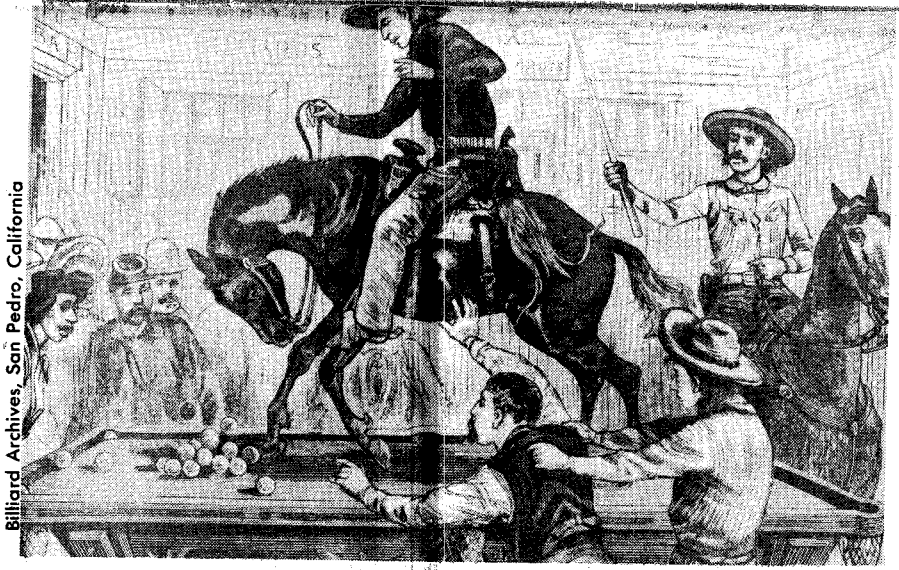
The cowpokes of the early west found few amenities to soften the harsh life on America's frontier. When the social and cultural history of that period is finally written, it will have to include the town pool hall and the saloon that usually adjoined it. For here was truly the social center of the early west.

At the turn of the century my stepfather, Morris Arons, owned one of the last survivors of that breed, the old Arizona Pool Room on Spring Street in Los Angeles. His stories of Saturday nights at the pool room were replete with cowboys and farm workers from nearby ranches who came to town for some fun to relieve their tedious and solitary existence. That fun included drinking booze and shooting pool.

Not infrequently, the liquored-up patrons turned violent and the pool balls became high-velocity missiles. Standard equipment for dealing with this volatile situation was the sawed-off butt end of a pool cue. Several were kept under the counter near the cash register. In addition, a revolver was hidden under the counter, but my stepfather always said pridefully that he never had to use it. The customers soon learned of the defensive weapons at the Arizona, and it was only the occasional newcomer who would initiate violence.

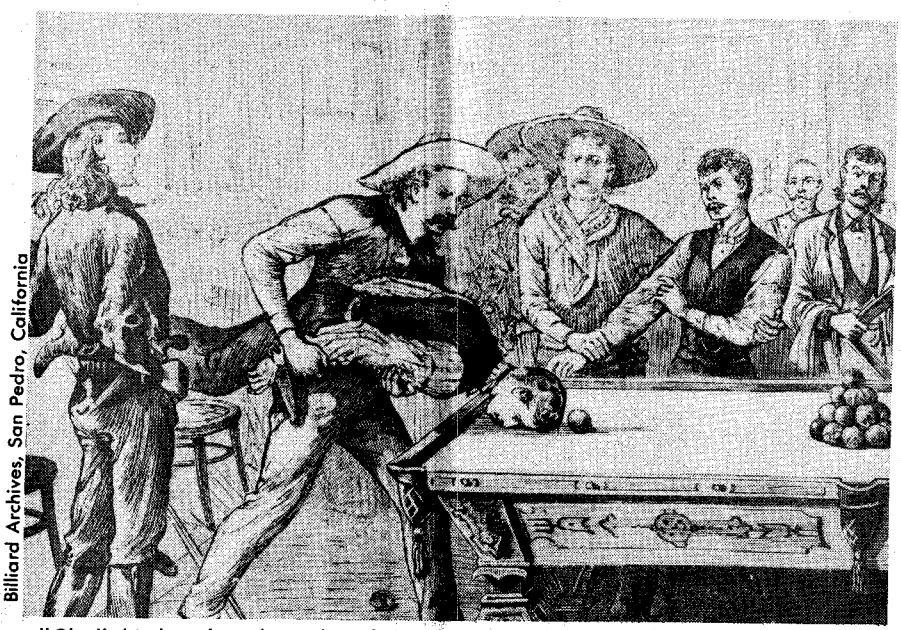
The early-day pool room was a social center and more. It also served as a kind of working-class message center. News of jobs, crops, and mining were its bread and meat. In addition to the local patrons, it served

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



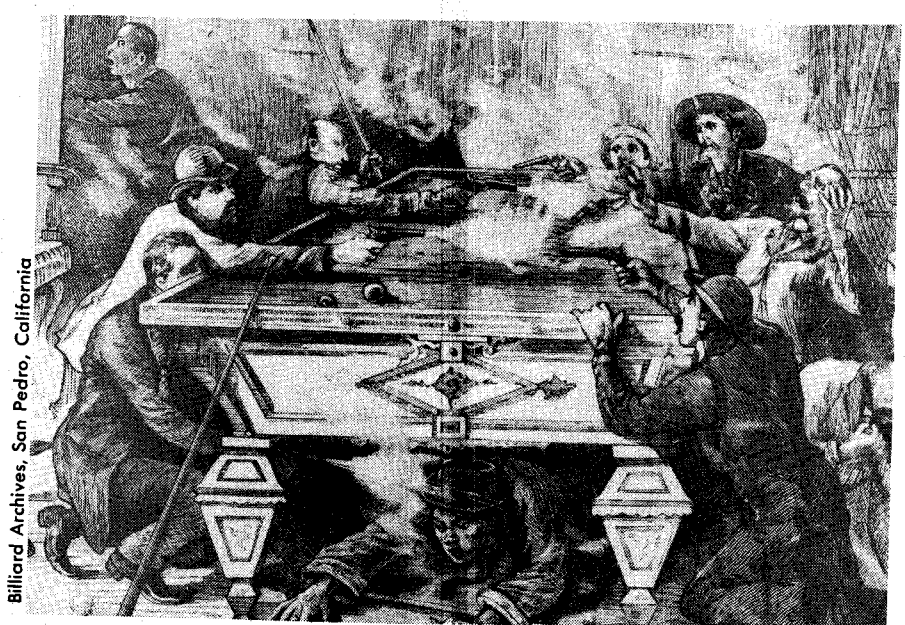
Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

THE HORSE HOLED ALL THE BALLS. Fifteen-ball pool on horseback paralyzes a roomkeeper at Nickelville, Texas.



Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

"Chalk his head and use him for a cue". Pyramid Pool with a Wyoming store clerk for the Ivory Puncher.



Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

SOMETHING LIKE A FIGHT. The McClarens and McGlones have a gun tussle at Fairbanks Station, Arizona — Result, a dead Chinaman and five wounded white men.

the itinerant cowpoke, the frontier militiaman, and the miscellany of males who wandered the west in search of fame and fortune.

A case in point is the issue of July 22, 1882. The story sent from Tombstone, Arizona concerns a wife whose husband had gambled their money away shooting pool. The artist chose the very dramatic moment when the wife entered the pool room and laid her baby on the pool table. She is quoted in the caption, "You've played in everything else, play for the baby now, it's yours."

Horses were, of course, commonplace in the old west although not usually found in pool rooms. So when stringers sent in stories about horses in pool rooms, they were picked up and illustrated in the *News* with its typical flair for the unconventional. In one an unhappy roomkeeper in Nickelville, Texas, protests a customer putting a pony atop a pool table. The trick pony then proceeded to kick the balls into the pockets. The roomkeeper is assuaged for damage to the table by a payment of $140.

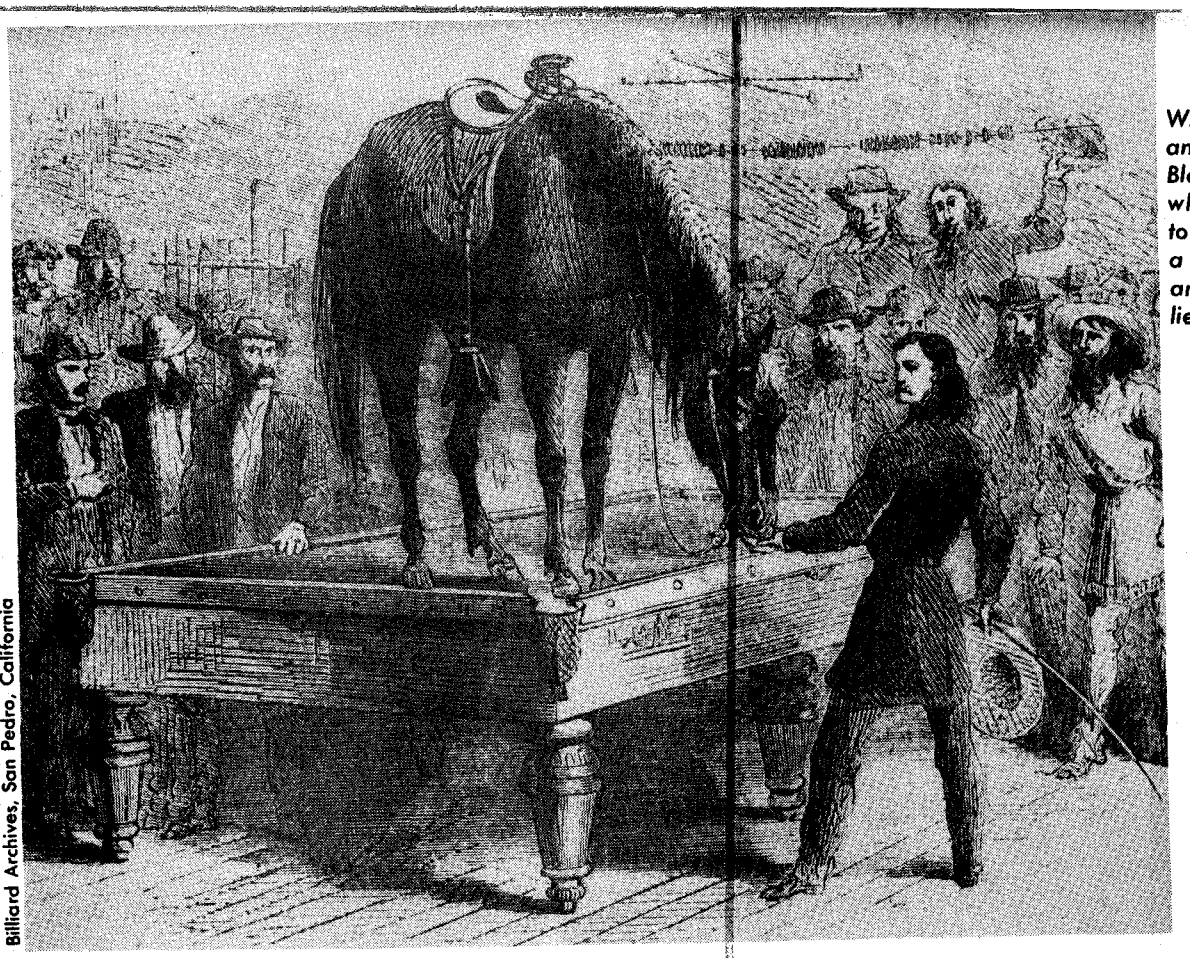
Horses figure in a game played on horseback in Paso de Robles (now Paso Robles), California in 1887. Players were required to make their shots from horseback. The game was considered so sensational that bettors came from distant San Francisco to place wagers.

The *Illustrated Police News* of September 1, 1888 presented a most vivid pool-room scene to illustrate a story sent from Fairbank Station, Arizona. Apparently the McClarens and the McGlones were feuding. There was an argument over the price of a drink. An elaborately designed pool table is in the center of the picture. Guns blaze from opposite sides of the pool table as a wounded combatant falls to the floor, clutching his throat. Another races for the door. A Chinaman is shot pointblank as he hides under the table. The artist has wonderfully encapsulated the story in his exciting picture.

Harper's Monthly did a story on Wild Bill Hickok in its issue of February, 1867. He was described as the "famous Scout of the Plains". Wild Bill's mare, Black Nell, was a trained horse. Her repertoire included climbing aboard a pool table and then laying on it. *Harper's* saw fit to illustrate this feat as Black Nell stands atop the table.

Pool-room etiquette was learned quickly by the newcomer. The upstart clothing-store clerk in Montave, Wyoming Territory was initiated into the ways of the west when he was lifted off his feet and his head was used as a billiard cue. The caption under the *News* story of November 12, 1887, was "Chalk His Head and Use

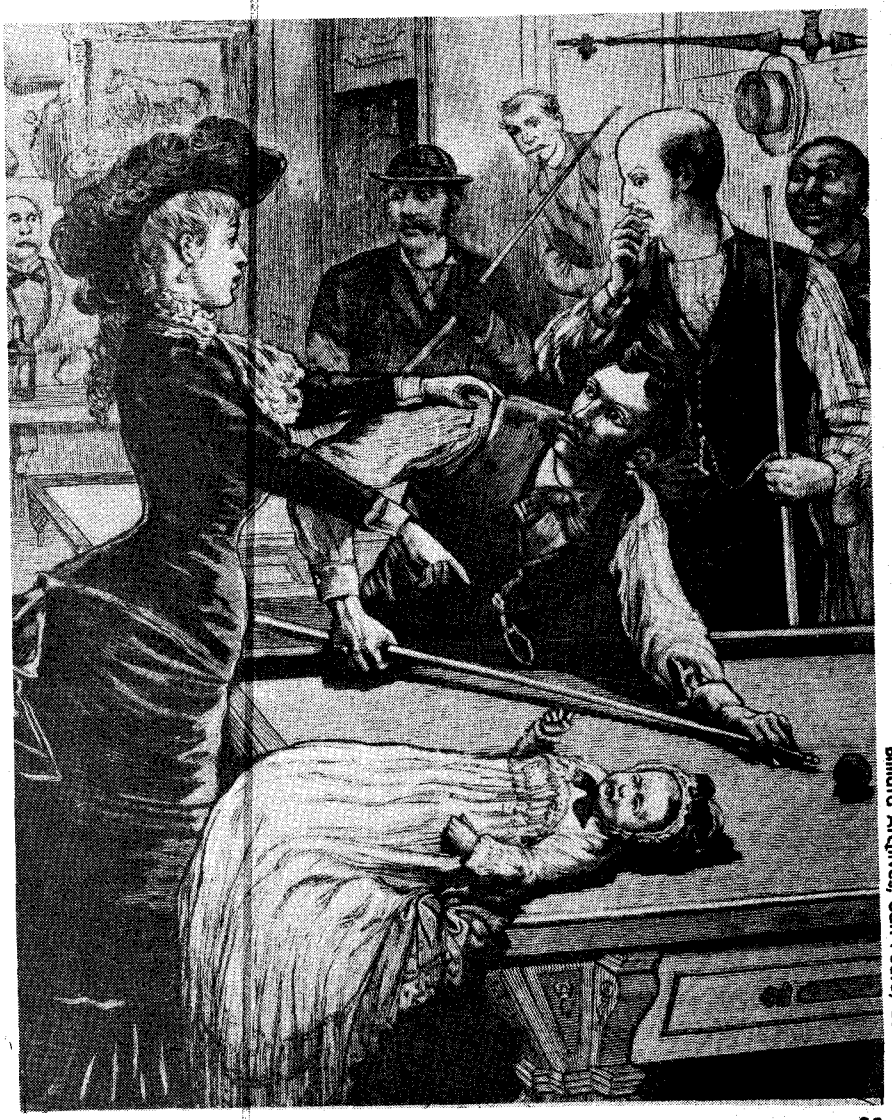
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

Wild Bill Hickok and his horse, Black Nell, which was trained to climb a pool table and then lie on it.

"You've played in everything else, play for the baby now, it's yours."



Billiard Archives, San Pedro, California

Him For a Cue."

Toward the end of the 1880's table manufacturing began on the west coast. At least two factories were making tables before 1900. Few of these early tables have survived. The author has recently seen a rather elaborate one made by August Jungblut & Company of San Francisco and found in good condition in an old Masonic Temple in Redwood City, California. All of the early factories have long since gone out of business. Much more research is needed to flesh out this interesting aspect of the early west.

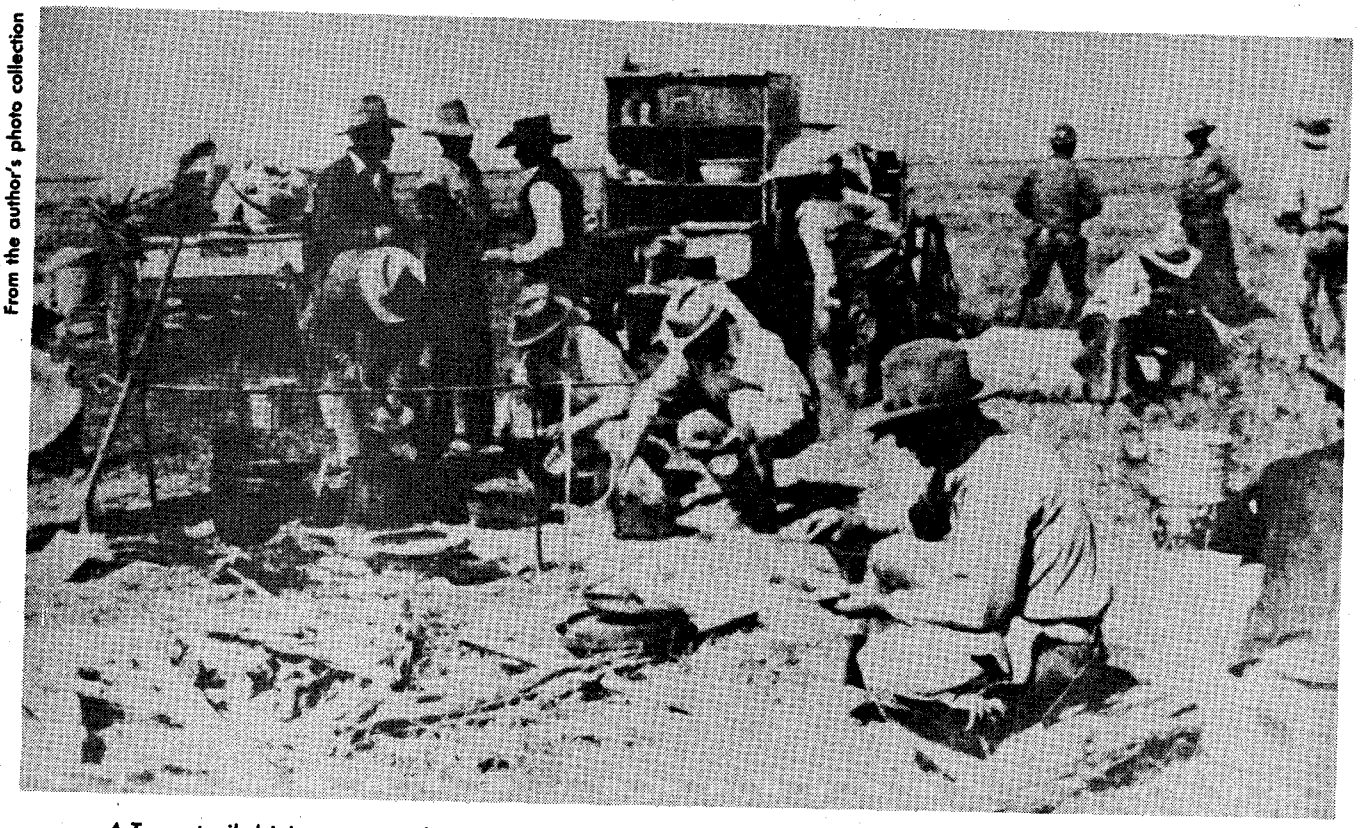
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SON-OF-A-GUN STEW

By Maurice Kildare

Experienced chuck-wagon cooks who made this hearty dish threw in every part of the cow but the horns and hoofs. The essential ingredients are the many parts of a cow plus potatoes and onions.

From the author's photo collection



A Texas trail-driving crew gathering around the chuck wagon to eat. Son-of-a-Gun Stew was often on the menu.

A stew peculiar to cattle land originated in Texas some time before the Civil War. After 1865 it soon spread all over the great west. It was concocted of many ingredients in several ways.

While being polite in his speech, especially if women folks were near, the cowboy referred to it as son-of-a-gun stew. In roundup camp or on the trail drive he called it outright, son-of-a-bitch stew.

One hoary cattle-land legend asserts that the first such pot was made on the Nueces River. It was a drouth year. Hardly any feed existed. Longhorn cattle were ribby and had little tallow. Meat from them was stringy and tasted something like boiled leather.

The cook on this fabulous roundup was hard put to provide sufficient food for the industriously working crew in the hardscrabble situation. He beefed a sucking calf that was a least half fat, even if its mother was too weak to trot.

The cook boiled the softer parts of the calf in a huge, cast-iron wash pot. The required time was four hours, so it is certain that he wasn't trying to contrive a meal with the least amount of work.

When riders began coming in with sundown, they dished themselves out copious amounts of what proved to be a tasty, filling meal. It was their usual second for the day and they were mighty hungry.

The last rider in unsaddled, put his horse in the rope corral and walked in between blazing fires. Grabbing a tin plate, he went to the iron pot and began ladling out chopped-up pieces of something in thick soup, almost like gravy.

An eager cowboy, coming over for seconds, waited until he filled his plate and then stood staring down at it.

"What in hell is this?" the hungry cowboy asked doubtfully.

"I don't know what it is," replied the other, "But it shore is a good son-of-a-bitch of a stew."

So according to the story, there began SOB stew.

However, this is only one of many accounts for origin of the famed stew. Even if it might be apocryphal, the name certainly began in some such circumstances way down deep in Texas before herds of longhorns pioneered the trails, first to Missouri and then Kansas.

It was not borrowed from Spanish and Mexican *va-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quero cooks. They knew nothing about the SOB stew until many years later when they were hired for roundup and trail driving. Then they had to heat up and ruin it too much with red hot pepper.

There are many ways to make the stew. Just about, as one old cowman told me, as many as there are cooks in cattle country.

The general, old Texas recipe called for the liver, brains, tongue (peeled), kidneys, heart, sweetbreads and pieces of the loin, flanks, shoulder or round steak.

The cook finely chopped up all this meat with a cleaver and put it into a large cast-iron pot to boil slowly anywhere from four to six hours. If he had a few cans of tomatoes, in they went. Potatoes and dried onions were usually part of camp wagon chuck, so diced spuds and cut onions were certain to go into the stew.

The mess was seasoned with whatever was in the chuck box, or according to what the cook considered suitable. It always contained salt and pepper, sometimes crumbled leaf sage, garlic or crushed wild mint leaves.

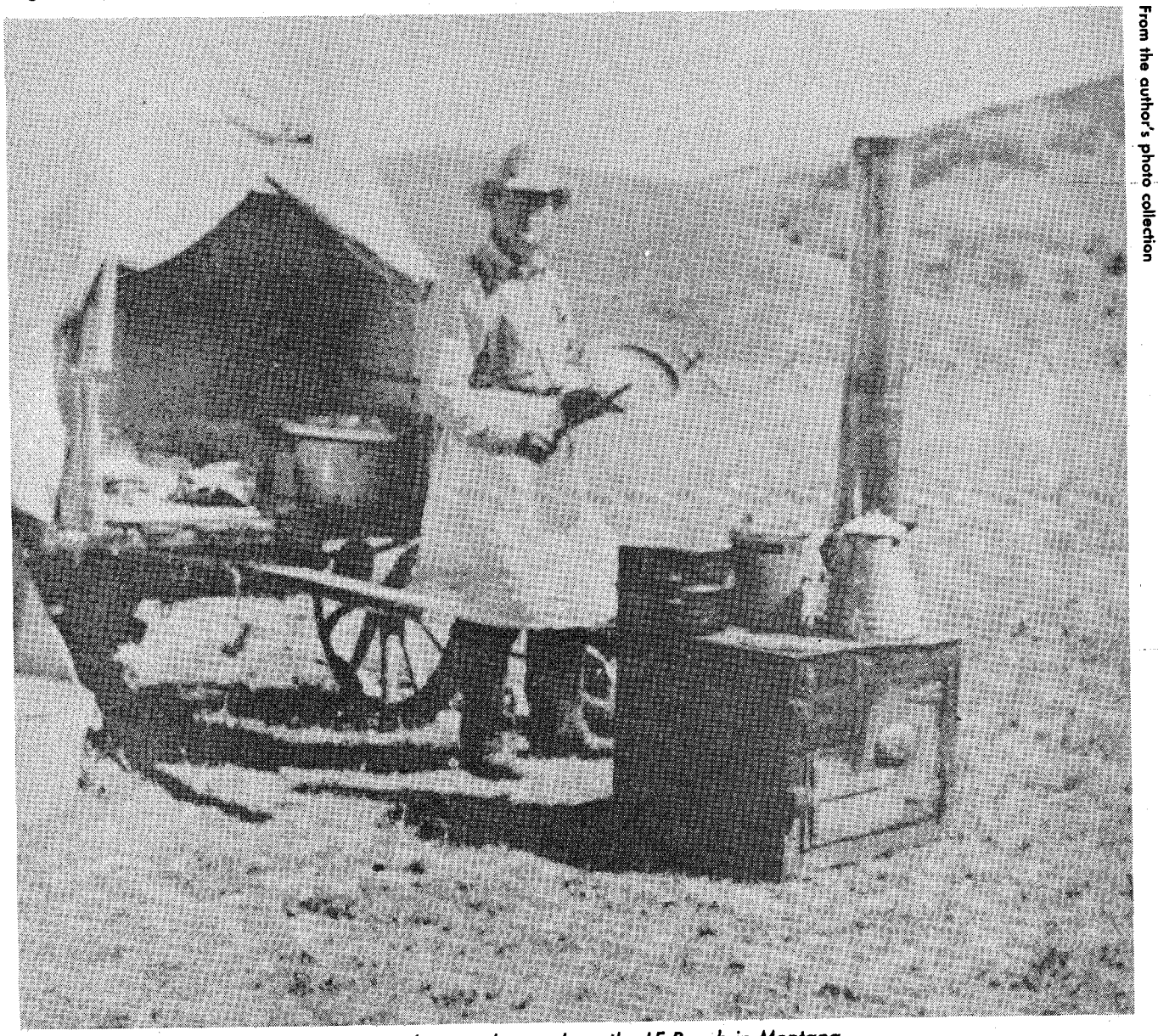
The SOB stew changed everywhere beginning about 1890. Even more in recent years it was greatly different because of other and varied, additionally available ingredients going into it.

On central Montana roundups, especially around the Bear Paw Mountains, SOB stew consisted of the sweetbreads, brains, liver and heart of any cow critter. In case the main parts proved insufficient to feed a big crew, any kind of beef trimmings were added. Into the pot went potatoes, carrots, rutabagas, onions, celery and tasty seasoning besides salt and pepper. Quite obviously, unless the cook used plenty of meat parts, this one could easily have been vegetable soup.

During spring calf branding time, mountain oysters also went into the stew. But there were some cowboys who objected to this. They wanted them skinned, cleaned, rolled in soda-cracker crumbs and fried in a deep pan, tallow preferred over lard, shortening or cooking oil.

One cowboy who rode for the E-Bar-Y outfit in the Bear Paws for twenty years related that they had a cook who insisted the mountain oysters go into his SOB stew. He claimed that the particles disintegrated and gave it "body", meaning thickening it like heavy soup.

Since there were plenty of mountain oysters, the cowboys made a deal with him. For each water-bucket full used, he would skin, clean and parboil the second for them. They then did their own frying according to individual taste.



From the author's photo collection

Tot Nett, the roundup cook on the LF Ranch in Montana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the author's photo collection

Henry (Heine) Maney, the Bear Paw Mountain cowboy who knew how to make the SOB stew as cooked today.

Down on the great LF ranch in central Montana, SOB stew in the early 1920's was composed of marrow gut, sweetbreads, brains, liver and meat trimmings. Potatoes, a chunk of salty sow belly, onions and parsnips were added, if on hand.

All ingredients were finely chopped on a block of wood and dropped into the big pot of boiling water. Salt and pepper were added, and the gallons of stew were stirred every five minutes or so.

The slow boiling began around noon, continuing until near sundown when the first riders appeared at the chuck wagon. Since sundown came late in Montana, this meant the stew cooked from six to almost eight hours.

In south Texas the *cocinero* (Mexican cook) had his own ideas about SOB stew. Because it wasn't anything like the old recipe, cowboys called it "shotgun". It was too quickly prepared.

Beef kidneys were split and cleaned, and soaked in salted cold water until ready to be used. Drained of moisture, they were cooked in deep fat, usually tallow, for three minutes.

The kidneys were then cut into small pieces and browned with flour. Water was added, salt, chopped onions and plenty of red pepper. Cooked a mere fifteen minutes longer, this stew was served with boiled rice.

Up in north west Texas, SOB stew was better known as the "panhandle special".

Beef hearts were the principal meats and were boiled two hours before being chopped up. Then was added potatoes, some onions, canned tomatoes and already soaked beans. The pot was slow boiled for three hours. Small, very hot red peppers were added near the end of the cooking period and often a few mashed cloves of garlic.

The recipe for old Oklahoma SOB stew specifically stated the amount of material to use. It called for one part marrow gut, five parts round steak, three parts sweetbreads, three parts calf liver, three parts calf brains, one beef tongue skinned out, and one heart.

After all these criteer parts were cleaned and prepared, they were cut into fine pieces. Chopped onion, salt and pepper were then added. The stew was cooked in a cast-iron wash boiler for eight hours.

It was prepared by Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, but they said that the recipe came to them from Texas. When the old families held celebrations, usually the fourth of July and reunions on Blue River, this stew was always prepared. Depending how many people were on hand to eat,the parts were increased accordingly. While the rest of the cow-critter carcasses were barbecued over an open pit, the stew was fed those doing the work.

In New Mexico one SOB stew required six pounds of tripe and six onions boiled in a gallon and a half of water. When the tripe started coming apart, sliced cloves of garlic and dry, red-hot peppers went in.

More water was added, and when it came to the second slow boil, the stew was stirred for six minutes while pouring in a quart of chick peas. The pot was then boiled for one more hour.

Many a Texas cowboy, new to New Mexico cattle ranges, ate this stew and smacked his lips for more. But when told that the main ingredient was tripe, he tried to whip the cook for feeding him *guts.*

Personally, I could never eat SOB stew with either marrow gut or tripe in it, even when fried crisp in deep tallow or lard. The distaste accrued from watching Mexicans dig out of a ground fire pit the head of a steer or sheep that had been cooked for 24 hours. *The filmed-over eyes, looking like sour grapes or those of a well-boiled drunk, stared out of the skull's eye sockets at you.*

In Colorado, along the Picketwire (Purgatoire) and Arkansas River ranges, the usual pieces of a cow critter were used, a yearling calf preferred. Marrow gut went into the pot but not tripe.

When he couldn't get buckwheat, the cook soaked cracked wheat. One or the other was added after the ingredients had slow boiled for four hours. Potatoes were not put in but onions or garlic were. Three more hours of cooking followed.

Cowboys of the old west used violent language to express themselves. Most of their lives were spent in a womanless world. But as the country started settling up, they had to watch their obscenities since women folks might be within hearing distance.

Along with this civilizing of the country came lawyers who began clamping down on their former wild ways, like painting cowtowns red, fighting in the street and carrying sixguns. This incensed the cowboys, for their freedom was considered curtailed by shysters. They then began calling the SOB stew "district attorney" because they said everything but the hide, horns, hooves and holler went into it. This inedible stuff being left over must have been made into lawyers since there was nothing to them but hide, stinking feet and holler.

When a small boy, I visited a roundup camp south of Winslow, Arizona. Not long after my arrival, two cowboys brought to the chuckwagon camp a tub containing the marrow gut, heart, liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, tongue, brains and the trimmings off the carcass of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freshly killed, fat calf.

Setting the tub down, one said to the cook in a steely voice, "Here's the stuff, coosie (for *cocinero;* cook). We better have some real fixings come supper time. If we don't you get no beef steak to burn on one side and leave bloody raw on the other because you're too damned lazy to turn the slab of cow!"

It turned out that the cook had been stalling a long time about their requests for SOB stew. This was their ultimatum. Unless he produced, the carcass of beef wouldn't be brought to him for easily cooked steaks and pot roasts.

That cook turned to working immediately, and in a hurry. He already had onions, potatoes and dry red peppers which also went into the pot.

That night in fading after-glow a pack of hungry cowboys cleaned out the big pot. When they licked it clean, the cook asked gruffly where they were going to hang the beef in camp to finish cooling it that night.

"What beef?" one of them drawled, "You mean the yearling? Why, we gave it to a widder woman on lower Clear Creek who's got too many kids to feed."

The cook ranted for five minutes before catching on that they were joshing him. A little later they brought the beef into camp.

The western Navajos of Arizona have a similar stew. The small, fat intestines of a sheep, goat or young calf are used. Cleaned and washed, the intestines are drawn down over a green tree limb and twisted. They are then turned in a fire until browned on the outside and the fat begins bubbling out.

On the fire in a cast-iron pot of boiling water are chopped up kidneys, liver and brains. The browned intestines are removed from the stick, sliced round but thin and added.

Next the wild onion, which has a small bulb, is cut finely along with part of the top if green, and put in. After cooking about three hours, two or three cups of finely ground cornmeal (on a metate) goes into the pot. When this thickens, the stew is ready to eat and seasoned with salt, rarely pepper.

The Hopi Indians prepare somewhat the same stew but cook meat from either the mutton or goat carcass. Wild mint is used for flavoring and sometimes sliced onions.

An old cowboy in Downey, Idaho told me, "Around these parts we've used every kind of meat in SOB stew you can think of, including burro and horse meat. But never the innards. Burro and horse, even mule gives the stew a sweet taste."

The heart, kidneys, sweetbreads, marrow gut, brains and liver of young cattle were always used. Meat was extra, and apparently any kind on hand was thrown into the pot. Of course, all were chopped into small pieces and were further reduced by eight hours of slow boiling.

Potatoes and onions went in, then salt and pepper after five hours of cooking. At the same time the cook tossed in thin strips of tallow. If too much grease collected on the surface, it was skimmed off.

Not only was this stew made on large roundups but at the ranches as well when butchering was done. Deer, elk and antelope also went into the pot. The heart, kidneys and liver were used, no other part except meat cut in strips from the quarters. With wild game, and often with a cow critter, two cups of sugar went into the mixture.

The settlers in Utah used somewhat the same animal parts of a young calf or a weather sheep: sweetbreads from the calf or tripe from the sheep.

The various meat stock was finely chopped and placed in a large pot of slow boiling water. If made in the summer time, fresh ripe tomatoes from the garden, onions and potatoes were cut up together and added. If in the winter time, canned tomatoes were used along with corn or cornmeal and sometimes hominy.

After boiling for four hours, seasoning was added. This might be no more than salt and black pepper.

Jerked meat, beef and wild game, were also made into SOB stews. Unless the jerky was added to the regular ingredients, no animal innards were used.

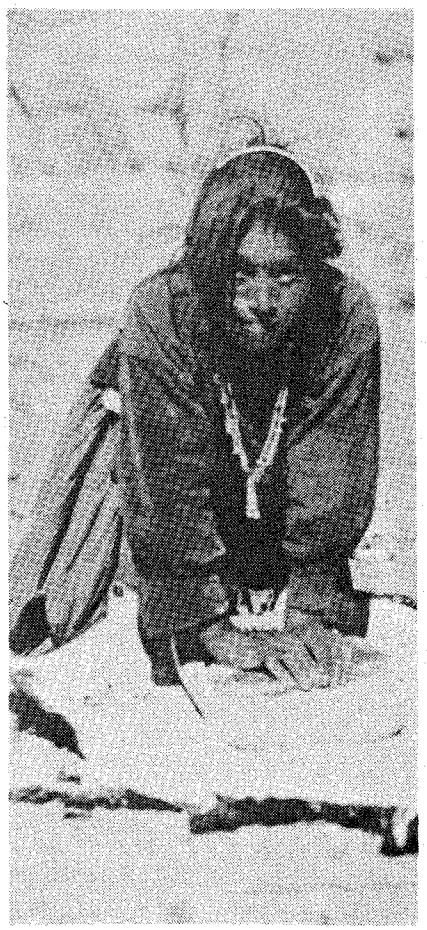
This jerky was dried over a fire with salt and pepper sprinkled on. It was finished a brick or russet red. The commercial jerky, oven cured, is black and will not do at all.

The hard slabs are placed in a large dishpan of water to soak overnight. *They are not crumbled while dry,* as for gravies. The cook cleavered them into fine pieces and started boiling the jerky in the same water in which the slabs had been soaked.

In the big pot of slow boiling water, goes the usual potatoes, onions, carrots and sometimes turnips. But plenty of onions sliced fine, maybe a few mashed garlic cloves and, of course, salt and pepper.

When the jerky in the other pot has boiled down, it and the liquid, which is retained for the taste, is poured into the main pot. Three hours later, the stew is ready to eat.

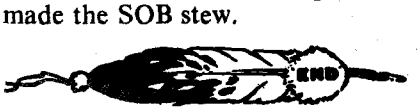
As the old cowboys used to say, "It isn't that what goes into the SOB stew but how it comes out afterwards!"



From the author's photo collection

Indian girl grinding cornmeal for the tribal kind of stew.

Reference Sources: My own file on SOB stew; cowcamp cooking. *Cowboy Lingo* by Ramon F. Adams. Boston, Mass., 1936. *Western Words* by Ramon F. Adams. Norman, Oklahoma, 1968. Statement of Henry (Heine) Maney, Bear Paw Mountains cowboy, as to the SOB stew made there.
Statement of H. A. Nett, fifty years with the LF ranch in central Montana as to how his roundup cooks made the SOB stew.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOMEN'S LIB BEGAN IN THE WEST

By Doris Cerveri

Nevada Historical Society

Hannah Clapp came West in a covered wagon in the 1880's. She set up a co-educational school in Carson City when such schools were taboo. She bid and was awarded a contract to build an iron fence around the state capitol grounds to show that a woman could do man's work.

While more hullabaloo is being made about women's rights today than ever before, women's lib or a reasonable facsimile of it actually has been perpetuated for quite some time. Women, in many devious ways, have done a lot more than rock the cradle.

Women of the early 18th century didn't seem to mind long skirts; it is doubtful if they even thought about showing their legs. After all, even a well-turned ankle was hidden under voluminous skirts and numerous petticoats. Probably the one similarity of that by-gone generation with this one is women's long hair, although no one then had short hair. Hairdos were simple and severe, often piled on top of the head or worn in a prim little bun. Women with wispy, sparse hair wore "switches" or little poufs over each ear.

The majority of women were not educated; the feeling concurred by husbands, brothers, and other males was that if women acquired knowledge, they were apt to get rebellious "ideas". Their place was definitely in the home, and an educated female might develop all sorts of unreasonable ideas and hope for drastic changes.

In spite of being inhibited, some women did assert themselves. One woman with an abundance of intestinal fortitude was Nevada's first woman physician. Eliza Cook, a precocious 14-year-old, happened upon an old, home doctor book and from then on knew she wanted to be a doctor. Even today, most doctors frown upon females entering "their profession", but in the 1800's the very thought of a woman intruding was unthinkable.

Nevertheless, Miss Cook secured a degree from Stanford Medical School and then went further and took a post-graduate course at a medical college in New York. She returned to Genoa (Mormon Station) and practiced medicine throughout Carson Valley for over 40 years. As there were no telephones, no fast automobiles or other modern conveniences, she was often awakened in the middle of the night by a rider on horseback sent to seek her services.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Traveling in her buggy drawn by a fast horse, she was a familiar and welcome sight throughout the area.

In addition to her medical practice, Dr. Cook was a member of the Women's Suffrage Association and Women's Christian Temperance Union. She found time in her busy practice to circulate petitions, and she lectured extensively on both subjects.

Throughout her entire career she never ceased to protest against what she believed were injustices of our socio-economic system. She reportedly often made the comment that she probably made herself objectionable more than once in airing her strong views on many controversial subjects.

It is possible too, that she never married after reading the third chapter of Genesis, "thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." This she believed was very unjust, but when she protested to her mother, she was told that a husband's rule was right only when it was righteous. At any rate, Eliza was not about to be under a man's rule no matter what the circumstances.

The route for the Overland Mail stages, the Pony Express, and the Overland Telegraph Line made Genoa and Carson Valley two important centers of activity. For this reason, Dr. Cook was kept busy attending to people with their many aches and pains. Long hours and hard work evidently agreed with her as she lived to be 96. On the day she died she complained only of feeling tired.

There is probably no one living today who remembers Miss Hannah Keziah Clapp, but in her day she was quite a woman. She came West by covered wagon in the late 1850's and settled in Carson City. History records that while passing through Indian country, she so interested a chief of one of the Plains Indian tribes that he offered a valuable band of ponies to the wagon-train leader in exchange for her. The tale doesn't specify what she did that was so intriguing but the chief became quite enamored of her — possibly one of those cases of love at first sight. Of course, the offer was refused and the wagon train continued to its destination without incident.

One might say that while Hannah lived in Carson City she suffered the same labor pains as any one else in the development of the raw, new community. In fact, she caused eyebrows to raise and more than a little consternation when she and Miss Ella Babcock opened the Sierra Seminary, a private school for young gentlemen and young ladies. Co-education at that time was unheard of and definitely not in the best interests of a generation that seemed to have different and more radical ideas than their elders. This didn't bother Hannah one whit; she kept right on, and from all accounts her school was a success. She taught in Carson City for about 25 years.

Photo by John Cerveri

Dr. Eliza Cook's residence a few miles from Genoa, Nevada.

In 1875 Nevada legislators appropriated money to have an iron fence erected around the new, state capitol building with gates set in a stone foundation. Hannah put in a bid after carefully figuring the cost of the iron to be $5500 plus $950 in freight charges from Philadelphia. More tongues wagged, no doubt, when she was awarded the contract as the lowest bidder. She probably contracted for the fence just to show that a woman could be a successful contractor as well as a man. Actual assembling of the fence was done by a man, however, A. B. Ravenelle, a contractor, with the help of one laborer.

A couple of years ago an interesting discovery was made in connection with this same fence. One corner of the iron work had to be repaired, and in taking apart one of the hollow posts a Civil War saber was discovered in it. Hannah never married; perhaps her lover (if she had one) lost his life in the war and she placed his sword in the fence as a memorial. Whether this romantic supposition is true or not will probably never be known.

When the University of Nevada was moved from Elko to Reno, opening in September 1887, Hannah was appointed as one of its first faculty members. She was in charge of classwork in history and also had the impressive title of Preceptress and Librarian from 1893-94. As Preceptress she controlled the destinies of young ladies in the dormitories.

In her spare time she was a suffrage leader in Reno and always an outspoken leader for women's rights.

Law and order has always been left up to the men, but according to the law of averges there is always an exception. In recent years the exception has proved that another woman had the audacity to enter a man's field.

A petite, attractive woman with soft, iron-gray hair has done plenty of pistol packing in her day. Chalice Dales, Nevada's first woman deputy U.S. Marshal, never fired her pistol, though, while serving in her unique position as a peace officer. She did, however, carry out numerous dangerous assignments. Accompanied by a guard, she made

Nevada Historical Society

Dr. Eliza Cook received a degree from Stanford Medical School and furthered her studies at a medical college in New York. She practiced medicine in Genoa and the Carson Valley of Nevada for over 40 years.

field trips to adjacent states where she served hundreds of warrants, made many arrests and brought back scores of prisoners to stand trial.

When she accepted employment with the Federal Government in 1923, it was on a "temporary basis" which surprisingly extended over three decades. Serving under nine marshals and four federal judges, Chalice became well acquainted with all aspects of the law, first-hand.

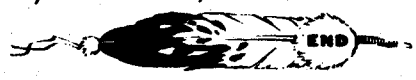
There were times when she attended court and acted as bailiff if the jury was composed entirely of women.

Besides these three there were, no doubt, many other women who rebelled against routine, mundane living and in doing so, left their mark on history.

Today when it's difficult sometimes to distinguish men from women, there surely will come a time when there will be no definite distinction as to a "man's job", or will there?

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Contemporary newspapers including the *Carson City Appeal* and the *Reno Evening Gazette*. *History of Nevada*, by Thompson & West; *History of the University of Nevada* by Doten.

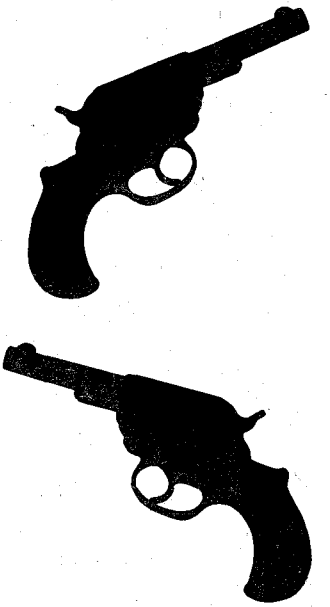


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BULLET SWAPOUT

When the Dalton Gang was riding high in the Oklahoma Territory, Charley Bryant was always on hand for the daring deeds of this outlaw band. His finish was one of the most spectacular events in the history of the west.

Courtesy Zoe Tilghman



Bill Tilghman spent a lot of time chasing the Dalton gang and Charley Bryant when he was a deputy U.S. Marshal. Photo above was taken when he was chief of police of Oklahoma City.

Swaggering, Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Short took his handcuffed prisoner into the baggage and mail car, shoving him down into a chair. Turning to the mail clerk, he laid his sixgun on the top of a box near where he worked.

"Watch this guy, Bill," he said, "He's Charley Bryant, but his claws have been pulled. I got some looking around to do." Carrying a carbine rifle, he disappeared through the car door.

Bryant's eyes smouldered behind almost closed lids. When Short put the steel manacles on him after promising not to, he told him, "For breaking your word I'll kill you, you son of a—!"

Short had laughed in his face.

The mail clerk glanced curiously at the prisoner who appeared to be asleep already. He turned back to stuffing mail into the route pigeonholes.

Suddenly Bryant was on his feet, sleepy no longer. In one leap he was across the car floor and secured the six-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN OKLAHOMA

By Maurice Kildare

gun in both hands. A diabolical grin of triumph marked his mouth. Short was as good as dead right at that moment.

"Lie down there and stay put," he ordered, "For lying, Short is going to die. He's got it coming but you ain't, so no harm will come to you."

The mail clerk did as ordered, watching Bryant from the corner of his eye. Holding the gun in his manacled hands, Bryant moved to the car end door, positioning himself there to wait for Short.

Thus the stage was set for a bullet-swapping shootout that started the blase gun-packing west. The unusual episode has been argued about for years since.

It would never have happened had experienced and knowing U.S. Marshals like William Grimes, Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas or Cris Madsen been in charge of the always dangerous Bryant. These marshals would have taken no chances as did the young and bragging Ed Short.

Due to a bullet scar on the left cheek, Bryant was also called "Blackface" Charley. In a gunfight with another cowboy the enemy's gun was held close to his face when fired. As the bullet cut a minor gash across his cheek, black powder embedded in the flesh, leaving splotches.

Born and raised in Wise County, Texas, Bryant took to the hootowl trail before he was twenty-one. With early criminal experiences he became a crack shot with rifle and sixgun out of necessity. It was claimed that he could race by a fence post fifty yards off and plug it three times, nary a miss with either firearm.

Drifting into New Mexico from Texas, he ran for a time with a gang of border livestock thieves. Then he helped rob a train not far from Silver City, and for an encore he robbed a couple of stages coming out of White Oaks.

Evading lawmen in southern New Mexico, he sought refuge in Oklahoma Territory by working as a cowboy, where he soon joined the Dalton gang. Although participating in a number of robberies with them, the fact could not be proved.

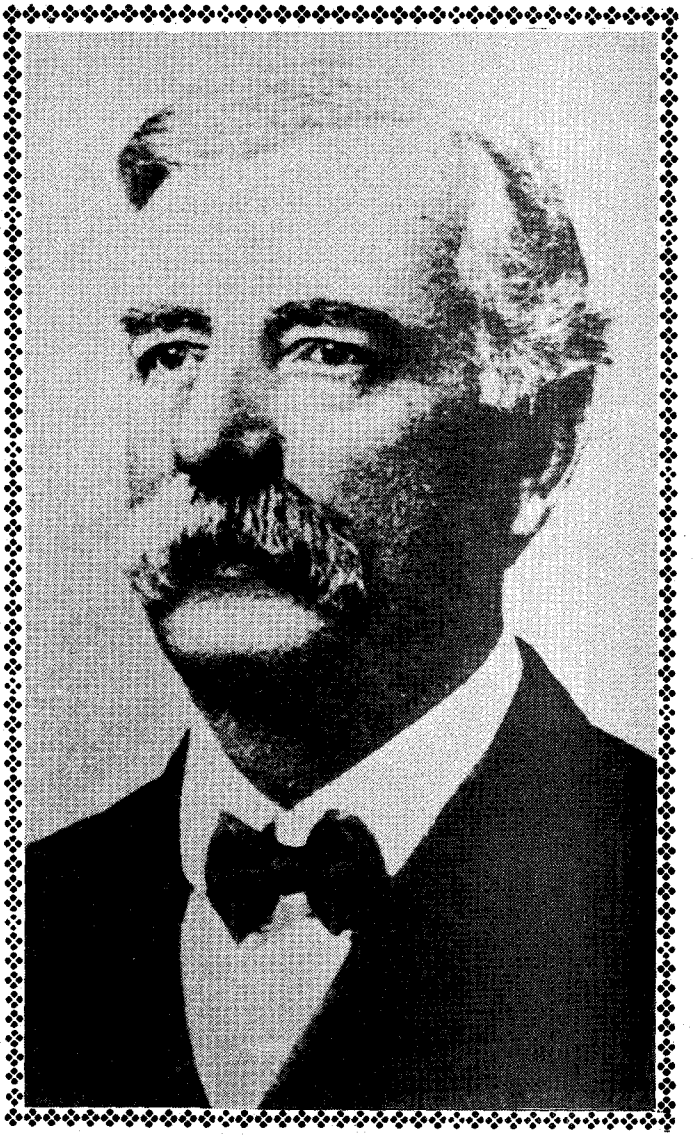
Pursued by a posse from the scene of a robbery, Grat Dalton was captured and jailed for a brief time. Emmett and Bob escaped to California. On release Grat joined them there. Staying with their brother Bill who already resided in California, the brothers were soon in trouble with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This was no difficult feat, for the Southern Pacific persecuted everybody not paying homage to them.

They were accused of robbing Train No. 17 the night of February 6, 1891. A Tulare County grand jury indicted Bob, Emmett, William (Bill), and Gratton Dalton. Bill and Grat, on the former's farm, were quickly arrested and jailed.

Their whereabouts unknown, a reward of $1,500 was offered by the gregarious Southern Pacific for the arrest of Bob and Emmett. No officer or Southern Pacific agent ever sighted them. They rode to Ludlow, far south on the desert to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. Selling their horses and saddles, they took a train to their mother's home in the Cherokee Outlet.

Grat was tentatively identified by trainmen but placed

From the author's collection



U.S. Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas. Bob Dalton prevented Charley Bryant from killing him.

at the engine when other robbers fatally wounded fireman G.W. Ratcliff. He had been taken to the express car after the train stopped at Alila Canyon. Bill produced many alibi witnesses that he was nowhere near the holdup scene and was released. Convicted, Grat was sentenced to twenty years in San Quentin prison for complicity in the train robbery.

Two deputy sheriffs started with him for the penitentiary in April. Grat was ironed and tied to one of them. Between Fresno and Berenda that deputy dozed sleepily while the other one went to the smoker in the day coach.

Watching the landscape flitting by the car window, Grat suddenly stood up. The manacles on his wrists fell off as though by magic. In the bat of an eye he took a headlong dive through the car window, splintering and breaking out the glass. Before the deputy to whom he had been tied could stir himself, Grat disappeared into the deep waters of a stream flowing under a railroad bridge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The train was halted and a half-hearted pursuit was made. It ended on the bank of the stream where the hoof marks of two horses were found. Someone had been waiting there for his escape. The two had ridden away in a hard run.

Grat soon joined Emmett and Bob in Oklahoma. Bob, barely of age, packed the brains and became the nominal leader of the Dalton gang which was quickly formed.

On May 9, 1891 the gang struck a Santa Fe express sixty miles below the Kansas border, in the Cherokee Outlet at Wharton (Perry, Oklahoma). It was a dashing and bold robbery in the best glamorous traditions of the outlaw west, and murder was done needlessly.

The train was first halted short of the station and boarded. The messenger in the express car looked out a small dingy window, trying to ascertain the cause for the halt. He spotted the dim figures of masked men boarding the train. When it began moving again, he opened the locked safe. Most of the packages of money and valuables were hidden in the cold potbellied stove.

The train stopped again, and the fireman was taken back by the robbers to uncouple the express car from the rest of the train. This was the distinctive *modus operandi* of the Dalton gang, later copied by lesser outlaws.

While passing the station at slow speed, the agent was seen in the lighted telegraph room tapping out a message. Undoubtedly it was a warning that a robbery was in progress.

One of the robbers made a quick sixgun shot and killed him with a bullet in the head through the glass window. This deed was, under any circumstances, a difficult shot. It was afterwards claimed that Bryant, the topnotch marksman in the gang, did the shooting. But the fact was never proved.

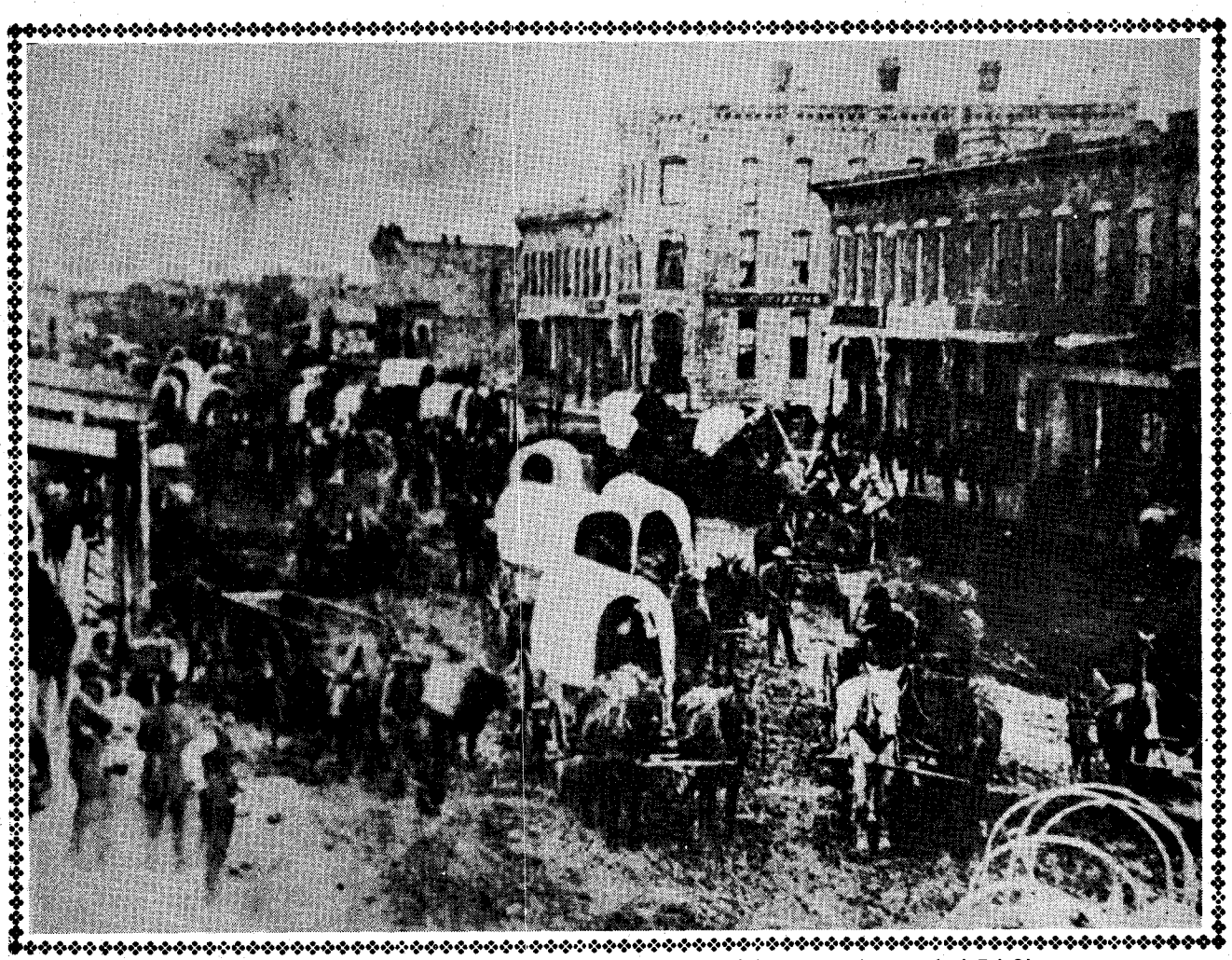
After the engine and express car halted, the messenger made some resistance to demands enforced on the fireman by the outlaws. Finally he complied. The outlaws piled into the express car, and on orders to open the safe he did so. What the robbers found was a mass of unimportant papers which had been substituted for the valuables the nervy messenger had removed.

He claimed there was nothing of monetary value aboard the train. But the gang succeeded in finding $500 in silver and gold which the messenger had not been able to hide securely. Bitterly disappointed and cursing, the robbers left the train and fled.

During the hectic manhunt no one admitted seeing the Daltons anywhere. But they continued pulling robberies far apart with disconcerting regularity. To accomplish that required fresh, fast horses, and they stole them from ranches and farms along the routes.

Ten fine horses were taken from farmers on Beaver Creek near Orlando. The outlaws were seen riding off with them. A posse of farmers quickly formed under the leadership of W.T. Starmer. In hot pursuit they came upon the gang in the creek timber near Twin Mounds in Payne County.

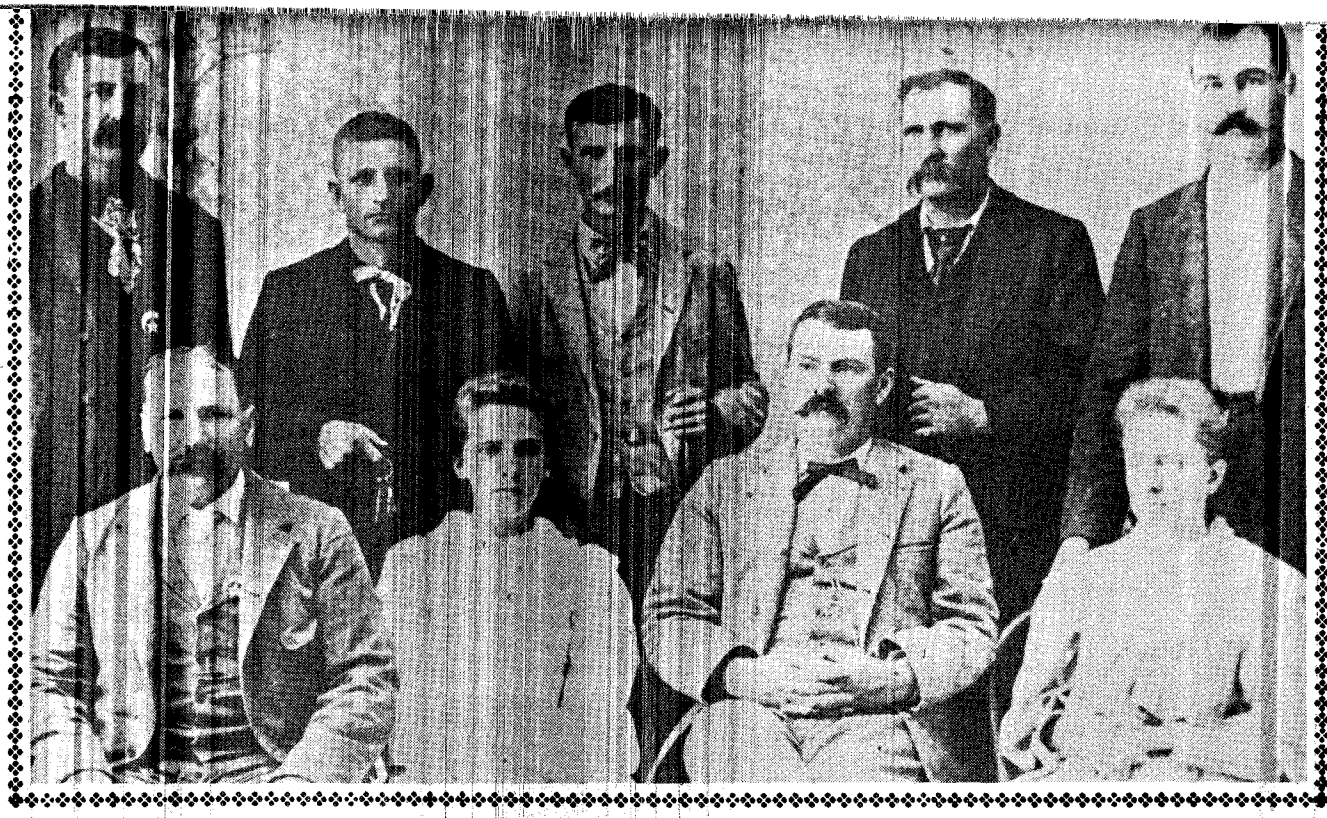
The posse had also been discovered early in the pursuit. The gang dismounted when the neared, rushed a few hundred yards back on



From the author's collection

Caldwell, Kansas where the bodies of Charley Bryant and Deputy U.S. Marshal Ed Short were removed from the train.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the author's collection

U.S. Marshal William Grimes, second from right, with some of his deputy marshals and his office clerks.

the trail and concealed themselves in windfalls and brush. As the posse thundered into the timber at a high run, they were fired into.

Driven back, they dismounted, collected and charged afoot, trying to keep behind trees and brush for protection. This method of avoiding direct aim did not prove too effective. So fast and furious was the outlaw fire on them that they were driven off with several wounded.

Argument broke out in the posse whether or not they should retreat or charge again. When the leader was sought to decide the question, Starmer was not with them. A search was made and his body was found in the brush facing the outlaws' position. He had been killed during the unorganized charge.

By that time the Daltons, correctly surmising from experience what an impromptu posse would do pulled out. They were on their way into hiding.

A few days later, the big posse led by Deputy U.S. Marshall Heck Thomas almost met the same fate. In fact, Bob Dalton saved Thomas from being killed. The marshal probably did not learn about the incident until many months later.

Thomas was close on the outlaws hell-bent for a hideout on the South Canadian. Discovering that the posses gained steadily on them and that they would never make it unperceived, the gang halted in the timber and dismounted. Bob Dalton strung most of the others out along the trail. The posse was expected to ride straight into a deadly, bullet-ridden ambush. On entering the dense timber through which the trail had been cut, Thomas grew cagey. Slowing, he reconnoitered suspiciously and then halted the posse. Dismounting, he advanced on foot very warily, six-gun in hand ready to fire in the bat of an eye. Not liking the situation at all, for instinct warned him of danger, he turned about and retreated.

All the while, Thomas was plainly visible to the outlaws. Bob ordered them not to shoot the brave officer unless he came past a large oak tree marking the trailside. Limb trimmed high, it stood fifty feet beyond their forward position.

"Hell, I can drop him from right here," Bryant declared. Thomas was then a hundred and fifty feet down the trail.

"No you don't" Bob retorted, "We're not going to kill Thomas unless it becomes necessary. He's a mighty good man. But if he comes past that tree, you can have the first shot."

"Reckon one will be enough," Bryant snickered.

The cautious Thomas went back, to the posse, much to the Daltons relief. A big fight with experienced possemen in their worn down condition was something they didn't need. When the posse departed, the outlaws remounted and went on to their hideout to rest up while planning the next robbery.

The large, robust Ed Short, a tow-headed young man, was stationed at Hennessey on the edge of outlaw country. After coming west from Indiana, he wangled the job as town marshal of Woodsdale, Kansas.

It was there in 1886-1887 he took part in the Stevens County war. The contention was an argument whether or not Woodsdale or Hugoton should rightly be the county seat. Several men were killed in the fighting, which amounted to a bloody feud. The state militia had to be sent to restore order. He went on to hoodlum-ridden Caldwell, and after enforcing the law there he was considered a brave and efficient officer.

Because of being a crack shot and fearless, he was tendered a job as a deputy U.S. marshal. Almost at once he was discovered to possess one bad fault. Short was "too big for his britches". Older officers cautioned him and worried about him.

Marshal Grimes sent him to Hennessey to watch and see what he could learn from the local people. The Dalton families lived not far away, and the outlaw sons often appeared in the town but never remained long. It might be that they would make a careless mistake.

In addition to the Daltons, Bryant's sister, Daisy, who was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divorcee, was Bob's mistress. Buying her a ranch near Hennessey, he visited her there when possible. A good horsewoman, she also dashed anywhere in the territories to meet him. She was also suspected of carrying messages, ammunition and food to the gang. Yet she had never been caught at these pursuits. Arrested several times, she had to be released because of lacking evidence.

Short rode across the country to Guthrie on August 1, 1891. No sooner did he enter the marshal's office than Grimes handed him a telegram. At the same time he asked, "How did you miss this?"

The message was from an undercover spy for the law. It stated that a man answering Bryant's description was under a doctor's care at the Hennessey Rhodes Hotel managed by an old cowman, Ben Thorne.

Swearing, Short replied, "I'll go right back there and take him!"

"There is no warrant for him and he has never been indicted by a grand jury," Grimes reminded, "We know he is a long-time outlaw but that would be difficult to prove in court. We have no evidence that he killed the agent-telegrapher at Wharton although *we* are certain that he did. But he is needed for questioning."

"He's as good as in jail," Short answered confidently, "Leave bringing him in to me."

"Ed, a word of caution. There is no other living man who can draw as fast and shoot straighter than Blackface Charley Bryant."

"Who says he's faster than me? Besides," he added quickly as Grimes began frowning uncertainly, "sick like he's supposed to be, he should be slowed up a mite!"

"All I can tell you is, be mighty careful with him. He'll kill you if given the slightest opportunity."

Riding directly back to Hennessey, Short made guarded inquiries. The sick man was still in Rhodes Hotel and certainly answered Bryant's description down to the black scar on his cheek.

Early on the morning of August 3, he went to Thorne who was somewhat crippled in the legs from riding too many mean broncos.

"Well, I guess he is Blackface Charley," he admitted, "But you better be mighty careful. He's got a rifle and sixgun on his bed all the time. My sister Jean, she looks after him and takes meals upstairs."

She stood in the room door, a buxom, pretty girl, while the two men talked. Short proposed that when she carried Bryant's breakfast tray to him, he would follow and rush inside the room. It was necessary that she be identified and open the locked door.

The girl refused to have any part of the plan. She was not going to double-cross Blackface Charley.

"Now, look here!" Short began, a little angry with her refusal to cooperate, "This man is a bad outlaw. If a gunfight starts in here, someone could get killed. It's best to take him by a ruse if at all possible."

The girl remained obdurate. She was not going to aid him in the capture of Bryant. However during the arguing back and forth Short learned a little more from the Thornes. Bryant had gone to his sister's ranch from the gang hideout, where he was taken down with a shaking fever. Burning up, he was hauled in a wagon to town and placed in the hotel room. The attending country doctor said that he could not be moved.

There ensued a very much disputed account as to how Short captured Bryant. One version claims that he sneaked upstairs barefooted and hid until Jean Thorne arrived with a tray of food and unlocked the door. He then shoved her out of the way and leaped into the room behind drawn sixgun.

The popularly believed story in Oklahoma is that while barefooted, Short slipped noiselessly up the narrow stairway in the frame building.

Reaching the door, he rapped loudly, calling, "Charley, this is Ed Short. You might as well give up. We're coming in!"

"Come right ahead," Bryant's weak voice replied, "I'll be waiting for you."

Hesitating, Short said in a wheedling voice, "Charley, you're in a bad fix with the shakes. Better give up and get some good medical attention. Maybe you won't last long this way."

"I got to die sometime."

While Short continued his persuasive talk, Bryant did considerable thinking. In the first place, he was sure that alibi witnesses could prove he was not at Wharton when the Santa Fe train was robbed and the agent killed even if the railroad company had placed a $1,000 reward on his head.

Indeed, there was practically nothing the law could prove on him. But he did need expert medical attention. While in jail he could recover and come clear at the jury trial. In any event, he felt certain that the Daltons could easily effect a rescue. Much of this he told the Thornes that same day.

Making up his mind, Bryant called, "I'll give up if you'll make me a promise."

"That remains to be seen," Short replied warily, "What?"

"Don't handcuff me."

Hiding a laugh, Short replied, "That's okay with me provided you keep your word not to act up."

"I won't give you no trouble at all."

"It's a deal. Open the door."

"I can't even move," Bryant answered, "Besides, the door ain't locked nohow."

It wasn't. Turning the knob, Short looked inside an instant before drawing his gun. Bryant lay on the shuck mattress of a narrow bed, gaunt, very weak and his face looking like that of a cadaver. Only a sixgun lay beside him. The rifle leaned against the edge of the bedstead. Making across the floor fast, Short seized the firearms.

The Thornes and three men hurried upstairs on his call. Obviously Bryant was in a very bad way. A fit of fever-shakes seized him suddenly. Short sent a man for the doctor.

Satisfied that Bryant could not get away and would be there to take to jail, he descended the stairs and hurried downtown. A message was sent to Grimes, announcing Bryant's arrest. Unable to resist preening his feathers over the capture of the outlaw, he delayed his return to the hotel.

Finally he did go back, checked on Bryant and went to the dining room to eat a delayed breakfast. Before he finished, a message arrived from Grimes.

What Short in his triumph had not realized was that transporting Bryant to jail posed a problem. There wasn't one in Hennessey. Although Guthrie was not far away overland, there would be several opportunities for the Daltons to effect a rescue. By train he would have to go first to Enid and then to Guthrie. The risks were great of losing Bryant.

Understanding all this, Grimes ordered Short to take the prisoner to jail in Wichita, Kansas. He was to do so immediately before the news

(continued on page 79)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOURNEY TO NEBRASKA

By Estelle C. Laughlin

It was almost 100 years ago that the Central Pacific, coming from the west, and the Union Pacific, coming from the east met at Promontory Point, Utah, and the two were united by the driving of the golden spike. The exact date was May 10, 1869.

A trip by train in those days had no resemblance to the modern air journey which is merely a lapse of time-space. The old train trip held the opportunity to see many kinds of places and people, much as a pilgrimage of old might have done. The passengers became chummy, exchanged addresses and for years exchanged messages.

Something of the same communal atmosphere remains in the Dome Lounge of the Union Pacific today, but it has disappeared completely from many lines, as passenger service is on the wane. Even cattlemen have private planes now, and only cattle travel by railroad.

A few years ago, the last passenger train was taken off the section of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad serving the town of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, with a population of 20,000. The neighboring town of Chadron, with a State Teachers College located there, lost its passenger service even earlier.

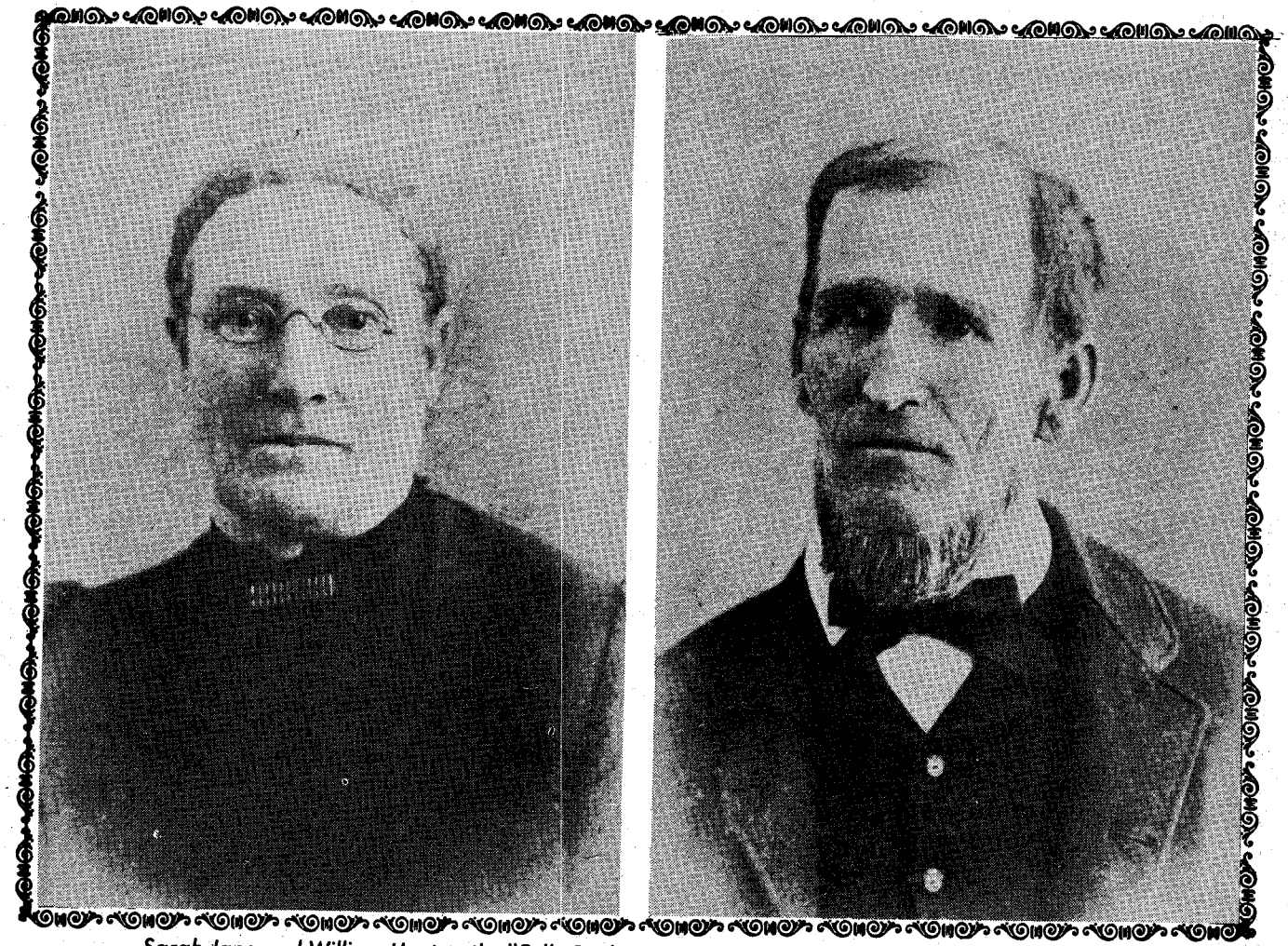
We hear every day of passenger service being discontinued somewhere in the United States. This may not cause any great inconvenience today, but it would have been a tragedy to families during the westward settlement era, when husbands went ahead by covered wagon to find a location, file on a homestead, build a shelter and then send for the family to come out by train.

Flora Luse Hunter and her two-

Flora Luse Hunter and Carlysle Hunter on their wedding day at Atlantic, Pennsylvania in 1876.

Photos furnished by the author

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sarah Jane and William Hunter, the "Folks Back Home" to whom Flora Luse Hunter wrote her interesting letters of pioneer life on the Nebraska plains.

year-old daughter, Berna, were among those who followed husband and father to the western frontier in 1879. Flora Luse had been a schoolteacher near Atlantic, Pennsylvania until her marriage to Joseph Carlysle Hunter in 1876. She also was a letter writer and instilled this love for written communication in her children, and they in turn to their grandchildren.

Her courage was proven when she elected to make the long, tedious trip by steam cars to Kearney, Nebraska although she was in "a delicate condition". Her husband, Carlysle Hunter, had been an employee of a cheese factory at Atlantic, Pennsylvania, but there was in him the urge to go west and secure "free land".

He joined some other landseekers making the trip to Nebraska by covered wagon. He found a piece of land near the hamlet of Gates, Nebraska, not far from famous Cedar Canyon, and about 20 miles north and west of the future county seat town of Broken Bow, in Custer County, Nebraska, and about 50 miles north of Ft. Kearney on the Union Pacific railroad.

In 1967, when the Nebraska Centennial was being celebrated, many items of pioneer life came to light. This writer found a package of yellowed envelopes containing letters written by her grandmother, Flora Luse Hunter, to her family in Pennsylvania following her arrival in Nebraska after the long train trip in the summer of 1879.

Each envelope bore the address "Mrs. E.B. Luse, Atlantic P.O., Crawford County, Pa." The early ones bore a green, 3¢-stamp with George Washington's profile upon them; while later ones in the 1890's and early part of this century bore 2¢-stamps with Washington's profile on them.

Did our Government at one time actually lower the postage rate? These old envelopes bear a hand stamp postmark "New Helena, Neb." These letters are a testimonial of a lonely woman's courage when she faced pioneer hardships that tried her soul.

There was the devastating disappointment of crops hailed out by a storm upon her arrival in this vast, raw, new country; near starvation the first winter of 1879-80 with two little girls crying for more food; mountain lions coming up to drink out of the tub of water near the house each night; wolves, called "Swifts", stealing the precious chickens and pigs; rattlesnakes crawling into the sod house; the diligent care of her two children during a diptheria epidemic, but through her efforts they were saved when 200 children died in Nebraska during this scourge; hungry Indians begging for food and her sharing the remnant of food she had with them; staying alone for weeks while her husband sought work and sometimes found it.

Each letter, poignant with homesickness bore the same salutation "DEAR FOLKS BACK HOME." As the years passed, there were some bright threads in the tapestry of homesteading life. There were dances, neighborhood visits, literary society meetings, basket suppers, camp meetings and the joy of teaching her little children the three R's and songs at a time when there was no school within 40 miles. There was also the joy of receiving a letter from "The Dear Folks Back Home".

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her cousin, George Stephenson, had accompanied her as far as Chicago and helped her change cars. Her first letter was preserved by her sister, Allie, who lived with their parents near Atlantic, Pa. It told of her journey by steam cars with her precious Berna to her new home in Nebraska.

"Ft. Kearney, Nebraska,
July 4, 1879

Dear Folks Back Home:

We reached Kearney which is about 100 miles from Lysle's homestead. We will have to wait here for a day or two until he arrives. It will cost me $4.00 for board and room, but will give me a chance to get rested up. Lysle is coming in the covered wagon as he is taking freight to the neighbors. Berna keeps asking 'When will Pappa come?'

She stood the trip well and is chipper as a sparrow. It was some worry about how to manage when I reached here, since George had helped me at each change before, but there was a darkey here with a hack, and he made arrangements for a drayman to bring my three trunks to the hotel and this cost me 60¢. George had arranged for their shipment at Chicago and transfer at Omaha, Nebraska and they cost $1.95 so they were overweight.

You told me to be sure and write how it looks here in Nebraska. It is vastly different from back home as there are so few trees, and the land is not level, as there are some great hills and bluffs, and in other parts it is rolling plains.

The trip on the steam cars was really wonderful as we rode through beautiful towns and country. The first evening on the train Berna took a nap and wakened and cried for 'Lally' and I had a hard time getting her to hush. Allie, it is going to be hard on her to be separated from you and Pap and Mama, as you have all made such a pet of her. I know Mama is going to miss her terribly, just as she will miss you all.

Coz. George Stephenson was a real help to me. We changed at Mansfield (Ohio) after night, and then at Chicago. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway is said to be the shortest route between Chicago and Omaha. This is the only railroad on which the luxury of pullman cars can be enjoyed between the two cities, so George told me. We managed very well with the good goose feather pillows you sent with us. I put Berna to sleep on one of the seats, and rested my head on the other and slept fitfully.

15-month-old Berna Hunter who made the trip to Gates, Nebraska with her mother in 1879.

Since George has been employed by this railroad he told me many interesting things. He told about the famous editor Frank Leslie and his party making the trip west this last spring in great luxury. George says the Pullman trains have made great convenience for travellers. Remember reading about Louis Godey the publisher of Godey's Lady's Book and the famous trip west he made?

On his return he urged railroads to put on a car where people might eat, so they wouldn't have to waste time stopping at stations to eat. He also urged them to have sleeping cars, and then George Pullman invented the sleeping car. They are too expensive for poor folks like us, but it would surely be a boon to a person when having to travel when not well.

George told me the wheels are made of paper and tested by hydraulic pressure and then surrounded by a flange of steel, and are stronger than wood or iron. Imagine that! He also told about the huge storehouse in Chicago where all kinds of provisions are stored to supply the kitchen and dining cars.

The Conductor is responsible for the stock of goods and has to give a receipt for it, and then a return inventory when he finishes his trip. George worked in that department and knew all about it. Most of the foods are stored beneath the car in closets, but the meat and milk, etc. are stored in ice closets throughout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flora E. Hunter, daughter of Flora Luse Hunter, who grew up in the sod house built by her father at Gates, Nebraska.

the entire trip.

George made arrangements so I might go with him into the dining car and kitchen car and see how convenient everything is. I wish I might have a kitchen as compact. Every kitchen utensil, knife, fork and ladle are kept in place on the wall. There are two large tanks suspended from the roof for water. When stopping at a town a hose is inserted and the tanks are refilled.

The cooks are Negroes. The Negro porter was very kind to Berna. George also had the porter show me how they store the sheets and pillowcases to make up the berths at night, and also the table linen which is snowy white. Another way they saved steps was for one of the Negroes to be stationed in the pantry, adjoining the kitchen, and the dishes of food were handed him by the cook through a small window and then he passed them on to another porter so they were still piping hot when they reached the table.

The china was nice too. George enjoyed the lunch you put up for us, and it lasted until after we left Chicago. George insisted that Berna and I eat with him in the diner the last day he was with us before we reached Omaha. It was quite an experience for me, being unused to train travel. Just wonderful to sit there and be served with fine silver and china I didn't have to wash and to be served a good meal I didn't have to cook ... and all the time travelling along through the country at 20 miles per hour.

Oh, Mama and Pa I wish you could enjoy such a trip as this and maybe you can when we get settled and make our fortune. There is lots of time for you Allie, but I do hope you can come out next year and visit us for I don't know how we will stand the loneliness all these months. Saw some strange looking mounds in Illinois that the Indians made long ago, George said. Beautiful crops and grain, and fine herds of cattle. Berna is sleeping so I am free to write.

Naturally I kept looking for Indians but haven't seen any even in Nebraska. A woman on the train was telling me she is going to western Nebraska to Camp Robinson where her husband is stationed. She said he wrote her a whole bunch of the Soo Indians and their Chief Spotted Tail had surrendered to Gen. Crook at Spotted Tail Agency sometime ago, and that many of the guns they surrendered had been picked up after the Custer Massacre.

Makes a person's blood run cold to think of the dreadful brutes being so near. Lysle says there haven't been any around New Helena for over a year and that most of them are now on reservations for safe keeping. He tells me they built a fort on a man's land not far from New Helena, so there will be at least that much protection.

One thing that was gratifying was to find how smoothly the train ran, as I had dreaded the bumps in my condition. We had time at Chicago depot to walk about. Berna was surely happy to be able to use her legs and I was glad George could run after her.

My, how I wish I could tell you all the sights we saw in places I had only heard about before. Saw the Windmill factory at Batavia as we were pulling out of the station. I wish Lysle had been content to stay at the cheese factory or found work in some eastern city. This idea of Free Land intrigues all men I guess as there were three families on the train going to Omaha to outfit and go on to take land.

They must have funds to draw on. If Lysle had only been willing to wait another year, we would have been in better financial condition. He said all the good land would be gone. He may be right. So many people leaving their homes and taking everything to new country. We passed through the country where Lincoln took part in the Black Hawk War. Cedar Rapid, Iowa was a beautiful place. I would like to have lived there.

Berna enjoyed looking out at the great Mississippi River where we saw many boats, as we crossed the bridge at Clinton, Iowa. It was the second bridge built across the Miss. and is over 4000 ft. long. It seemed heartless to me that some of the men passengers shot at the ducks that were there when they couldn't retrieve them.

George said they were too far to hit anything. There are great bluffs rising from the Mississippi River at Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was so named because the various Indian tribes would meet there for a big Council. A lady told me about the Mormon people having a settlement near there but were driven out and went west to Utah under the leadership of Brigham Young, who believed men should have several wives. I don't know how any self respecting woman could stomach such an arrangement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There were many railroads converging at Council Bluffs and when we reached Omaha we changed to the Union Pacific depot. This made the third change since leaving Meadville and would have been impossible for me to manage Berna. George carried her to the train and put us on and wished us Godspeed, and then took another train to Blissfield, Michigan.

He is making big plans for joining some singing Evangelists in Chicago when he returns from his visit with his folks. He met Mr. Sankey in Pennsylvania, and will have an interview and try out with Mr. Moodey when he returns to Chicago. It will surely be a pleasure to any congregation to hear George sing. One day when travelling through Illinois he urged the people to sing and it sounded fine.

There were a couple of other men with very good voices, and one woman had a fine soprano voice. The Conductor came in and smiled and joined them. They sang hymns mostly but also sang some humorous songs and of course, Polly Wolly Doodle, and Yankee Doodle. Berna would nod her head and sing 'la la' trying to join them. My, how I wish I had an organ so I could teach her to sing and play when she is a little older. She has a real bent for music.

Omaha was a prosperous looking place with big buildings but a woman who got on there, and shared our seat, told me they had suffered some hard times the last two years. She told me about George Francis Train arriving there one time and not being able to find accommodations said, 'You mean to tell me there's no room in this town? Well, by George I'll build me a hotel.' He meant business and had one built in a short time and it is a fine place.

If you ever saw a motley crew it was at the Emigrant House by the depot. George said it would be interesting to walk in there. Men wore big boots, and coats that looked as though they had been made out of rugs, all with beards, and women with shawls over their heads and old-fashioned black dresses, and the children were all bundled up.

Their wordly goods were in huge bags wrapped about with ropes, and whole families were sitting on these. Women nursed their babies, not caring enough to even cover themselves with a handkerchief. On the wall were many baskets hanging on nails with a sign saying 'Lunch Baskets filled for 25¢' There were coffee pots and kettles hanging from nails and from a deer head antlers, with blankets and shovels for sale.

George explained that these people were going into the mining area of western South Dakota. George bought some sandwiches for us to take on the train at this place and they were very good. Some of the people boarded the same train we did, as they were going to Cheyenne, Wyo. and then travel overland to the gold diggins.

They were Germans and Irish. This Emigrant House, which I thought was the depot at first, is provided by the Union Pacific railroad for emigrants who can't afford high priced hotels. I never saw such a conglomeration. It made me glad to think I had a home to go to, however humble it may be, while these people were depending on fickle fortune.

A man who shared the seat with us for several stations told about the fine farmland along the Platte River, but said it was taken years ago. He said there were still large tracts of land open for settlement under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws farther west. This man said it was not difficult to reach water in the area along the Platte.

They put down what they call a Drive Well, pa. They take an iron tube perforated with many fine holes and shod at the end with a very sharp, conical point. This is driven to a depth of about 15 or 16 feet, according to the elevation above the low water mark in the river. An ordinary pump is then attached to the upper end and they strike water.

It seems that the Union Pacific wants colonies of people rather than single settlers. The company sells for cash at a discount of ten per cent on its published prices, but to colonists and settlers they grant a credit of ten years at six per cent. It works out that the total payments and interest on 80 acres of land at $5 per acre is $529. So a man pays $52.90 a year for rent for 10 years, and at the end of that time if he manages to stay on the land, it is his with an increase in value.

I do wish Lysle had settled somewhere in this area. The man said a man gets vegetables for his family and some corn and fodder for his livestock the first year. They can sell some butter and eggs and have a pig to fry down and put in a barrel ... but to do this they have to start with about $800. They manage to get along the first year with a sod house made of slabs of the sod they plough up from the prairie ground. Seems like it would be awful dirty. It means lots of hard work and sacrifice and I wouldn't mind that but I am awesome of Lysle's inexperience in farming and his lack of funds.

The railroad station at Omaha is different from some as it has a huge roof like structure over the tracks and trains. It hums with activity and I am surely glad George was there to help us aboard the train. Berna slept much better the last night. This has taken up much of the time hanging on my hands and will give you some idea of our trip west.

Goodbye until I write again from our new home, and do write often. A kiss from Berna. P.S. Lysle got here last evening. Berna didn't know what to do when she first saw him. She kept her face hid from him, and she would get to crying like everything, and then run and jump up into his arms and hide her face in his neck and sob and cry. She made right up with him and thinks everything of her Papa.

He played for a dance the first night on his trip down here, and so had his fiddle with him. Said he made $3.00 which helps. When Berna first heard him play his fiddle she was tickled to pieces. She danced like a clipper and her yellow curls bobbed up and down.

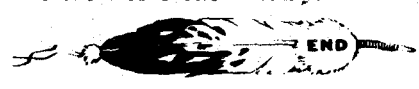
When he played Home Sweet Home, she stood beside him and sang 'la la' to it as long as he played. She had the right tune all the time. He has taught her already to sing 'My Grandfather's Clock.' It's a nice tune and she sings right along with the fiddle.

Allie do send Aunt Rosetta's address and I will write her. It will be some comfort to know we have a relative in this state.

Lysle is getting loaded up and we will start across the prairies for our new home in about an hour. He says it will take at least three days with the load. I dread it but it has to be faced, and I pray for the courage to face whatever is ahead.

Berna wants me to take her for a walk as she is tired of being cooped up in this room. I am too, for that matter. A big kiss to each from Berna.

From Flora, Lysle and Berna
To the Folks back Home."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FROZEN HEART

Rose Collection,
Univ. of Oklahoma Library

J. D. "Doc" Holliday. Doc won $3,000 at the Bee Hive in the Flat, but he lost it all when charmed back into a game with Lottie Deno, the beautiful dealer who was known as "The Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin".

During the settlement of the west, gamblers were in profusion. Of course the men were in the majority, but there were quite a few of the ladies who sought their fortunes in the games of chance. The most famous and widely known of this latter breed were petite, fair Poker Alice, who began her career in Lake City, Colorado and dark, flamboyant Madame Moustache, who started in the gambling halls of California. Texas, in her frontier days, also had her famous and mysterious lady gambler, but history has all but omitted her. She was Lottie Deno, glamorous, shapely with deep auburn hair, glowing black eyes and nerves of steel.

It was an evening in the late seventies that Lottie, dressed in the height of fashion, stepped down from the Jacksboro stage into the Flat in Texas, a rip-roaring town under the hill near the military garrison of Fort Griffin. Oblivious to the bold looks of masculine admiration and the low wolf whistles that sounded up and down the street, Lottie daintily made her way to a saloon and gambling hall known as the Bee Hive. Outside, on its drab adobe walls, was a painting of a bee hive with honey-making insects swarming through flowers. Under the picture was the following verse:

"Within this hive we are alive,
Good whiskey makes us funny
If you feel tired, come on inside
And taste the flavor of our honey."

At the door of the building the glamorous female did not hesitate but pushed through the swinging portals and walked directly to the bar. "Where can I find Mike Fogarty, please?" she asked of the bartender in a musical voice.

His eyes mirroring admiration for her charms, the barkeep answered, "Upstairs, ma'm, in the gambling rooms."

Gracefully the lady made her way up the steps to the second floor and asked a dealer to point out his boss.

"That would be Mike Fogarty, ma'm, and that's him over there at the far table."

The lady proceeded over to Fogarty and announced, "I'm Lottie Deno and I think you're expecting me."

Fogarty jumped to his feet. "Yes, ma'm, I shore am. Come into my office and we'll arrange matters."

They were in Fogarty's office for perhaps fifteen minutes and then they emerged. Lottie was minus her hat and suitcase. Fogarty led her to a faro table and said, "Gents, meet Miss Lottie Deno. I've just hired her as a dealer. Watch your steps, for the little lady is a wizard with the pasteboards or dice." Whistles, stomping, and yells of delight rent the air as Lottie calmly took her seat at the table, her pretty face not moving a muscle.

The masculine population of the Flat had ideas about the beautiful lady gambler the first few nights that she dealt in the Bee Hive, but to their pleas, compliments and sweet talk she turned a deaf ear, an impassive countenance. She made it quite plain that she was in the Flat for one purpose only: to make money for her boss and herself.

Besides being aloof, she was a lady of mystery, for about her past she volunteered nothing, absolutely nothing. Soon the males in the Flat pinned a sobriquet, The Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin, upon her, a name she carried so long as she remained in the Flat.

As Fogarty had warned, she was a sharp gambler and she made money for the Bee Hive. She established her home in a Clear Fork shanty and encouraged no visitors. Sometimes she ran private games in her shanty for the bigwigs of the town who did not wish to be seen gambling publicly.

Every inch a lady, Lottie neither drank, smoked or used profanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF FORT GRIFFIN

By Louise Cheney

Rumors about the mysterious beauty flew about like so many tumbleweeds in the wind, but Lottie neither denied nor affirmed them. Some said that she came from Kentucky and that her father, a gambler, had taught her the tricks of the trade. Some hinted that she had an invalid mother in the east and a younger sister in a finishing school.

In the Flat, Lottie saw life in the raw, violence and even murder, for the little settlement under the hill near Fort Griffin has been termed the wildest town in all of the west. It was riproaring, rambunctious, wild and wooly. The town's population at its peak numbered several thousand. It contained twenty saloons, six general stores, a half a dozen or more dance halls, and an indefinite number of gambling joints.

On the sidewalks there were always huge stacks of buffalo hides, for the Flat was the headquarters and the supply point for the hunters who swarmed from all over to annihilate the great herds of buffalo that ebonized the prairies in the vicinity. The great trail herds passed through the tough little town, and when they came, the drovers who drank and gambled for all they were worth also came. The soldiers had quite a time there also, as did the Tonks from the nearby reservation.

The Flat was also a town of characters, some of whom wrote their names indelibly across the face of the frontier. It was in the Flat that Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp became friends. It was there, too, that Doc met and became the boy friend of Big Nose Kate. John Selman, who killed John Wesley Hardin in El Paso years later, was a citizen of the Flat for a few years. In the Flat also lived the famous Moare brothers, the great buffalo hunters. Lottie knew them all.

Doc Holliday once sat in a game with Fogarty and won $3000. After the game ended, leaving the owner of the Bee Hive flat broke, Lottie sauntered up to the table and said, "If you're a real sport, Doc, you'll play with me and give me a chance to win my boss's money back."

Ever a gambler, Doc said, "I'm game. What's the limit?"

"Fifty dollars," responded Lottie as she shuffled the cards. They began to play and Doc's luck deserted him. Lottie soon had him stone-broke and Fogarty's money back.

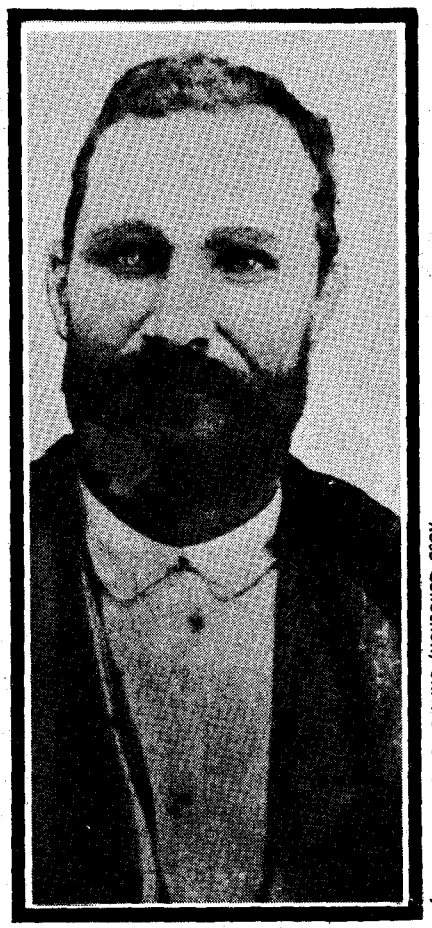
That Lottie had nerves of steel was demonstrated more than once. Came an instance in the Bee Hive when two men staged a shoot-out in the gambling room. Both hit their marks and both died then and there of lead poisoning. When it was over, Sheriff Bill Cruger was called and on his arrival found Lottie sitting calmly at her table and the place deserted. She was not in the least upset and was able to give the sheriff a clear story of the affair.

Lottie remained in the wild and wooly, little Texas town for two years, and then one night she failed to appear at the Bee Hive. Mike Fogarty was at a loss as to what had happened to her. The people of the Flat were also mystified as to her whereabouts. After several days, the sheriff broke into her shanty on the Clear Fork.

It was empty, and on the bedspread was pinned a note in Lottie's handwriting which read, "sell this outfit and give the money to someone in need of assistance." Rumor had that she had left on the night stage carrying a small horsehide trunk containing $30,000, her winnings in the Flat. The news filtered in from Jacksboro that she was dealing there. However, she did not remain there long, for again she disappeared.

Nothing was heard of the glamorous Lottie for years, and then one day a buffalo hunter who had worked out of the Flat met her on the streets of El Paso and recognized her. She told him she was married to an El Paso rancher, Frank Thurmand, and lived in Deming, New Mexico. She belonged to the Golden Gossip Club in that city, and Lottie never missed a meeting. Bits of gossip were enjoyed by members of the club as were bridge and other card games.

Lottie's husband, Frank, passed away in 1908. Lottie lived until 1934, when she died at the ripe old age of 90. Her obituary in a Deming newspaper gave her birthplace as Warsaw, Kentucky and the date of her birth as April 12, 1844.



Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

John Selman was another who met and gambled with Lottie Deno. John later killed John Wesley Hardin in El Paso.

And so ends the story of the beautiful Lottie, the lady of mystery, the Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin who lent glamor and romance to the town called the Flat and to the garrison of Fort Griffin. Although her stay was brief, she is certainly a part of the spacious legend of Texas.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Texas Guide Book by Rex Howard

Lottie Deno, her life & times by Marvin Hunter, published by the Six Hunters, Bandero, Texas

Off the Beaten Trail by Ed Syers

END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlaw Lady:

PEARL HART

By Carl W. Breihan

A romantic quest for thrills and excitement led to a daring robbery that stirred the interest of the nation! The first — and only — lady stage robber achieved her ambition to become one of the most notorious bandits of her day!

From the author's collection

Prison photo of Pearl Hart. While in prison Pearl evidently reformed and took to reading the Bible. The Governor was pressured into pardoning her in 1902 after she had served 3 years of a 5-year term.

Only the oldest residents of Arizona remembered the hell-roaring days of Tombstone and other towns of the desert wastelands near the turn of the century. People talked about the exploits of Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo and others, of course, but now, well, Arizona was as safe as Missouri or even Kansas, so far as the traveler was concerned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, things had changed. No longer were the fierce range wars in progress or the romanticized rustling and gun fights going on. The ranch country was a maze of fences, and anyone caught placing his brand on another's cows was promptly and legally dealt with ... not by the use of the hanging tree, but by the actions of the courts which held sway now. Everything was legal. Such a rustler would be prosecuted as vigorously as would be a burglar or purse snatcher of some large Arizona city.

True, open gambling still existed but not the "hands up" collection system used so aptly by Jesse James and others of like ilk. The larger cities were even being subjected to a total changeover from the wild - and - woolly past to a scene of Sunday school peace and quiet. A reformation move was sweeping the state which once boasted some of the greatest outlaws and lawmen, to say nothing of the hellish feuds which were carried on not too many years before.

So when the set pattern of a new civilization was one day shattered to bits by a flare of the old west in the year 1899, it brought comments from some of the oldsters, one of whom said, "By golly, just like old times, sounds mighty good to me." Not that these old gentlemen were in favor of violence and robbery. They possibly felt like new again, like they had a place in the world, like the days back in the mining camps when they were somebody. It is difficult to transplant an old tree from the loam to the sand and not expect some drastic changes.

The news which echoed across the state was doubly unbelievable since the incident was activated by a young girl not too many years out of a famous Canadian boarding school. In 1888 Pearl Taylor, age sixteen, came to the girl's school at Lindsay, Ontario, Canada. Slight and somewhat homely, Pearl nevertheless was soon carrying on an affair with Mr. Hart, a no-good, young man who hung around town. To make matters worse Pearl ran off with Hart in the early part of 1889.

Hart maintained no kind of permanent work but applied what little talents he had to the dubious art of gambling and trying to earn money at the race tracks. Even though life was meager for Pearl at this time, she remained with Hart. In 1893 they went to Chicago, Illinois, where Hart worked at the World's Columbian Exposition. However, Hart's plans fell short of what he anticipated. Instead of becoming associated with the professional gamblers of the fair, he was forced to act as a ticket-taker and semi-barker at one of the midway shows. The ignominy of it all was too much for Pearl Hart. She decided to return to her mother at Lindsay, Ontario.

But there was nothing in her home town to excite the interest of Pearl Hart. She longed for the bright lights of Chicago, for the smell and noise of the rowdy crowds, and the constant ring of the silver and gold at the gambling tables. The thrill of the western rodeos and trick-shooting artists of the fair still haunted her. She wondered if the shoot-outs and the dusty streets still existed in the west, or if the false-front buildings still comprised most of the towns' buildings. Finally she decided she must see for herself.

It was not long before Pearl bought herself a one-way ticket to Trinidad, Colorado, with money provided by an admirer of the town. Her dreams of the west were quickly shattered, however, when she found that her "Buffalo Bill West" was simply an illusion, something that would burst with the simple prick of a pin. Pearl also quickly found that Trinidad was overrun with men of shabby character but who had money and were willing to spend it on a girl if she treated them right.

From the author's collection

Joe Boot who suggested to Pearl Hart that they rob the Benson-Globe stage. Although the robbery was pulled off successfully, Joe and Pearl had made no plans for a getaway and were captured after futile attempts to cover their trail.

"I'd marry you if you didn't already have a man," one of the cowboys told her. "As it is, we figure a girl without money or a family comes west to make a living, one way or other, and we only know one way."

Pearl Hart had little choice actually. She was in a world entirely foreign to her, friendless and penniless, and really not caring too much what happened to her. Under these circumstances she plunged into a mode of life which was considered quite disrespectful by the better element of the town, to say the least.

She became an expert at her trade and in two years was master of it. Pearl drifted around the western towns, selling her wares and learning to drink hard liquor with the best of them. Yet when the occasion demanded, she could refuse a drink and remain perfectly calm under the pressure that might be at hand. now her life was not exactly dull either. She had made friends with some of the old-timers, veteran gunmen and some ex-outlaws who were still about. From them she learned true stories of the excitement she had hoped to see in the west.

One day she ran into Calamity Jane, almost too full of beer to give an accurate account of what she was trying to tell. The meeting cast such a spell upon Pearl that she visited the noted frontierswoman in her room the next day to learn more about her and her association with Wild Bill Hickok.

"Were you and Hickok married?" Pearl wanted to know.

Quite sober now, Calamity Jane looked up. A sudden calmness seemed to pass over her face, and a seldom-seen smile quivered at the corners of her mouth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, in a way, Pearl. We were married but it never amounted to much. Bill was too ashamed of me and my wild ways for his fancy eastern friends. He left me before too long and I never bothered much about it. Maybe that's why I took to drinking beer the way I do."

Pearl felt sorry for Jane. She realized now that her own life was running a similar pattern, although she was not married to a man who carried the notoriety as did the name of Bill Hickok.

Calamity told Pearl that the most sorry day of her life was August 2, 1876 when Hickok was shot in the back of the head by Jack McCall in Deadwood, South Dakota. Pearl was fascinated by Calamity Jane's story of how she sat in on the trial of McCall and wanted to kill him when the jury acquitted him. She told Pearl that she planned to follow McCall anywhere he went to avenge the assassination of Bill Hickok.

"I always had a soft spot for Bill, regardless of how he treated me, and I was real happy when I found out that McCall was finally hanged for his crime," Jane told Pearl as they parted company. It was the last Pearl saw of Calamity Jane, the much - over - rated gunwoman and Indian fighter of the west. Pearl really felt bad when she heard of Jane's death in 1903.

One day in Cheyenne, Pearl ran across Mrs. Agnes Lake Thatcher, the woman who married Wild Bill Hickok in March of 1876. From her she learned that the famous gunman was once totally blind from a disease he had contracted, and how he had saved her from a horrible death of being clawed by lions. She had been a member of the famous Lake Troupe, known in circus annals from coast to coast. Agnes Lake had been in the lion tamer's ring when one of the animals went mad. Hickok rescued her by killing the lion with a revolver shot through its brain.

Pearl enjoyed the conversation, and no doubt she is the only person to whom Mrs. Hickok spoke about this. At least, there seems no other record of such meetings between Mrs. Hickok and other persons.

In 1895 Pearl Hart was back in Phoenix, Arizona, where she ran into her husband on the street. She was taken back a little, but she realized that he probably had learned of her making a little money and now wanted to get his share of it. In a way, Pearl was glad to see Hart, for she was tired of leading a dissipated life and mingling with the rough elements of the saloons and dance halls of the city. She seemed ready to settle down.

So Pearl took up the duties of a normal housewife. In two years she was the mother of two fine children. This turn of events frightened Hart; he was no family man and wanted to be on the loose again. Pearl sent the children to her mother and left Hart again.

She did not return to her previous mode of living, however, but visited the various mining camps and worked as a servant girl. She also applied this talent to some of the better homes in the large cities. It all worked out well until Hart followed her again and tried to get what little money she had. Pearl was saved from this by the coming of the Spanish-American War.

The band playing and the flag waving had stirred in Hart a sense of patriotism that he probably never knew he had. He enlisted to fight the Spaniards. When the war ended Hart returned to Pearl, but she was tired of his conniving ways. She told him that she was through with him once and for all.

In her middle twenties, Pearl began to feel a distinct and bitter resentment towards a society that branded her a woman of sin; a society which refused to recognize her as an equal or to treat her as she wanted to be treated. Unable to find some of the real excitement she craved in the west, she decided to make some of her own. Besides, it would be just desserts for those who thought they were so high - and - mighty.

Then came the incident which rocked Arizona back on its heels and sent the oldtimers into fits of glee.

On the morning of May 30, 1899 the Benson stage to the Globe mining camp had slowed down on the upgrade through Cane Springs Canyon. Suddenly the startled passengers and disbelieving driver heard the words: "Hands up!"

Around a curve appeared two men: one a very small person, the other of medium build. One of them carried a .38 caliber revolver, the other a heavy .45. Was it all an act? Who would be performing the almost ancient art of stage holdups this day and age? Jesse James was dead but not forgotten. The menacing pistols told the passengers it was no joke. They hurriedly and somewhat nervously climbed down from the stagecoach for the inspection they expected. The little fellow dismounted and rifled their pockets. After the bold robbery, the passengers discussed the appearance of the one robber.

"Why, he must have been only fifteen years old," said one of them.

"Less, I'd say, more'n - likely he was twelve," put in another.

In any event they all agreed that the man who had led such a youngster into a life of crime ought to be hanged and quickly.

Yes, the supposed boy was Pearl Hart. That spring at Camp Mammoth she had become acquainted with a prospector named Joe Boot. When that camp suddenly closed down, the two of them found they were out of work. To make matters worse, Pearl received word that her mother had moved to Toledo, Ohio, and that she was very ill. Pearl must come at once if she wanted to see her mother alive. Pearl was desperate. She and Joe Boot tried to work wornout claims but to no avail.

Joe Boot argued that they should rob the Globe stage. Why not, he wanted to know? It was about the only thing the two could rob without additional assistance or elaborate plans. Both Pearl and Joe recalled reading the stage holdup exploits of Jesse James and Sam Bass. The idea began to appeal to them. The people who rode the stage could afford to lose what valuables they had with them, and Pearl could put her share of the loot to a good purpose.

The echo of the stage driver's bullwhip echoed in the distance, leaving the lady stage robber and her friend in the middle of the road, figuring out what to do next. They had not carefully planned this robbery; it had been an impulsive deed. They had no idea of a getaway route or actually what to do next. They had committed a serious crime while all the time acting in a careless manner, as though the whole incident was a mere lark.

Why Pearl Hart and Joe Boot didn't put as much distance between themselves and the scene of the holdup remains a mystery. Instead of doing so, they decided to hide out in the mountainous, wooded terrain in Cane Springs Canyon. Like the dreaded Oregon outlaw, Harry Tracy, they preferred to hide in the dense jungles and, like Tracy, knew less of the topography than anyone.

But again the stories of the lurid dime thrillers filled their minds. Why, they threw off pursuit so easy it was laughable. They could do the same by wading in shallow streams and doubling back on their trail, or by creating similar maneuvers to baffle the bloodhounds and the officers who were sure to follow the news of the unthought - of robbery.

The remainder of the holdup day

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the author's collection

Pearl Hart, young, pretty, finishing school student, committed the last stagecoach robbery in the West. She robbed the Benson-Globe stage on May 30, 1899. She and her companion, Joe Boot, were captured and sentenced to prison.

was spent in crossing canyons, creeks and by backtracking on their trail. They took as much sport in their work as some juveniles in the game of hare - and - hound. The entire area was so unfamiliar to them that by evening they were right back where they started, only a half mile from the scene of the holdup. The next day Pearl and Joe rode their horses into Riverside and hobbled them in some bush. They then slept for several hours.

It no longer was a secret that the boy robber actually was Pearl Hart. All railroad depots and roads were being carefully guarded, and special groups were out searching the vicinity for the two robbers. After several days of riding through the woods and hiding in deserted buildings or haystacks, the two fugitives still were less than ten miles from the scene of the robbery. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seems ridiculous, but such is the case. We will recall a similar incident about the Younger brothers after the Northfield, Minnesota fiasco. Their Minnesota guide slain, the robbers rode in circles and covered less than fifty miles in ten days. So it was with Pearl Hart and Joe Boot.

The following day it rained. The two robbers carelessly rode the mountain trails, leaving an easy trail of their horses' feet. Pearl and Joe slept for several hours in a cactus clump in the foothills, and shortly after dawn, the excited yells of a nearby posse informed the sheriff that their quarry had been sighted. The next thing Pearl and Joe knew was that they were looking into the black muzzles of cocked Winchesters.

They hadn't been able to spend a dime of their stolen money.

This last stage robbery in Arizona set a precedent of its own, for oldtime outlaws never used women in their operations, and no record has been found other than Pearl Hart of a woman stage robber. It also created much talk among those who had practiced this art of robbery, inasmuch as the whole scheme lacked even an iota of organization or resourcefulness. No doubt many of the ex-outlaws got a big laugh out of it if nothing else.

To the general public, however, a stagecoach robbery was something romantic and daring, especially at this late date. In fact, Pearl Hart became something of a celebrity over it. It was an asset she long hoped for, yet never dreamed of having. The whole affair turned out fine for her even though she was caught and never spent any of the stolen money. If Pearl could have thrown off the shackles of the law at this particular time, she could have made a small fortune in making personal appearances and selling photos and autographs.

Pearl was pleasant with her visitors and especially the reporters. Having herself been on the midway in Chicago, she knew what the public wanted. She spoke with the accent of the west, and anyone learning she was a Canadian could hardly believe it and thought it was a whim on her part. The dime novels and the cheap melodrama of the times had inspired in the general public a keen and earnest desire to meet up with an actual criminal, to say nothing of a modern stage robber. The Eastern papers built Pearl up so much that people began to think another Belle Starr was in the making, but fortunately, the deception did not go that far.

To the delight of most Arizonians, the prisoner was moved about the state a great deal by the authorities. She was allowed to speak freely with visitors, and it appeared as though some dignitary had come to town rather than a common stage robber. Pearl was ready at all times to don her boy's costume and to pose with empty rifles and six-guns. She was taken from Benson to Florence by a circuitous route, with stops mainly at Tucson and Casa Grande. So much attention was given the prisoner at Tucson that she requested the crowd be sent away.

"They look at me like I'm some kind of caged animal or a freak," she said. "I wonder how they'd act in front of my loaded .35."

None offered to try.

In June her trial was held at Tucson. She was subsequently sentenced to serve five years in the territorial prison in Yuma, since moved to Florence, Arizona. She entered the bleak walls of the prison as convict #1559 on November 18, 1899.

Pearl Hart was the first woman prisoner at Yuma, and this fact posed a delicate problem for the officials of the prison. They set aside an exclusive place for her to live and assigned light work to her. In fact, Pearl was better off inside the prison walls than she had been on the outside.

The prison guards were most kind to Pearl and catered to her every whim. But she was clever enough not to use her sex charms to suggest a means of escape or for having special favors bestowed upon her. Pearl was kept away from the white prisoners, and most of her cell mates were Mexicans or Indians, people who cared little or nothing about a white woman. She also tried another trick — she took up praying and pretended to become very religious. She asked for the bible and other religious books to read. Of course she knew all this pertinent information would leak out and appear in the eastern newspapers, as well as in the local journals.

Pearl did not have long to wait for the effects of her strategy to become manifest. The local citizens of Yuma began to complain to the warden of the prison that such a hellhole was no fit place for a white woman. Besides, it was plain to see that she had completely reformed. As a matter of fact, in less than two years, even the prison staff members were backing Pearl in her pleas for a pardon. Soon the Governor of Arizona saw that he must take personal action in the matter. He granted Pearl a pardon, and on December 15, 1902 she was discharged from the penitentiary. She started at once for Ohio to see her ailing mother.

In those prison years the celebrity which had been Pearl's still remained. At El Paso, Texas a crowd greeted her at the station, morbid people anxious for a glance at a lady outlaw, a stage robber at that, the last to be heard of in this country. As far as Stillwater, Minnesota her name traveled and reached the cell of the notorious bank, train and stage robber, Cole Younger. Cole smiled upon learning of the publicity being bestowed upon the frail Pearl Hart.

"I know what you mean," smiled Cole to the warden. "My brothers and I had the same trouble when we were captured many years ago. People are funny and will travel miles to see an outlaw, dead or alive. I suppose it is only natural. Why, when Jesse James was laid out at Kearney so many people came, even in the rain, that one would think the President of the United States had arrived.

At El Paso a young man - about - town tried to rush Pearl off her feet. He wined and dined her for several nights and then tried to get real affectionate. Pearl brushed him off with a warning glance and a statement that she had promised to go straight and to leave all men alone. She told the man that she had taken this oath on a Bible and a crucifix while in Yuma Prison. The young man, cowed into an unknown embarrassment, did not bother Pearl again.

Pearl Hart retired to the east and never was heard from again. It was just as well, for her dubious fame was now established and should she again try the art of stagecoach robbery, she might have destroyed the legend she had built and even perhaps be laughed to scorn.

Except for a few to follow, Harry Tracy and Henry Starr, for instance, the old west was dead insofar as the daring holdups were concerned. The dime novel had lost its appeal and had been cast into obscurity by this time; a new era of criminals was being born — those of the city, the gangsters and mobsters who were to run rampant for many years.

So into the pages of the gun-blazing West goes Pearl, woman stage robber and vaudeville performer deluxe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(continued from page 66)

spread to too many of the Dalton gang.

As soon as he finished eating, Short went upstairs. Bryant's condition had improved some from the medicine given him. But it was hardly enough, so Short had all the whiskey Bryant could drink brought to him.

Going to the Rock Island Railroad depot, he made arrangements to take the next passenger train north at three o'clock that afternoon.

As train time drew near, Bryant was able to stand and walk around. The whiskey and pills got him on his feet. Several people were in the sick room, including Jean Thorne. Bryant's few personal effects were bundled and taken down to the hotel lobby where the sixgun, cartridge belt and rifle were added.

Up to then, Bryant had been docile, making no attempt whatever to escape. He was intent on keeping his word to behave. But in the lobby Short turned on him, jingling a pair of handcuffs.

"Stick out your paws," he ordered.

Anger flared in Bryant's eyes. "You promised not to iron me."

"Maybe so, but I changed my mind."

Reaching forward, he grabbed the weak outlaw's left wrist and snapped a cuff on. Bryant then moved the right behind his back as ordered and his hands were fastened behind him.

"I won't forget this," he husked out, "For lyin' and breaking your promise, I'll kill you, Short."

"Yeah, yeah, I know."

A small crowd followed Short and his scowling prisoner to the depot. The train was in and ready to pull out, but on instructions it had waited.

Bryant ahead of him and the conductor leading the way, Short took his prisoner into the first coach. Two seats were turned together. Bryant was seated facing him. The bundle and the weapons were turned over to the conductor for safekeeping.

The train departed Hennessey immediately, after several miles it whistled for a station. That would be Waukomis, a regular stop.

Bryant complained that hands manacled behind his back made a sitting position disagreeably uncomfortable. Rising, Short told him to stand up and shifted his cuffed wrists to the front. As the train slowed at the station, an idea struck him.

It was entirely possible, although he did not expect it, that an attempt to rescue Bryant could be made here. Sending the prisoner ahead, the took him into the mail car to leave him under the watchful eye of the mail clerk. That was the last place the would-be rescuers would think to look, and off the train Short would be behind them.

Leaving the coach packing carbine rifle, Short mingled with the small croud. People were disembarking and embarking the train while mail and express were being taken off. There appeared no excitement, the crowd apparently unaware that one of the notorious Dalton gang rode the train. His sharp eyes noted no suspicious character or circumstances. He then turned back towards the train from the front of the station.

Having grown tired waiting even part of a minute, Bryant passed through the car door onto the platform. His hate filled eyes picked up Short at once, watching him come free of the crowd towards the mail car steps.

"Short!" he yelled, "Short, damn you! Here's what I promised and I keep my word!"

Coming to a frozen stand, Short stared in disbelief. Perhaps in the few seconds remaining to his life he remembered Grimes' advice. There stood the always dangerous Bryant.

Jerking the rifle butt to his right hip, Short began working the lever in mechanical routine, yet accurately. The gun in the hands of the outlaw began spewing smoke and lead.

The very first bullet struck Short, yet failed to knock him off his slightly spread feet. In the gunman's stance he kept working the lever and firing as fast as possible. Never slowing either, Bryant sent six chunks of lead into Short (all six cylinders were loaded) from his own gun by which he would die. Short got off at least five shots, each bullet taking effect.

In a matter of five or six seconds the bullet swapout was all over, the likes of which was seldom seen in the west. Gun empty, Bryant swayed slightly and falling to balance himself, sank slowly onto the steel plates of the platform. He died with a satisfied smile on feverthin lips.

As the gun crashes ended, panic seized the crowd before the depot. Then men moved towards where Short staggered around, blood dripping to the red bricks of the depot platform where he stood. He never fell, and with the conductor leading the way, he was carried into the mail car and placed on a cot. But within a few minutes he expired.

The bodies were removed from the train at Caldwell, Kansas and turned over to an undertaker. The doctor who examined them said that each had been fatally wounded by the first bullets fired. Short's body was later sent to his mother in Indiana for burial. She also received the thousand-dollar reward offered by the Santa Fe.

Bryant's body was claimed by relatives, taken home to the Cherokee Strip and interred in the family cemetery.

The Dalton gang continued riding fast and furious, robbing trains and banks and engaging in any criminal pursuit offering monetary gain. But in the final accounting all but Emmett fell before citizens' or lawmen's guns.

Emmett lived to write a book of his life as an outlaw and died finally in California.

(Author's note: some historians state that Bryant killed the agent at Red Rock during a train robbery there. When the Daltons pulled off that one, Bryant had been dead for nearly a year.)

REFERENCE SOURCES:

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws by Paul I. Wellman. Garden City, N.Y., 1961

Six-Gun and Silver Star by Glen Shirley. Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1955.

Famous Western Outlaw and Sheriff Battles by Hank Sterling. New York, 1954.

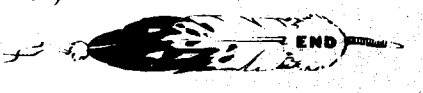
Outlaws of the West by Carl W. Breihan. New York, 1959.

A Rider of the Cherokee Strip by Evan G. Barnard. Cambridge, Mass., 1936.

Great Train Robberies of the West by Eugene B. Glock. New York, 1959.

Law West of Fort Smith by Glenn Shirley. New York, 1957.

Outlaw Days by Zoe Tilghman. Oklahoma City, 1926. (Bill Tilghman's widow and I knew her well)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOE SLADE

(continued from page 49)

and his men then drew their revolvers and marched from the room.

Slade thought that his actions would go unpunished just as those committed previously. But now many of the men who had taken their lives into their hands to bring law and order to the wild camps rebelled against Slade and felt that his wild actions should be punished or they would never cease. A meeting was called and most of the leading men of Virginia City attended.

"Gentlemen," said Judge Alexander, "you know what has happened. If my court is to be placed in open defiance by Slade, then others will also try it, and the cause of the vigilantes has failed. Such actions can no longer be ignored. Yes, I know we all owe a lot to Slade but I think he has overstepped his expectancy of gratitude."

As a result of this meeting a message was sent to the miners at Nevada City, and a large body of them headed for Virginia City. All were armed and determined to stop once and for all the wild tactics of the drunken Slade and his men.

"You damned fool, Slade," his friends told him, "you just about sealed your own death warrant. You best leave for home and this may smooth over."

But he refused to listen, and nothing affected him until he learned that the People's Court had condemned him and that his execution only awaited the arrival of the vigilantes from Alder Gulch. Slade agreed to leave town, but it was too late!

As Slade left the saloon, the vigilantes arrived to arrest him.

James Williams, the vigilante leader, read the decision: "The People's Court agrees that Joe Slade shall die by hanging."

"You mean to hang me?" gasped the doomed man, hardly able to believe his ears.

"The people cannot stand it any longer, Slade. You had plenty of warning, you've no kick coming."

Finally the message sank into his alcohol-dimmed brain. All Slade's bravado vanished. He wept, pleaded and begged his captors to run him out of town, anything, but not to hang him. But all his pleas were ignored. The miners were determined to finish their task. It did not take long to drag the victim to the place of execution.

Slade's friends followed and made a feeble attempt to rescue him, but the vigilante guns held them at bay.

"Hang him at once before his wife gets here," said one of the men. "Someone has sent word to her. We don't want to hang him right in front of her."

Even as the man talked, Maria Virginia Slade was racing to her husband's side as fast as horseflesh could carry her. Someone saw her about a mile from town and gave the cry.

"Here comes Mrs. Slade, let's get this over with quick."

A large packing box was quickly placed under the gallows, and the condemned man hoisted upon this makeshift platform. Joe Slade was in a state of collapse, so two miners supported him. Some later said they doubted that Slade actually knew what was going on he was in such a daze. Possibly he was thinking of Jules and how he had tortured him.

"All right, men, let 'er go!" cried the leader, and the box was jerked from under Slade's feet. His neck was broken by the fall and he died without a struggle.

Slade had scarcely passed into the beyond when his wife dashed upon the scene, her mount in a lather and ready to drop from exhaustion.

Maria threw herself upon Slade's body, weeping and cursing his slayers until she was at last prevailed upon by friends to leave the scene.

"You dirty bunch of so-called vigilantes!" she cried. "You're all a bunch of lousy killers. You killed the man who saved the damned lot of you from starvation. He never killed or robbed anyone. I'll not shame his body by burying it in Montana soil."

She was dead serious in her statement, for she had the blacksmith build a metal-lined box in which Joe's remains were placed. Ironically enough, she then filled the box with alcohol, the cause of Slade's whole trouble, and sealed it to await future burial.

Captain Slade was hanged on March 10, 1864, and two months later a wagon train arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah. One of the wagons was driven by a very pretty woman, who drove her wagon directly to the local undertaking parlor. The owner of the establishment walked out and addressed her, "What is it, ma'am?"

"I wish to bury my husband."

The man called his assistant, and they lifted the crude coffin and carried it inside. As they pried off the lid the room filled with alcohol fumes.

The undertaker and his aide gasped and backed off.

"What in thunder have you got there? Smells like a still."

"Look inside," said Mrs. Slade.

Inside the box they saw a man's body, covered with alcohol, the neck bearing a swollen ring of bruised flesh.

"Who is this man?" gasped the undertaker, casting an anxious glance at his assistant.

"Joe Slade. He was hanged by vigilantes at Virginia City last March," came the simple reply.

The men's eyes popped.

"Joe Slade! Yes, we read about that and how his wife preserved the body in alcohol because she refused to allow his remains to be buried in Montana. Of course, we did not believe it at the time."

"Well, you can believe it now. Give him a decent burial and take it out of this money," said Mrs. Slade, as she turned and left the building.

True to another promise, Mrs. Slade never returned to Montana but took up her residence in Salt Lake City. However, she was too attractive a woman to remain a widow long. Within a year she became Mrs. James Kiskaden. But this marriage did not last. Mrs. Slade obtained a divorce and left Salt Lake City. No one knows what became of her nor does anyone know the location of Joe Slade's grave. Later it was rumored that Joe's widow died in Chicago about 1868.

James Kiskaden married again and this time to an actress named Annie Adams. Their daughter was destined to become the famous headliner Maude Adams.

Other famous gunmen came from Illinois as did Joe Slade ... Wild Bill Hickok and Bat Masterson for instance. However, Slade is almost forgotten while Hickok and Masterson are names that will forever headline the history of the West.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

History of Montana
History of Pony Express and St. Joseph, Missouri
Montana State Historical Society

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(continued from page 41)

known for the past year that Nemitz hid himself in Arizona.

In order to obtain a confession from the then panicky Nemitz, he was assured that vigilantes in Tucson made short work of his ilk. Convincing the culprit was hardly difficult. Just recently, three Mexicans had been hanged by a mob for murdering a man and his wife.

Nemitz, to save himself, implicated Brazelton. His story astonished the officers hunting the lone bandit. Brazelton, known there as "Bob", was the bold criminal. He had quit his $30 job two weeks before, which Leatherwood confirmed. But for awhile he refused to believe that he could be the robber.

Brazelton hid out in the timber on the milk ranch of Guadalupe Sainz, three miles out in the valley not far from Silver Lake. Nemitz admitted being the second bandit in the attempted robbery of the wealthy Mexicans. At no other time had he aided Brazelton in a successful holdup. He stated that four Mexicans unknown to him helped Brazelton in one stagecoach robbery.

Talking voluminously and eagerly to save himself, he repeated what few meager items of information Brazelton disclosed after they became friends. Asked about the loot from various holdups in Pima and Maricopa counties, he replied that Brazelton said he cached it all in various places in Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. Of course he did not know where.

Brazelton quit working for Leatherwood because he planned on leaving Arizona soon. The last stage robbery convinced him it was time to be riding on. He would retrieve his loot and settle down to a life of ease in the Midwest.

The whiny Nemitz was conjured into making a deal. He would not be prosecuted and would be released on $2,500 bail if he delivered Brazelton into their hands. Court records show that the bond was posted by interested citizens (but was it?), and Nemitz rode back to the farmhouse.

When Brazelton heard of Nemitz's arrest, he was furious. Not once did he suspect that the shifty outlaw had signed his death warrant and thumbed it.

Brazelton told him, "I'll be leaving the country tomorrow night. Bring me a good saddle horse, some overalls and grub. Meet me by the fallen tree in the thicket next to Sainz's road at eight o'clock. I'll be watching from cover and when you approach, I will cough. Reply likewise so that I'll know it isn't some law man sneaking around."

The following night was Monday, August 19, 1878. Informed by Nemitz of developments, Sheriff Shibbell, Marshal Buttner, Wells Fargo Detective Evans and a half a dozen quick trigger deputies slipped into the mesquite thicket afoot long before Brazelton arrived after sundown. In fact they did not even see him until he signalled Nemitz.

Instructed how to act, Nemitz approached leading a saddle horse with a filled dummy sack tied on. Brazelton gave the signal and was answered. Then all hell broke loose.

Brazelton was not called on to surrender. Every man in the posse knew his skill with firearms. If given a chance to resist, the risks were too great that several would lose their lives.

The *Weekly Star* reported the thundering end this way, "A gun loaded with buckshot discharged one barrel after another, and two other shots followed. After the first was fired Bob cried out, 'You sons-of-s!' and fell over on his face."

For several minutes the posse was afraid to close in. But as time elapsed and no sound came from behind the dead log where Brazelton fell into inky blackness, matches were struck. Very cautiously the officers advanced, finding him helpless and on the verge of expiring.

However, he was still able to talk in weak whispers. Admitting he was the lone bandit, he cursed them steadily. Where had he hidden the loot? Evans was most anxious to recover what he could of the company's losses. Brazelton tried to laugh and said that it was all hidden too well for anybody to find.

Behind the log they found the wadded up, famous, red-mouthed, dirty, flour-sack mask. In his pockets were several pairs of earrings sent out by C. T. Etchells to friends in the east that had come from the rifled mail bags. On him was the watch taken from the wealthy stagecoach passenger in New Mexico when John Chisum lost his cow-choking bankroll. The owner's name was engraved on it. Brazelton's cartridge belt contained 200 rounds and two holstered Colt's. His Remington rifle lay close to the log. Plainly, he would have given a deadly account of himself in a fight.

When he died the body was packed into Tucson. The next morning it was propped up against an adobe wall and photographed. The corpse remained there all day long for the curious populace to view.

In reporting Brazelton's killing on August 22, the *Weekly Star* ended it with, "(so) died the dead shot and bravest, most cunning desperado on the road."

Excitement raged in Tucson over the astounding disclosure that Brazelton had been the lone bandit. His far ranging activities spread all through the southwest. The peculiar mask and methods of operation were all his marks. They left little doubt in most lawmen's minds as to who engineered the robberies in their region. Probably most of them breathed a big sigh of relief that he could not return to molest them again.

If not the "king" of lone bandits, he certainly pulled off so many successful holdups that he was the peer among peers.

News that all his loot had been buried to be picked up when the bandit trail was abandoned sent men agog in the areas he had operated. The possibility of finding his caches caused many searches by men hoping to become suddenly wealthy.

In 1940 in a plowed field near Buckeye, Arizona, a boy found an iron box containing $85,000. The amount is in the court records, for a lawsuit resulted over its ownership. This is believed to have been one of Brazelton's caches.

In all, it has been estimated that he buried not less than half a million dollars worth of loot from currency and coin to gold and silver bars.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Tucson by Bernice Cosulich. Arizona Silhouettes, Tucson, Arizona, 1953.

Old Arizona Treasures by Jesse Rascoe, Frontier Book Co., Fort Davis, Texas, 1968.

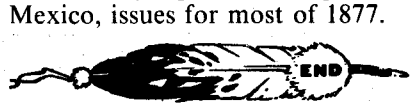
History of Arizona by James H. McClintock. S. J. Clarke Co., Chicago, 1916. (Not very reliable)

Arizona, American Guide Series. Hastings House, New York, 1940.

Arizona Weekly Star, The, Tucson, issues for the first nine months of 1878.

Arizona Citizen, The, Tucson, issues for July, August and September 1878.

The Daily Optic, Las Vegas, New Mexico, issues for most of 1877.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(continued from page 13)

his throat, he whipped a long knife from beneath his blanket and began to slash around him in a desperate effort to escape.

The treacherous Little Big Man grabbed Crazy Horse's arms from behind and the chief dragged him through the door to the open. Here the Brule scouts, Swift Bear, Black Crow, and Fast Thunder, closed in on the struggling Oglala, while Captain Kennington, trying to get in a thrust with his sword, yelled: "Stab him! *Kill* the son-of-a-bitch!"

Little Big Man reeled away, one arm streaming blood from a knife wound. Swift Bear and Black Crow now seized the panting chief from both sides and held him fast, pinning him so tightly that the guard, rushing up from behind, could not miss the helpless, living target with his bayonet. The blade entered the chief's back deeply on the right side, inflicting a mortal wound. Sudden silence descended upon the violent scene, immobilizing participants and spectators alike as if stricken by a pall of horror. In the vibrant silence the soft voice of the wounded chief sounded with startling clarity:

"Let me go, my friends. You have got me hurt enough."

Swift Bear and Black Crow released their grip on Crazy Horse's arms. The chief took one staggering step, his face contorted with agony, then he sank to the ground.

The wailing *Ai-ee* of despair rose from the watching Oglalas and Miniconjous as he fell. Quickly before the Lakotas had recovered from their shock, soldiers picked Crazy Horse up and carried him into General Bradley's office.

Touch-the-Clouds, after quieting his angry warriors, at once asked permission to take Crazy Horse to his lodge but was refused. The giant Miniconjou chief then requested that he be allowed to remain with Crazy Horse until he died. This request was granted on condition that he surrender his gun, the ancient caplock rifle he had been permitted to retain for hunting. Years later, Captain (then General) Lee recalled with shamefaced emotion Touch-the-Clouds' remarkable reply:

"You may not trust me, but I will trust you. You may take my gun."

Moaning and muttering in his fevered delirium, Crazy Horse lay beneath his bloodstained blanket on the floor of General Bradley's office, alone save for the faithful Touch-the-Clouds. Twice, when the dying brave cried aloud in his pain, Dr. McGillycuddy came and administered a sedative. Under the anesthetic, Crazy Horse's delirious outbursts subsided to a low growling at the enemies he fancied still encircled him.

Near midnight the breathing of the stricken chief grew more labored, and Touch-the-Clouds knew that death was not far off. Crazy Horse's old father, Worm, had now joined the Miniconjou chief in the death-watch after surrendering his bow and knife to the guard. Together these two men who loved him waited for Crazy Horse's death.

Shortly past midnight, the dying warrior's breathing became rapid and shallow. He struggled hard for air, and his eyes opened. Worm leaned over him crying out: "My son, my son!"

Crazy Horse's eyes focused briefly on his father's tear-streaked face. "Ah-h my father." he gasped, "It is good that you have come—"

The light faded from his eyes; the tortured breathing sighed, faltered, and stopped. The Strange Man of the Oglala was dead.

Touch-the-Clouds knelt beside the body, whispered a few words in Sioux to comfort the departed spirit, drew the red, bloodsoaked blanket across the face and said: "This is the lodge of Crazy Horse — the chief has gone above." Gently as a woman he took the arm of the weeping father and guided him from the room.

The full extent of the white man's treachery to Crazy Horse was not disclosed until some time later, when Captain Lee discovered that orders had been delivered from some high-ranking official — presumably from General Sheridan in Chicago to General Crook and then to General Bradley — to have Crazy Horse arrested and exiled for life in Florida. Lee wrote:

"A field officer, then a captain of the Third Cavalry, has since informed me that his troop was detailed to take Crazy Horse from the guardhouse that night at midnight, and to push on rapidly to the railroad, and from there he was to be sent a prisoner to Dry Tortugas, Florida.

Manifestly this was the mandatory order which General Bradley had received from 'higher authority,' and, of course, he could neither suspend nor modify it in any way."

Writing to E.A. Brininstool long after the event, Dr. McGillycuddy was far less charitable. The doctor minced no words in his blunt denunciation of the sordid affair and put the blame squarely where it belonged — on his fellow Army officers:

"Crazy Horse had the reputation among the whites and Indians generally of being a man of his word, and never breaking a promise; hence, it is my opinion that he had no intention of again going on the warpath and joining Sitting Bull, as charged at the time of his arrest.

"A combination of treachery, jealousy and unreliable reports simply resulted in a frame-up *and he was railroaded to his death.*"

"It was well, however, for had the arrest been carried out successfully in imprisoning him in the guardhouse, he would have been sent through to the railroad that night, and hence to the Dry Tortugas as a prisoner for life."

At dawn on the morning of September 6, 1877, the day after Crazy Horse was murdered, Touch-the-Clouds watched somberly as the aged, wailing parents of the young Oglala leader took his body into the hills to some secret place they alone knew. As the travois passed him, the giant chief walked beside it for a few steps, one hand resting on Crazy Horse's breast. Halting, he stood straight and silent, watching impassively as the sad little funeral party moved out of sight.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Crazy Horse, by Dr. Mari Sandoz

Crazy Horse by E.A. Brininstool

On the Border with Crook, by Capt. J.C. Bourke

New Sources of Indian History, by Stanley Vestal

Red Cloud's Folk, by George E. Hyde

A Sioux Chronicle, by George E. Hyde

A History of the Dakota (Sioux) Indians, by Doane Robinson.

Randy Steffen, noted Western artist, historian, and writer, descendant of *Tasunka Witko* (Crazy Horse)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AVOID THE RUSH!

Have your copy of REAL WEST sent directly to your home every month. Full of stories and photographs of the Old West.

SPECIAL MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION RATES

$5.00 for 12 issues (one year)

$9.00 for 24 issues (two years)

MAIL COUPON TODAY !

REAL WEST, DEPT. RWA74
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. (06418)

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is ☐ $5.00 for 12 issues (one year)
☐ $9.00 for 24 issues (two years)
Canada add 25% - Foreign 50%

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Please enter my subscription to REAL WEST!

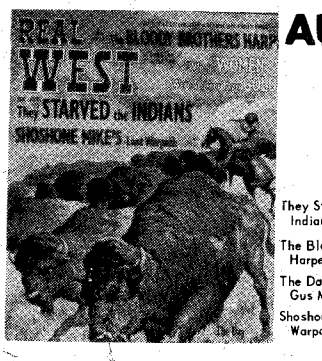
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

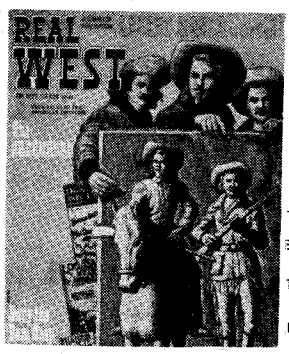
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST BACK COPIES



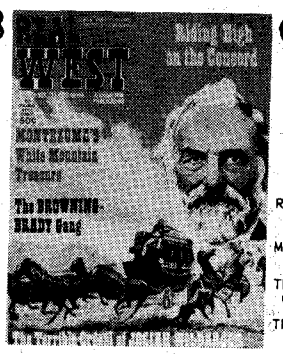
AUG.73

They Starved The Indians
The Bloody Brothers Harpe
The Day They Hanged Gus Mentzer
Shoshone Mike's Last Warpath



SEPT.73

The Green Horn
Bury The Bum Deep
The Story Behind The Ballad of Jesse James
Legend Maker of the West

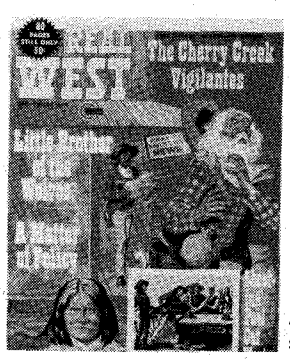


OCT.73

Riding High on the Concord
Montezuma's White Mountain Treasure
The Browning Brady Gang
The Terrible Ordeal of Josiah Wilbarger

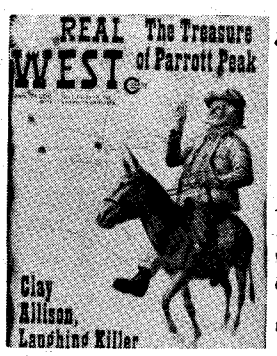
NOV.73

Deadlier Than The Male
Travels of Albert Richardson
The Ballad of Sam Bass
Gunsmoke Gallery



DEC.73

The Cherry Creek Vigilantes
Little Brother of the Wolves
A Matter of Policy
Shooting Pool out West

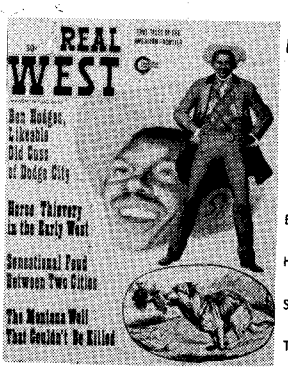


JAN.74

The Treasure of Parrott Park
Who Was Calamity Jane
Clay Allison Laughing Killer
Real West Movie Hall of Fame

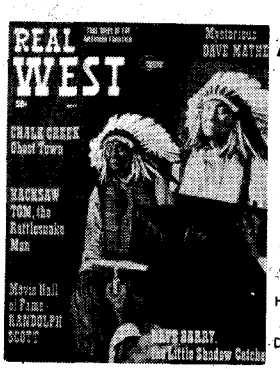
FEB.74

Big Boot Wallace--A Legend in His Own Time
Spokan Garry, Amazing Indian Chief
Frank James, The Hard Road Back
Playing Fair in Fairplay


REAL
WEST
Ben Hodges, Likeable Old Cuss of Dodge City
Horse Thievery in the Early West
Sensational Feud Between Two Cities
The Montana Wolf That Couldn't Be Killed

MAR.74

Ben Hodges, Likeable Old Cuss of Dodge City
Horse Thievery in the Early West
Sensational Feud Between Two Cities
The Montana Wolf That Couldn't Be Killed



APRIL 74

Mysterious Dave Mather
Chalk Creek--Ghost Town
Hacksawtam, The Rattlesnake Man
Dave Barry--Little Shadown Catcher

60¢ PER COPY

$3.00 ANY SIX

$4.00 ALL NINE

ORDER NOW!

REAL WEST Dept. RWA74
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418

Enclosed is $.....(Canada Add 25%-50% Foreign

Please rush me the following back issues:

- ☐ AUG., 1973
- ☐ SEPT., 1973
- ☐ OCT., 1973
- ☐ NOV., 1973
- ☐ DEC., 1973
- ☐ JAN., 1974
- ☐ FEB., 1974
- ☐ MARCH, 1974
- ☐ APRIL, 1974

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip..!.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED